



LUCK AND
PLUCK



ALLEN CREEK SCHOOL

District No. 6

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Reading for Interest

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NED AND NANCY
BIGGER AND BIGGER
LITTLE LOST DOG
PLAY AT HOME
A HOME FOR SANDY
RAIN AND SHINE
SOMETHING DIFFERENT
LOST AND FOUND
FUN AND FROLIC
LUCK AND PLUCK
MERRY HEARTS AND BOLD
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LUCK

and

PLUCK



D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

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The stories and poems in this book were selected by

BARBARA NOLEN

and illustrated by

DECIE MERWIN

Educational Consultants

PAUL WITTY *and* DOROTHY K. CADWALLADER

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Reading for Interest

PAUL WITTY, of Northwestern University, has served as consultant for this series, co-operating with the educators whose names appear beneath the titles listed below.

Ned and Nancy, by Inez Hogan. Illustrated by Corinne Malvern.

KATE KELLY, State Normal School, Castleton, Vermont

Bigger and Bigger, by Inez Hogan. Illustrated by the author.

KATE KELLY, State Normal School, Castleton, Vermont

Little Lost Dog, by Lula Wright. Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall.

KATE KELLY, State Normal School, Castleton, Vermont

Play at Home, by Louise E. Broaddus. Illustrated by Mario Rendina.

LOUISE E. BROADDUS, Public Schools, Richmond, Virginia

A Home for Sandy, by Romney Gay. Illustrated by the author.

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The Brave and Free, Barbara Nolen, Editor. Illustrated by Harve Stein.

URSULA BRINGHURST, New York University, New York City



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ROUND ABOUT THE U.S.A.







THE GOAT THAT WENT TO SCHOOL

HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS

When the clouds hung heavy about the mountains, Hubert could step outside the cabin and wash his face in their damp white mist. That was how high up he lived.

His father's little log house was built on the steep side of old Thunderhead Mountain. It was so far up that the valley below looked misty blue, and the houses down there looked like a toy village. It was easy to pick out the schoolhouse from the other houses, for its new tin roof shone in the sun.

One summer day, Hubert sat on a rock in front of his home and stared down at the bright roof of the school-house. He was ten years old, and he had never been to school.

Around by the road, it was a long way to the school in the valley. It took a whole day to get there. But Hubert knew a short cut. Even though the trail was steep, Hubert could go down it in an hour.

But when he begged his mother to let him go down and get some learning, she always said, "I'm afraid. I'm afraid for you to walk it alone in the winter time. If the snow began to fly, pretty soon the trail would be covered, and you'd not know which way to turn. No, no. You'll have to make out for a while longer with what your father and I can teach you."

"Can't I just start this year, Mother?" begged Hubert. "Can't I go until the days begin to get cold and it looks like snow?"

"Well, I suppose there'd be no harm in that," said his mother. "You can go during September. There's never any snow in September."

Hubert was joyful. Even one month in school was something wonderful.

Now Hubert began to wonder about his clothes. All he had to wear was a pair of blue overalls and a home-made shirt. The other boys in the school would have store-bought clothes. And then there were books. Where would he get money for books?

There was always plenty to eat in the little cabin on Thunderhead Mountain, for his father grew the food they needed. They always had clothes to wear, for Mother made their clothes. But there was very little money to spend.



If there were only a way he could earn a little money! Hubert thought and thought. One day he said to his mother, "I think I'll go ask Mr. Honeycutt if he would like a little help picking his June apples. Maybe I could make enough money to buy some store clothes for school and some books."

"Go ahead," his mother nodded. "Asking wouldn't hurt."

Hubert set off around the mountain to his neighbor's home.

"Why, yes, I can use a little help picking and loading my apples," said Mr. Honeycutt.

Hubert set to work picking apples, putting them in sacks, and helping Mr. Honeycutt to load them into his covered wagon. When it was loaded high, Mr. Honeycutt hitched up his old brown mule, then climbed into the wagon.

"I'll not forget you when I sell my apples in the town," he promised, as he went off down the rough mountain road. "I'll be back in two or three days, and I'll stop by your house with your pay."

While Mr. Honeycutt was away, Hubert wondered if he would get a good price for his apples. If he did, he might pay enough for picking them to buy all the things Hubert wanted for school.

On the third day, when he heard the noise of Mr. Honeycutt's wagon wheels coming around the mountain, Hubert ran to the cabin door.

"Whoa!" cried Mr. Honeycutt. "Well, Hubert, I have your pay!"

"He must have got a good price," thought Hubert. "He seems so pleased with himself."

Mr. Honeycutt leaned into the back of the wagon and began to pull something forward. "Well, here's your pay. How do you like it?"

Around the edge of the wagon-top came a neat fur-covered head with two pointed horns. A goat!

"Well, how do you like him?" asked Mr. Honeycutt. "He cost a little more than I ought to pay for having my apples picked, but then I remembered how a boy loves a goat."

Hubert knew he must not let Mr. Honeycutt see that he was disappointed. He managed to smile as he answered.



“Thanks, Mr. Honeycutt,” he said. “He sure is a fine goat. I thank you, I sure do!” He took the goat’s rope, and the little animal jumped lightly out of the wagon.

“Land sakes! What have you got there?” asked his mother.

“Well; I’ve got a goat, though it’s not what I expected,” said Hubert. “It’s my pay for picking Mr. Honeycutt’s apples.”

“But I thought you wanted some money to get yourself some clothes and maybe some books.”

“It’s what Mr. Honeycutt brought me,” said Hubert, “and I’d as soon have him.”

THE NAUGHTY GOAT

The goat made himself right at home. Hubert made him a bed in a corner of the shed. He fed him some corn or oats every day and let him eat grass in front of the cabin.

The goat was never too busy eating to play with Hubert, for he was young and full of fun. He liked to stand up on his hind legs and butt at Hubert.

Once, when Hubert was pouring buttermilk into a bucket, the goat ran at him from behind and sent him tumbling. He went squishing and squashing to the house, with buttermilk running from his clothes, from his hair, and even from his ears.



When his mother saw what the goat had done, she said, "That goat's going to be a nuisance. You might as well take him down to town and sell him. Then you'd have money to buy things."

But Hubert did not want to part with his goat. "He'll not be naughty again," he said. "I'll try him a little longer."

The next day he went about his work very quietly. He was trying hard to think of a way to earn some money. After a while, he had a bright idea.

"I think I'll go a-berrying," he said to his mother. "Maybe I can pick enough to sell in the town. Then I could buy my things."

"You can try," said Mother.

All day long Hubert picked berries on the high mountain-side. When his basket was full, he set off for home.

"Mother!" he called when he got there. "Come and see how many berries I've got! And they're nice ones. I'll get a good price for them." He set his basket on the edge of the porch and ran to find his mother.

When he got back, he found the basket tipped over. His berries were spilled on the ground, and the goat's mouth was stained with blackberry juice.

"I told you," cried Mother, when she saw what had happened, "that goat is nothing but a nuisance. Why don't you take him down to the town and sell him?"

Hubert looked sadly at his naughty goat. Perhaps he should do what Mother said. He might get enough money for the goat to buy everything he needed, even a green-striped shirt and plenty of books. But the more he thought about it, the more he hated to part with his pet.

On the first day of September, Hubert set off for school, wearing the same old home-made shirt and his old blue overalls. He left the goat at home, shut up tight in the shed. But not quite tight enough, for when he was only halfway down the mountain, he heard a quick trip-tripping behind him. He looked around, and there was the goat.

Hubert scolded his pet. "If it hadn't been for you, I would have been going to school with some

new store clothes,” he said, “and I would have had some books, too.”

“Maa, maa, maa!” answered the goat, as gaily as though his master were dressed in some new clothes.

Hubert could not be angry for very long. Down, down, down, they went together until at last they came to the school. The goat followed Hubert into the school yard.

“Oh, look!” cried the children. “A new boy! And he has a goat!” They crowded around Hubert.

The goat began to play with the children. He stood up on his hind legs and butted all the boys. He chased the girls. Then he let each one ride upon his back. Everyone wanted to be friends with Hubert and his goat.



When the school bell rang, the goat lay down on the porch and waited while the children marched in for their lessons.

Hubert went too. "What shall I do for books?" he wondered. But as soon as he was seated, the teacher handed him a pile of them. Hubert looked up in surprise.

"They are yours for the year," she smiled at him. "The State gives us all our books."

And so, every day during the month of September, when the leaves were turning red and gold and brown on the mountain-sides, Hubert went happily down the trail to the school-house with the goat beside him.



LOST IN THE SNOW

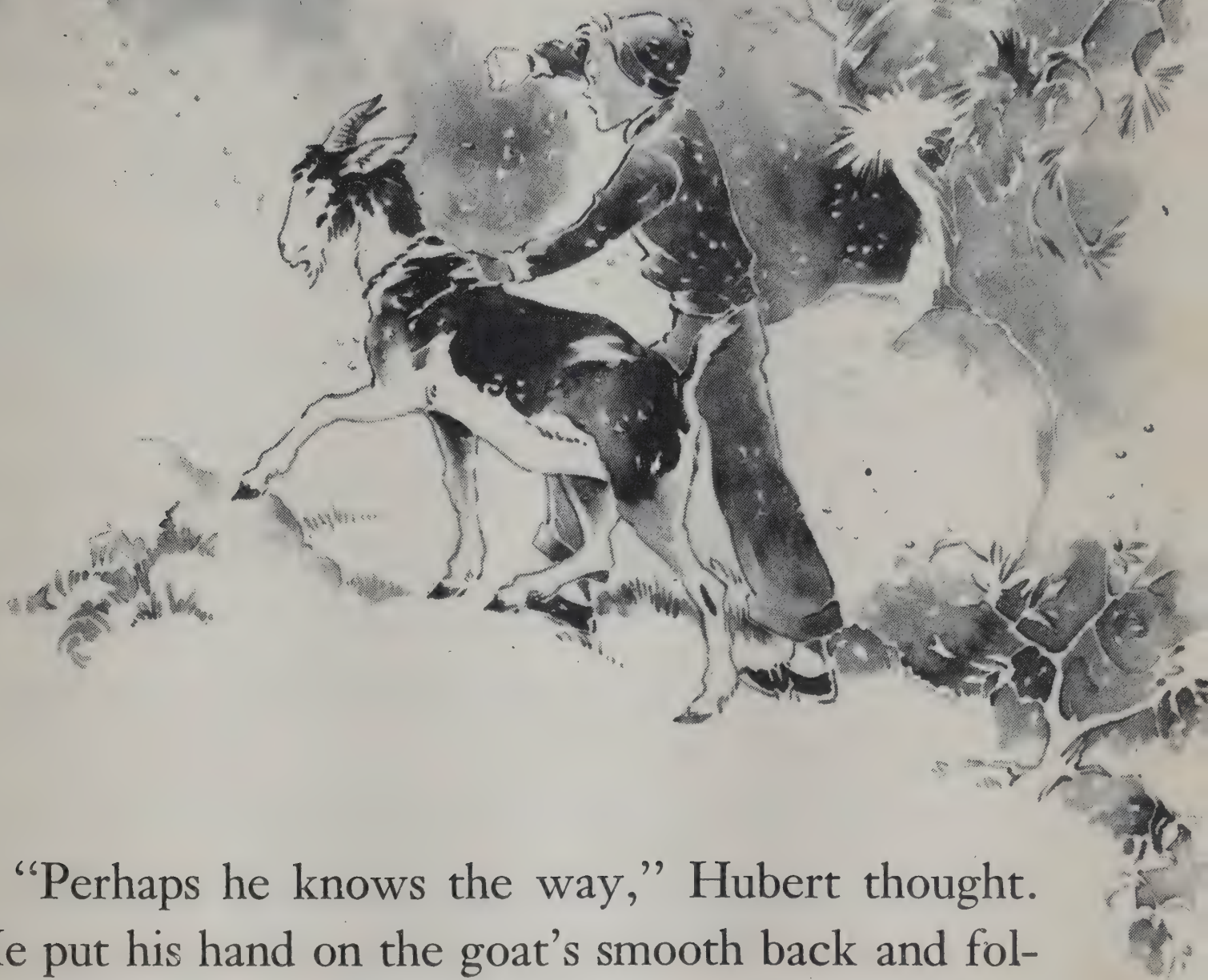
Then came the end of September. It was his last day in school. Hubert said good-by to his friends and started sadly for home.

As he climbed up the steep mountain trail, Hubert noticed that the sky was getting dark too early. He was hardly halfway home when snowflakes began to float down among the trees. Snow in September! It could not be! Hubert hurried. He remembered what his mother had said about getting lost on the mountains.

"Maa, maa, maa!" called the goat, as gaily as though the whirling snowflakes were not fast hiding the trail. Hubert stopped and looked around.

He could not tell which way to go. Any way he turned might be the wrong way, and he would be lost, lost in the snow on Thunderhead Mountain.

But the goat seemed not to mind the snow. He ran ahead, calling, "Maa, maa, maa!" Now and then he looked back, as though he were saying, "Come on, what are you waiting for?"



“Perhaps he knows the way,” Hubert thought. He put his hand on the goat’s smooth back and followed along where the goat led. They climbed and climbed. With his eyes half closed to keep out the snow, Hubert did not know where he was going. But the goat stepped right out as though he were sure of the way. At last Hubert felt himself on even ground.

Could it be that they had reached home? Hubert's heart gave a leap. Through the falling snow he could just make out a building straight ahead. It was — yes, it was the cabin!

When he pushed open the door, his mother started up. She cried joyfully, "Hubert!" She hugged him tight. "Your father was just setting off to look for you! I was afraid you were lost in the snow!"

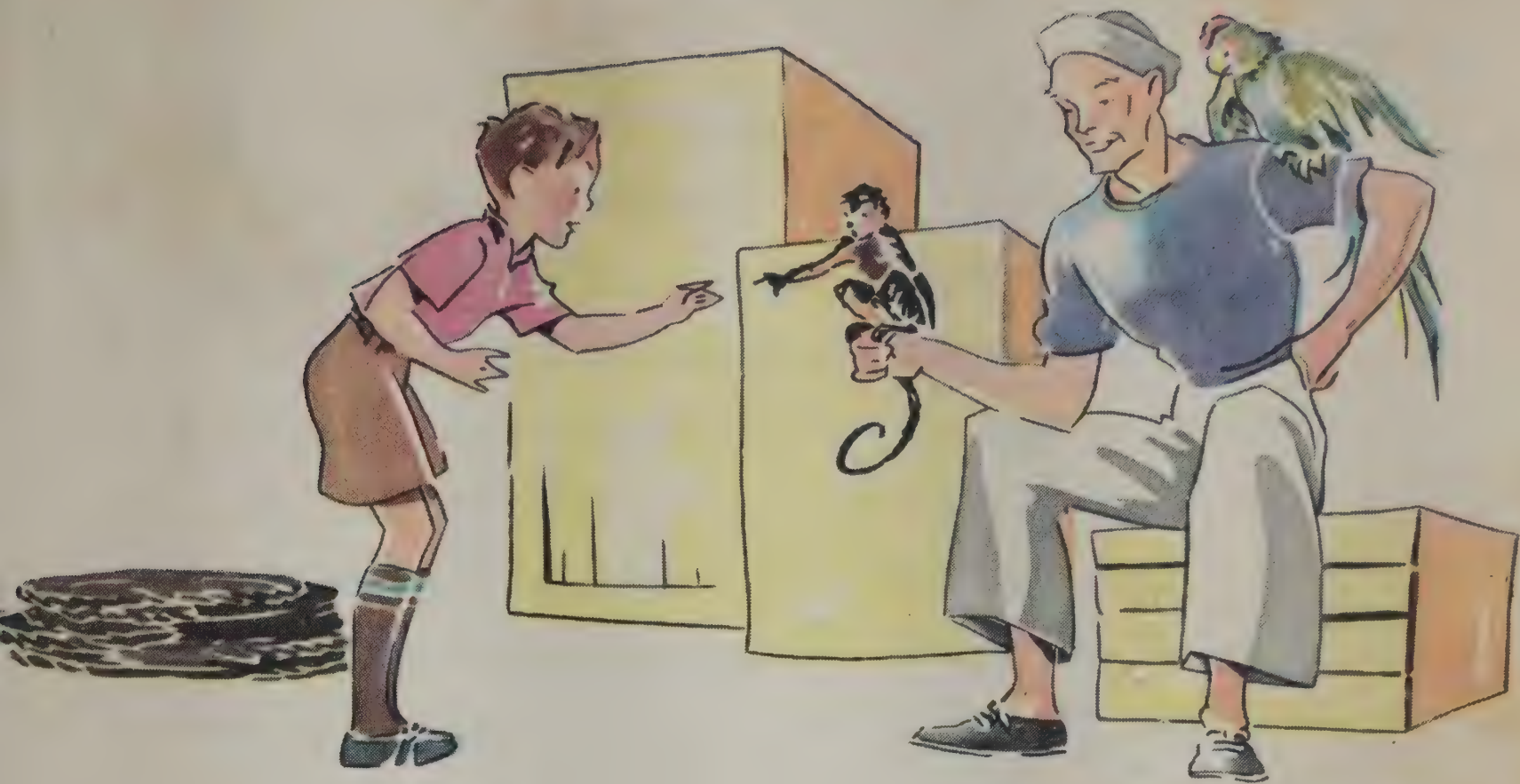
"Not with a goat like this!" cried Hubert, opening the door wide so that his pet could come in and warm himself. "I couldn't tell which way to turn, but he stepped right out and led me straight along home!"

"If that goat could lead you through a storm like this," spoke up Father, "he could lead you through anything. And you never need fear getting lost between here and the school-house."

"I reckon you're right," agreed Mother.

After that there was nothing to keep Hubert from going to school during the rest of the year.

Ellis Credle



DANGER ON THE DOCKS

Mark loved the busy East River. Almost every day he would run down to the docks after school to watch the boats loading and unloading. His favorite dock was the one where the banana boats were tied up, for often the sailors would show him monkeys or bright-colored parrots that they had brought back from South America. They had many tales of adventure to tell the small boy with the round brown eyes that almost popped out of his face as he listened.

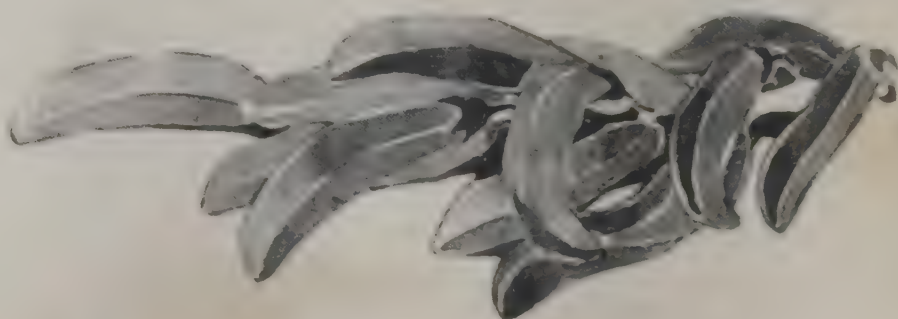
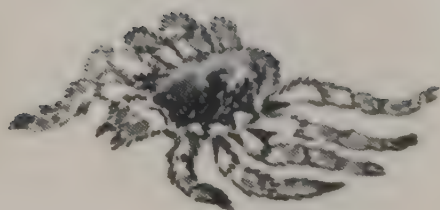
Jack, one of the sailors, showed Mark a horrid-looking spider. "It's a tarantula," he said. "You won't see one of these very often." He explained that sometimes a tarantula hid away in a bunch of bananas, even though the bananas were looked over very carefully before they were loaded.

Mark shivered as he peered at the spider. Legs and all, it was as large as his hand.

"I'm glad that you have it in that big bottle," he said. "Why don't you kill it?"

"I'm taking it to a man who asked me to bring him one," answered Jack. "He studies them to find a cure for their bite."

Mark ran away to the playground to tell some of his friends to come to the dock to see the big spider. The girls were not interested, but some of the boys returned with him. Mark looked for the sailor and his bottle, but he had left the ship for a few hours. So the boys climbed around for a while over the coils of rope and the boxes and crates on the dock.



It began to get dark. One of the boys said, "I can't wait any longer, Mark. It's time for supper," and he ran off toward his home. One by one, the others left, until Mark was alone.

"Maybe Jack will come soon," he said to himself. "I'd like to look at that tarantula again before he takes it away." He sat down on a coil of rope to wait for the sailor.

Street lights began to come on. The skyscrapers looked like castles in the air with their windows alight, high up in the sky. Boats began to go down the river, with green and red lights that seemed to float like balloons on the masts. Mark forgot all about Jack and walked to the end of the dock. The other part of the city across the river looked very close, although he knew it really wasn't.

"I guess I might as well go home," he sighed. "Mother will be home from work now, and have my supper ready."

He started down the dock, but stopped suddenly when he came near one of the crates. The street light was shining upon it, and there on top was a tarantula. Mark started to run. He looked for a

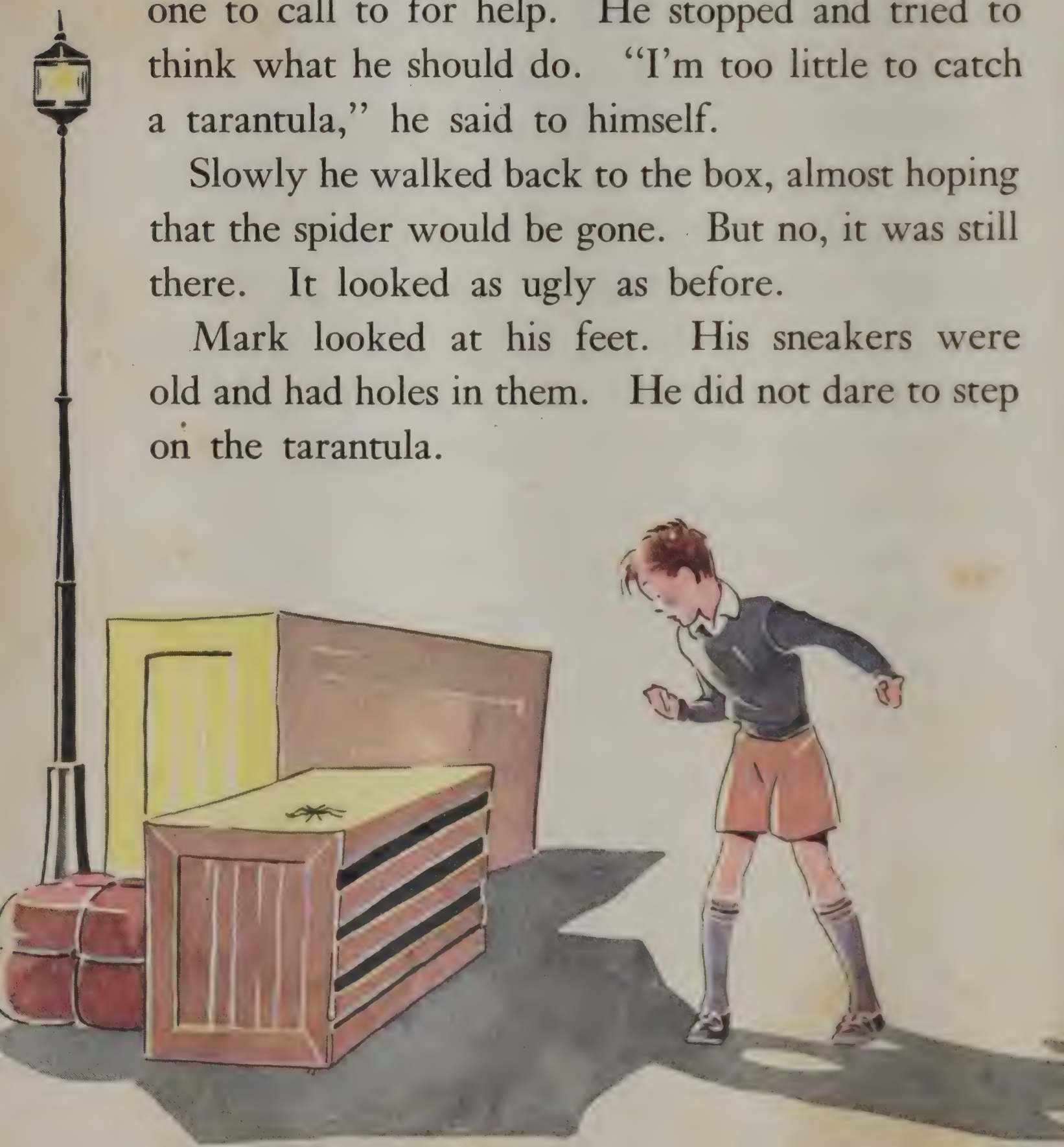
policeman, but no one was in sight. He turned and looked back. The tarantula had not moved.

“That spider might drop down inside the crate,” thought Mark. “No one would find it until the crate was opened. Then it might bite somebody.”

Mark ran a little farther. Still he could see no one to call to for help. He stopped and tried to think what he should do. “I’m too little to catch a tarantula,” he said to himself.

Slowly he walked back to the box, almost hoping that the spider would be gone. But no, it was still there. It looked as ugly as before.

Mark looked at his feet. His sneakers were old and had holes in them. He did not dare to step on the tarantula.



"Sailor Jack had his tarantula in a big bottle," he thought. Mark looked around for a bottle, but he could not find any. At last he found a tin can. It had no lid.

"I'll put the can over the big spider," he thought. "Then it can't get away."

Mark's hand shook, but he dropped the tin over the tarantula. Then he waited. The can began to move.

"What shall I do now?" thought Mark. There seemed to be only one thing to do and Mark made up his mind to do it. He climbed up on the crate and put his hand down hard on the can. Then he sat there, holding it. He grew very tired, but he did not move, except to wiggle his feet when they went to sleep.

"Won't anybody ever come?" he wondered. He was tired and lonely. Soon he began to feel sleepy.

"I wish I had something to eat," he said to himself. He felt in his pocket with the other hand and found one small piece of chocolate. It looked a little dirty, but Mark was so hungry that he did not care about that.

The clock struck again and then again while he sat there. It was getting very late. Just as he thought he would have to go to sleep or get off the crate, he heard voices.

“Tim! Tim!” he shouted at the top of his voice. A big policeman came in sight, followed by two of the boys who had been on the dock with Mark that afternoon. The boys shouted with joy when they saw him.

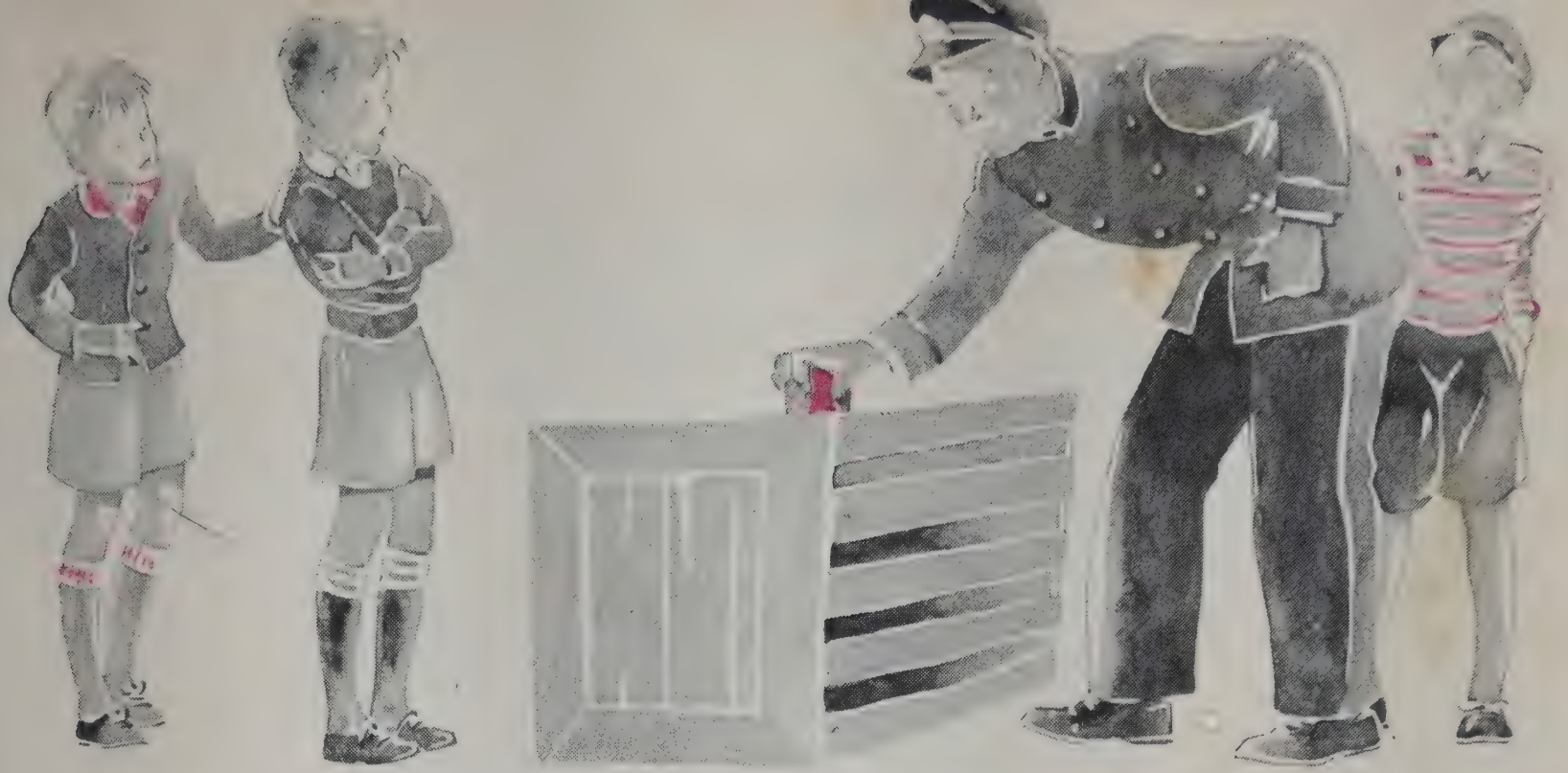
“We thought you must have fallen off the dock or something!” they said.

“Your mother is looking everywhere for you,” said Tim. “Now aren’t you a bad one, to be scaring her like that! Come on down, you little nuisance.” Tim’s words were cross, but he looked as happy as the boys, for Mark was a friend of his.

“I can’t, Tim,” answered Mark. “I’m keeping a tarantula from biting people.”

The policeman looked sharply at Mark. “And did you go crazy, sitting here by yourself? Come on now, and get to bed.”

But Mark shook his head and would not move until Tim put his own hand on the can. Then



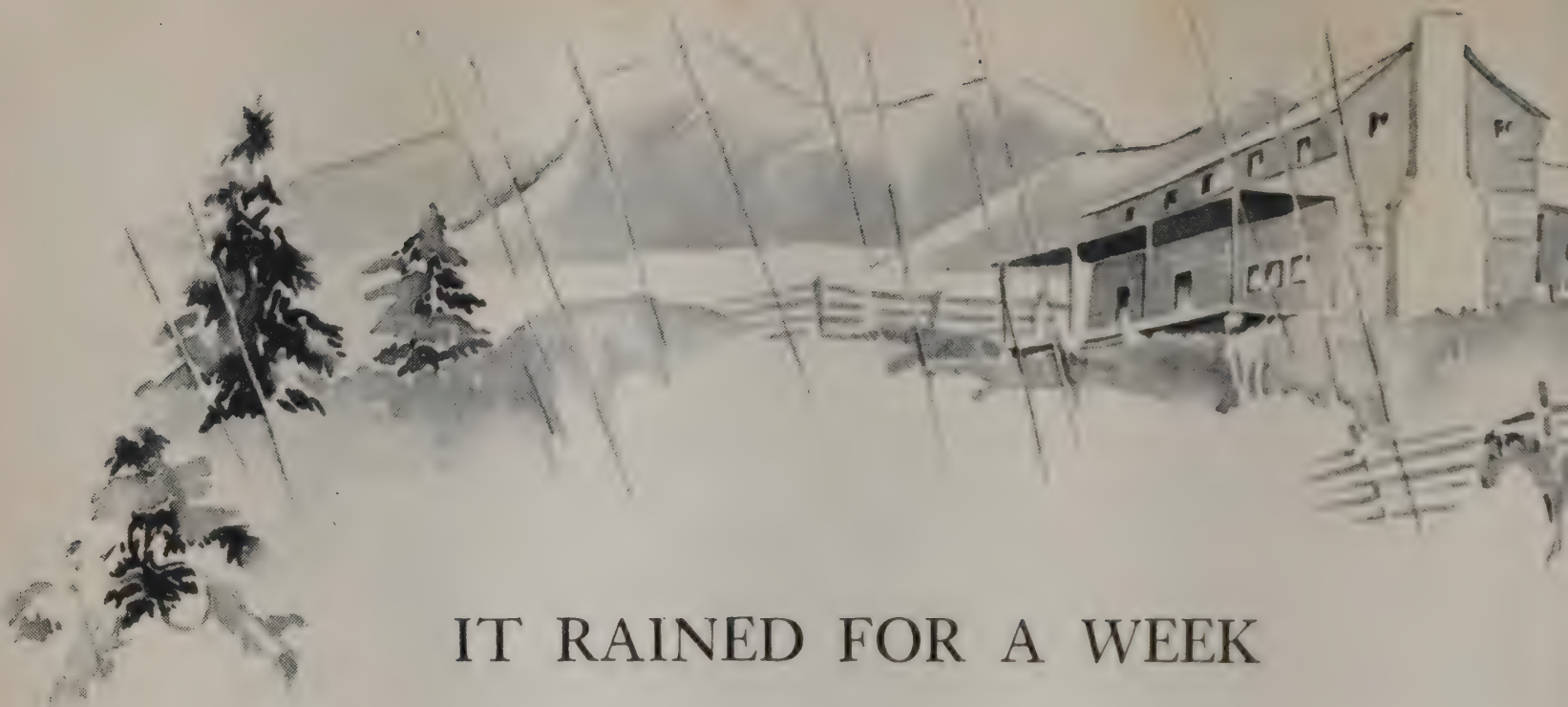
Mark gladly got off the box and stretched his poor, tired legs.

Tim lifted the can a little and looked under it carefully. "Why, you little hero!" he said in surprise. "You're right!" He blew his whistle, and another policeman came quickly.

"Go get a bottle to put this ugly creature in," he said. "We'll show it to the men at the station house. Mark, you're brave enough to be on the Force! How would you like to be a policeman when you grow up?"

But Mark was not there. He was running home as fast as he could, with the other boys following close behind.

Florence Brumbaugh



IT RAINED FOR A WEEK

INDIAN SIGN TALK

Ever since Allan could remember, he and his mother and father had spent their summer holidays in the mountains in New York State. But this summer it was different. This summer they had come to a big ranch in the Rocky Mountains of Montana.

Allan slept upstairs in the ranch house. When he woke up one morning, the first thing he noticed was the sound of rain pounding on the roof just over his head. He slipped quickly into his clothes and joined his mother and father in the dining room.

"It is still raining," said Allan's mother. "We have been here a week now, and it has poured rain every day, all day long."

“But I don’t mind,” said Allan. “This will be a good day for me to go down to Red Shirt’s tepee and learn some more Indian Sign Talk.”

There were more than twenty people staying at the ranch, and they were all talking about the rain. They were tired of it. They wished it would stop. Allan wished they would stop talking about it. But of course he did not say so. He ate two eggs with bacon, and four pieces of toast.

As soon as he had finished his breakfast, he put on his raincoat and ran out the back door. He went through the big gate behind the barn. The horses dropped their heads over the bars to whinny softly at him. The cows in the field looked at him as he passed, and went on chewing. They did not seem to mind the rain. Allan ran down the hillside to the hollow by the river where his Indian friends lived.

Red Shirt and his family were Flathead Indians. Their little house had small square windows, a tin roof, and a funny tin chimney. The family lived there only in the winter. In the summer they set up their big white tepee beside their house and



moved into it. Allan, too, thought that the tepee was a nicer place to live in than the house.

Now he lifted the rug that hung over the door of the tepee and stepped inside. Everybody smiled and made room for him to sit down. A bright fire was built in a circle of stones on the ground, in the center of the floor. The smoke went up through a hole in the top of the tepee. Dry wood was piled neatly at the right of the door. Blankets spread on the ground made beds for the Indians at night, and were used to sit on during the day.

The old grandmother always sat in the same place. She did not understand English. When Allan spoke to her, she only shook her head and grinned. She had no teeth, and so her grin looked all the wider.



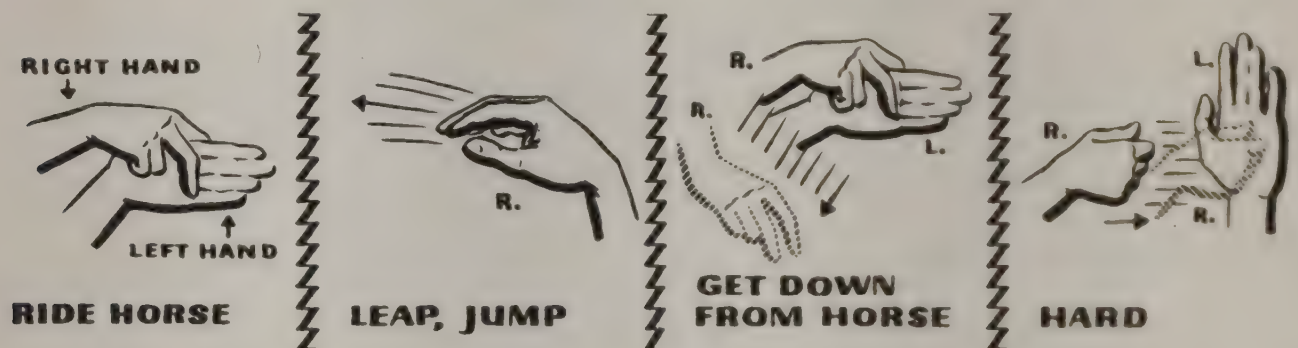
Red Shirt's mother always wore the same dress. It was purple and hung down to the tops of her moccasins. She was fat and friendly. She laughed all the time, but she did not speak English either.

Red Shirt's father and big brother wore faded blue trousers and faded blue shirts. Their black hair hung down in two braids, and each braid was wound with strips of bright red cloth. They, too, laughed often and easily. They spoke only a few words of English.

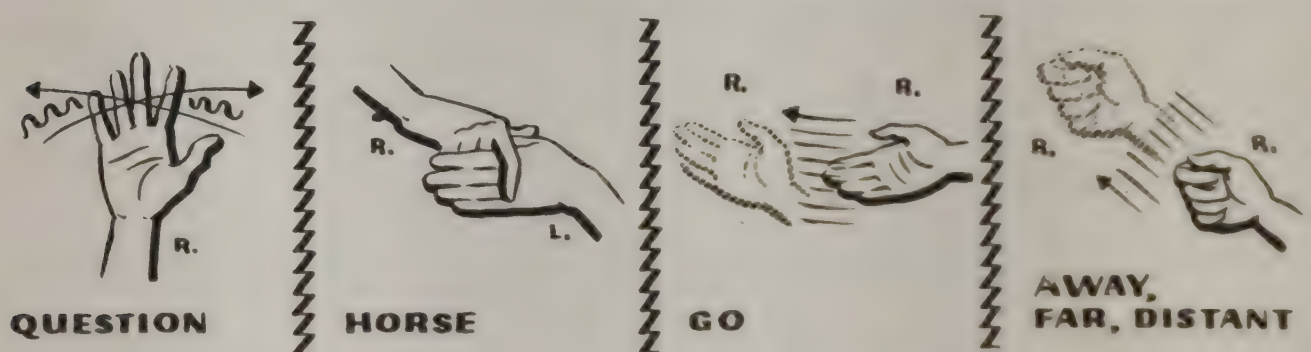
Red Shirt was about Allan's age. He really had a red shirt, but he wore it only once in a while, on special days. Red Shirt, also, was always laughing. He could speak English.

But it was not the English language that Allan and Red Shirt began to speak together. It was Indian Sign Talk! This language of signs was used by all the Plains tribes. There were many of them, roaming from the Mississippi River in the east to the western side of the Rocky Mountains.

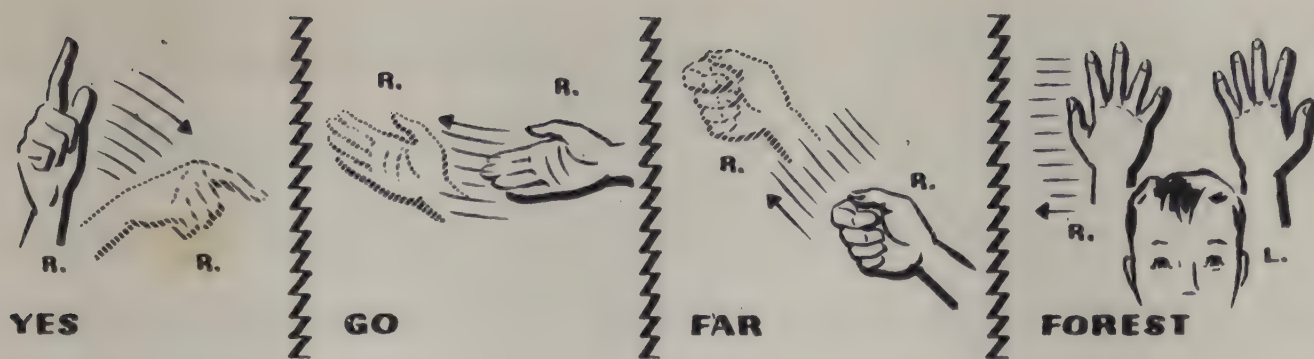
All the week Red Shirt had been teaching Allan how to make the sign language with his hands.



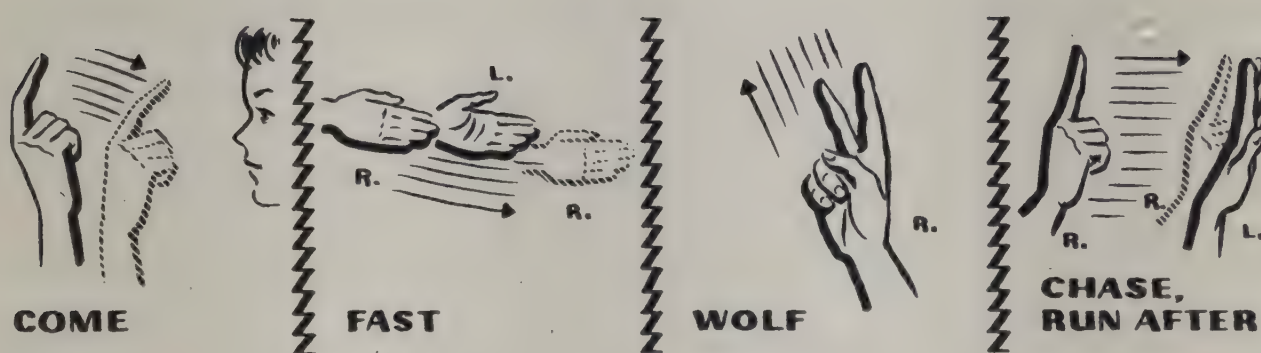
"I ride my horse. The horse jumps! I fall off hard on the ground!" said Red Shirt in Sign Talk. His family were watching, and they all laughed.



"Did the horse run away?" asked Allan, making the signs with his hands.



“Yes, the horse goes far into the forest,” answered Red Shirt. Again everyone in the tepee laughed.



“But he comes home fast when the wolves run after him!”

The two boys talked Sign Talk all the rest of the day. By this time Allan had learned to speak it very well.

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE

That night everyone in the ranch house was sitting around the fireplace. It was quiet, except for the sound of the rain still pouring down on the roof.

Finally Allan's mother looked at the clock. "It's time for you to go to bed, son," she said.

Allan sighed and started across the room toward the stairs. Just as he reached them, there was the sound of running footsteps on the porch. There was a sudden loud pounding on the door, and in burst an Indian. His face was shining wet, and water poured from his long black hair and from his clothes. He began to shout and wave his arms.

Everyone jumped to his feet. Everyone stared at the Indian. But no one knew what he was saying. When he realized that they did not under-



stand, the Indian shouted louder than before, as if they were all deaf.

Now Allan stepped forward and spoke to the Indian in Sign Talk. Quickly the man began to make signs with his hands. Allan watched carefully, then turned toward the others. This was an important message.

“He is from the Flathead Indian village up the river. He says the dam there is breaking! He wants all the men here to go there and help. He says that everybody must run away from here — very fast — to the hills. If the dam goes, the river will come quickly and drown us all, he says.”

No one waited to hear more. Swiftly the men put on their coats and climbed into the truck, and swiftly they drove away up the road. The women rushed upstairs to gather coats and blankets to take to the hills, where the water could not reach them.

It was then that Allan thought of his Indian friends right on the edge of the river. Had anyone warned them? If not, the water might rise and catch them while they were sleeping! Allan did not wait to put on his coat. He just dashed out

into the darkness and pouring rain. There were lights in the barn where someone was rounding up the horses and cows.

Allan plunged into the darkness of the muddy pasture. Down the hill he went, slipping and sliding. Wet branches whipped his face. When he reached the tepee, he found the Indians awake, but still rolled in their blankets. They jumped up quickly when Red Shirt explained to them what Allan was saying.

Nobody spoke. They worked swiftly, packing blankets and bundles on the horses. When they reached the ranch house, everybody was still gathering things to save from the flood. No one had noticed that Allan had gone away and returned.

That night they all spent on the hilltop. It was cold and wet in spite of the big fires and the pine shelters that they made. But they were safe.

All night the men worked, piling sandbags on the dam to hold it together. They worked so fast and so well that the dam itself did not break. The water did burst around one end of the dam, flooding the flat land where the Indians lived.

Several days later, Allan was again visiting his Indian friends. The sun was out, very hot, and the excitement was all over. The river had left a lot of mud behind it, and the Indians were busy cleaning it out of their house.

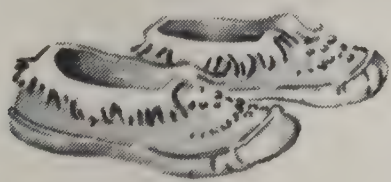
The stove had been carried out of the house to the yard. It, too, had been filled with mud, and Allan and Red Shirt were at work cleaning it out. They stopped now and then to speak together in Sign Talk, laughing happily.

It was nearly sunset when Allan burst through the door of the ranch house, calling, "Mother! Father! Look! See what the Indians have given me! Look!"

In one hand he carried a leather belt, in the other a pair of handsome moccasins. They were beautifully decorated with colored beads. Allan kicked off his shoes and slipped on the moccasins.

"See, Mother, they fit my feet exactly! The Indians made them especially for me! You know, Mother, I think they are just about the nicest friends I have ever had!"

Jane Bateman





A HOME FOR DANNY

THE FIRE

Ever since he was five years old, Danny Gray had lived in a car or trailer with his father. Together they had traveled thousands of miles. They had gone north to Canada and west to California, stopping at different places to make money. Danny's father sometimes pitched for a baseball team or played the flute in a small band. Often he worked for a time in garages, or cut lawns.

Usually Danny loved this wandering life, here today and there tomorrow. He loved sniffing the smoke of a campfire and listening to his father's

flute singing through the air, but at times he was lonely, even with Nicky.

Nicky was the funny little black-and-white pup they had found on the road one day. When he saw Danny he gave a bark of joy. From then on, the two were friends. The boy needed a friend, for often his father worked all day and he was left alone.

One summer day, when Danny was ten, they reached Idaho. For two days they traveled through stretches of desert, hot and fragrant with the smell of sagebrush. Nicky had a jolly time chasing jack rabbits and sniffing at grasshoppers. He liked this sunny land. But they left it behind and climbed up and up to the higher country through thick pine forests. They came to a small wooden cabin, perched in the air as though on long legs, with smaller cabins below. This was a lookout station for the fire fighters who guarded the forests.

Late that evening, a group of those fire fighters came into the station. They were tired, and their faces were black with smoke. They told stories of thousands of acres of great trees which had been

lost because careless campers had forgotten to put out their campfires.

Next day Danny and his father drove on. At the top of a steep hill the engine of the car gave a faint sigh and stopped running.

"I was afraid that would happen," said Mr. Gray. "We're out of gas. I'll take the can and walk on and get some." He nodded toward a white sign nailed to a tree:



"Want to come along?"

"No, thanks, Dad. Nicky and I will stay here. I want to finish my book, and there are squirrels for Nicky to play with.

"All right, son. So long."

Danny watched his father go swinging up the road with the empty gasoline can. Then he sat down on the step of the trailer with his book.

The boy had been turning the pages for about an hour, when suddenly he began to sniff. He knew that smell — it was burning pine. He jumped up.

Thick smoke was rising from down the hill, curling around tree trunks. Nicky seemed restless.

“Whoever built that fire doesn’t know much,” Danny thought as he ran down the road. He remembered what the rangers had said — that in dry weather campers should build only a small fire.

When he came to the bend, he began to cough. He was surrounded by thick smoke. Small flames were licking at low bushes between the road and a rocky creek.

“Hey!” he shouted. There was no answer. The only sound was the crackling of the burning bush. Then Danny understood. This must be the beginning of a forest fire!

For a few minutes the boy could not think what to do. So much depended on him — the lives of perhaps hundreds of trees depended upon him. There were no bells to ring, no whistles to blow, no siren to sound. What he did, he must do alone, unless Nicky could help.

Danny knew he must try to keep the fire from spreading. Of course, as soon as the rangers saw the smoke, they would surely come to help him.

He ran to the trailer and grabbed the bucket and a tin dipper. He dragged out two heavy Indian blankets. Then he ran down the steep slope to the creek. He tossed the blankets into the water and left them to soak. Then he filled the bucket and carried it up the slope. Again and again he dipped out water with the dipper and threw it on a patch of burning bush. Hisssssssss! It turned to steam. Then the fire was crackling again. He watched it creeping under dry moss and pine needles. It was spreading!

He hurried back to the creek for the wet blankets and dragged them up the slope. He hung one over a flaming circle of berry bushes, and the other he wound about a pine stump that was now burning fiercely.

Slipping, sliding back to the creek, Danny realized now what he must do. He must keep the fire between the road and the narrow stream. If it once crossed over, Danny felt that nothing could stop it. On the other side were two fallen pine trees, their branches full of dry brown needles. If those pine needles caught fire, he knew they would



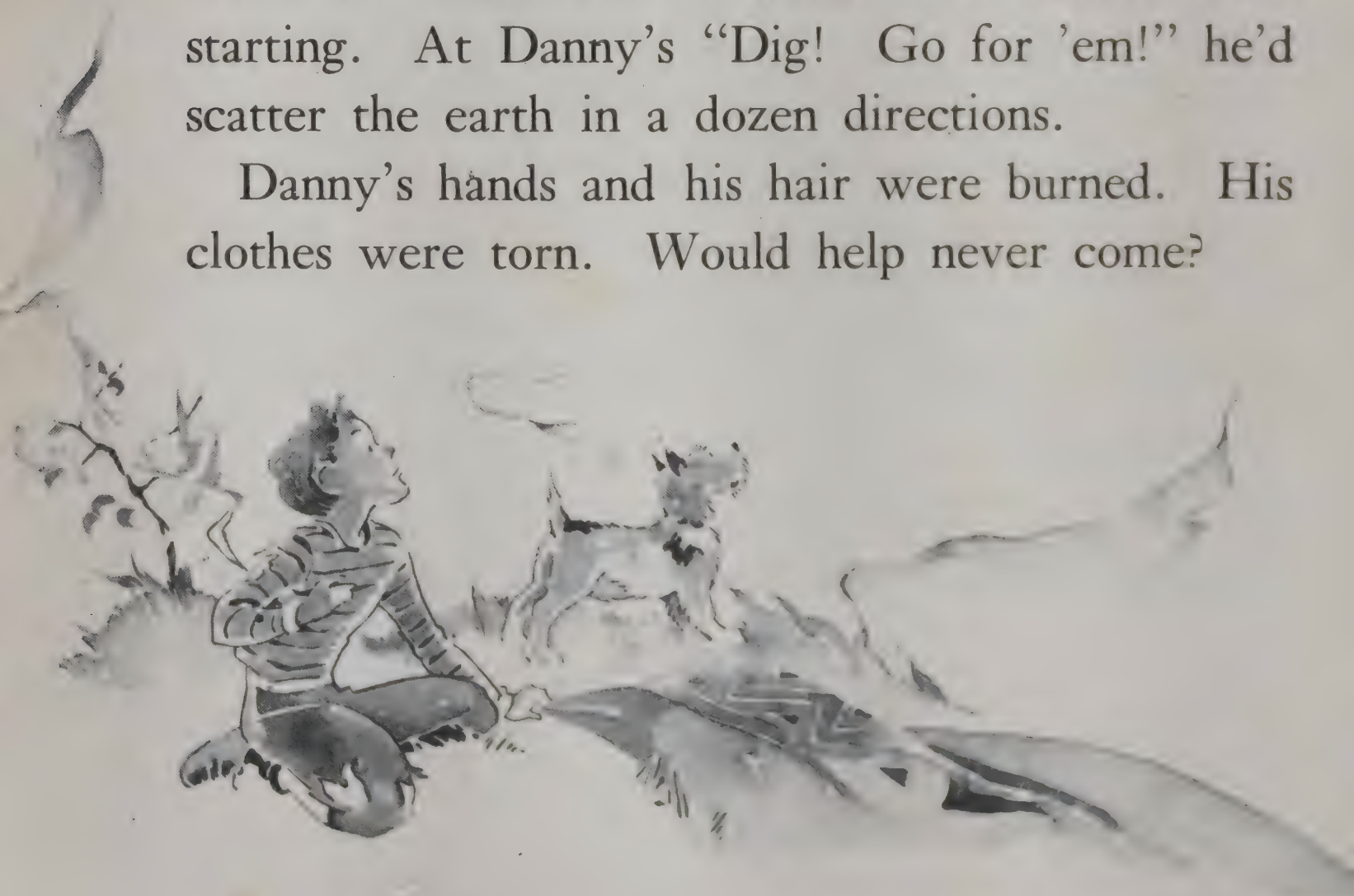
send out showers of sparks. Then the fire would spread beyond the creek to the whole forest.

Again and again Danny filled the bucket. Again and again he struggled up the slope. Sometimes he poured the water on the burning bushes. Sometimes he threw it on the blankets, which seemed to be on the point of bursting into flame. At other times he dragged the blankets down to the creek

and wet them. Then he pulled them up the slope again and spread them in the path of the fire. He was very tired. His eyes were smarting with smoke and heat. But he made up his mind that those giant pines on the far bank should not burn.

As fast as the fire was out in one place, it sprang up in another place. Danny could see that the fire was getting beyond his control. Again and again he felt that he had reached the end of his strength. His heart was pounding like a giant's drum. Again and again he sank to the ground and lay there, panting for breath. At such times Nicky stood over him, giving short, sharp barks. Then he would run to where new flames were starting. At Danny's "Dig! Go for 'em!" he'd scatter the earth in a dozen directions.

Danny's hands and his hair were burned. His clothes were torn. Would help never come?





THE REWARD

Suddenly Danny heard the hum of a motor over his head. As he looked up, a plane made a great circle above the trees, and landed in the field on the other side of the road.

Danny heard the sound of sirens as two cars came around the curve and stopped. Four or five excited men ran toward him. Nicky was barking loudly as Danny said, "Everything is O.K.," and fainted.

He felt cool cloths being wrapped gently around his burned hands and his throbbing head. He opened his eyes and saw his father.

"Hello, Dad!" His voice sounded far away.

"Danny! Danny! I'm proud of you!"

Then the boy heard another voice. It came from the head forest ranger.

"That's the boy! How are you coming?" The tall ranger was kneeling beside him.

"Fine," replied Danny, trying to smile. "How's the fire? I tried to keep it from crossing the creek. Was that right?"

"Just right," agreed the head forest ranger himself. "You did just the right thing, young man. No telling what would have happened if that fire had once got out of control. With everything so dry around here, even a half hour makes a great difference."

Danny smiled now. He felt as proud as — well, as proud as he possibly could with his head and hands wrapped up in bandages! He knew it wasn't every boy who could win praise such as that from a head forest ranger.

When the fire was all out, the ranger ordered two men to stay on guard. Then he said to Danny's father, "This young fire fighter might as well fly to town with me. We'll take him to the doctor and have those burns treated. You can meet us at the forest rangers' office."

"What do you say, son?" smiled Mr. Gray.

Danny just grinned. He felt as if Christmas and his birthday had been rolled together, he was so excited.

In the next few minutes he forgot his aching head and his burned hands. He and the ranger took their places in the plane. There was just time to wave one bandaged hand to his father before the pilot took off. Then the ground dropped away. Fields, trees, and the road lay below them. Yes, and there was the creek. Between it and the road stretched a brown patch of ground.

"That's where your fire was," grinned the ranger.

They landed at the little town of Pineville, which was headquarters for the forest rangers. The ranger took Danny at once to a near-by log cabin and stayed with him while a doctor treated his burns and then bandaged them again.

When they left the doctor's office, Danny saw his father parking the car and trailer at the side of the Forestry Office. The ranger invited them inside, where a group of men was gathered around a roaring open fire. One of them was the manager of a near-by silver mine.

"What's your trade, Mr. Gray?" he asked Dan's father.

"I'm a jack-of-all-trades. But I've mastered a good many."

"Know anything about mining?"

"I had four years of it in college, but I haven't had much chance at it since."

"I need an extra man," said the manager. "It's a good job for the right person. How about it?"

"Fine!" replied Mr. Gray.

"Does that mean we can have a home now, Father?" asked Danny.

"A home!" exclaimed Mr. Gray. "Why, we have one of the grandest, most comfortable little trailer homes I've seen in any of our travels."

"I know," said Danny, "but I'd like a home in a place where I can go to school and have some friends."

The head ranger turned to the other rangers.

"What do you say, fellows? Don't you think it's up to us to see that Danny has what he wants? He saved a good many acres of forest for us today."

The others all nodded.

“There’s a new log cabin down by the shore of the lake,” said the head ranger, smiling at Danny. “The rangers built it, so they have a right to give it away. It’s your home, Danny, for as long as you want it.

“As for friends,” went on the ranger, “I have two boys. It seems to me they said they needed another man on their baseball team.”

Even though Danny could not speak, his shining eyes spoke for him. He hugged Nicky, who lay in his lap, until the dog gave a little bark.

“Oh, Nicky!” whispered Danny. “Friends, too!”

Ruth G. Plowhead





A SURPRISE FOR ARAMINTA

A PRESENT FROM THE COUNTRY

Jerome Anthony liked to visit his auntie in Atlanta because everything was different in the city. There were fire engines and street cars. There were automobiles for riding, and sidewalks for skating, and ice cream for eating. And there was his friend Araminta!

Now when Jerome Anthony went to Atlanta

to visit his auntie, he took everybody a present from the country. He took a brown bag full of something for his auntie. He took a brown jug full of something for his uncle. And he took a brown box full of something for Araminta.

Araminta and Auntie and Uncle met Jerome Anthony at the bus station in Atlanta. When he stepped off the bus, he put his suitcase on the ground, and then he gave the brown bag to Auntie. She opened it, and inside was a jar of strawberry jam — home-made strawberry jam. Next, he gave the brown jug to Uncle. He opened it, and inside was molasses. Then Jerome Anthony picked up his suitcase and walked toward Uncle's car.

"But where is my present?" asked Araminta.

Jerome Anthony only smiled and said, "It's a surprise!"

Then he whispered something to Uncle, and they all got in the car.

"Is my present in your suitcase?" asked Araminta.

"No," said Jerome Anthony.

"Is it in your pocket?" asked Araminta.

"No," smiled Jerome Anthony.

“Well, then, where is it?” asked Araminta, because she couldn’t wait any longer to find out. But Jerome Anthony just looked out of the car window and smiled.

Araminta looked out of the window, too.

“Watch out!” she called, when Uncle made a left turn. “That’s not the way to go home.”

“Maybe we’re not going home,” said Jerome Anthony, and he smiled again. They drove down a street. They bumped over some railroad tracks. Pretty soon they stopped before a big building. They saw freight trains chugging back and forth. They saw big green trucks here and there.

“What are we doing at the express office?” asked Araminta.

“This is where your present is,” said Jerome Anthony to Araminta. “It was too big to bring on the bus.”

Now what was Araminta’s big present from the country? She thought that it might be a bale of cotton, but what on earth would she do with a bale of cotton? She thought that it might be a crate of watermelons, but she never in the world

could eat that many watermelons. What could it be? Suddenly she heard a little noise. It went, "Maa-a! Maa-a!"

"Of all things!" said Araminta. "That sounds like a noise from the country! Listen!"

"Maa-a-a-a!" came the noise again.

Araminta pushed between the big boxes piled all around. She climbed over a big green trunk. She hopped over a little red crate. Then she saw where that noise was coming from. Over in a corner, there was a big brown box with slats for sides. When she looked through the slats, she saw a white-and-black animal with four black feet and two little horns and a mouth that said, "Maa-a-a!"

"Goat!" yelled Araminta, sticking her hand inside the box to rub his long nose. "Goat is here from the country!"

Auntie paid the express charges while Uncle got a hammer from the express agent. Then he and Jerome Anthony knocked the slats out of the sides of the big brown box, and Goat stepped right out into the city.

"Goat is in the city now!" Araminta yelled. "What in the world is he going to do here?"

Goat took a look at that room full of boxes, and went hopping right up on top of the nearest packing case.

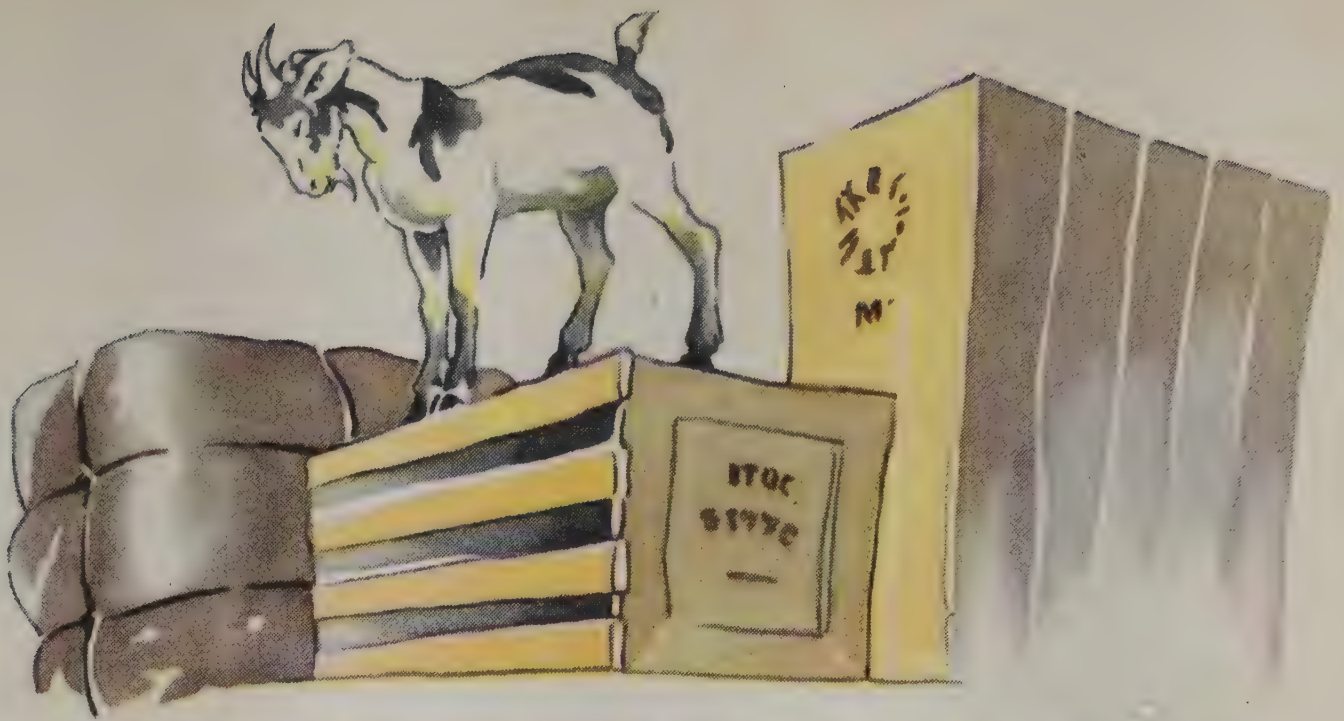
"Stop him!" called the express agent. But Goat hopped up on a piano box.

"Stop, Goat!" yelled Araminta. But Goat only climbed onto a white box that was almost as high as the roof.

"That Goat is always climbing on things," explained Jerome Anthony. "Goats always climb."

"He's no good as a present if he stays up there," sighed Araminta.





So Jerome Anthony climbed onto the big crate, and then onto the piano box, and then onto the white box that almost reached to the roof. There was Goat looking down on everything with his yellow eyes. Jerome Anthony grabbed hold of Goat's collar and pulled it. Goat stood still, because he liked being way up high. Jerome Anthony rubbed Goat's head in between his two horns. Goat kept on standing, because he was very fond of having his head rubbed.

"Oh, me!" sighed Jerome Anthony. "You call him, Araminta, while I push from behind."

Araminta took off her hat, and she held it out for Goat to see, for all the world as if it were a pan full of corn. Then she called in a very loud voice, "Here, Goat! Here, Goat!"

At the same time, Jerome Anthony got behind Goat and pushed as hard as he could.

Goat peered down at that thing that looked like a pan of corn, and he didn't stand still any longer, I'm here to tell you, because he liked to eat better than anything else in the world. He gave a little jump with his two front legs, and then a hop-hop-hop, and he was on the floor beside Araminta. Whenever Goat gave a little jump, Jerome Anthony gave a little jump, too, until he went head over heels on the floor beside Araminta.

"We'd better get this goat home," Araminta said, as she helped Jerome Anthony to his feet.

When they got in the car to go home, Auntie sat in the front seat beside Uncle, just as she always did. But Jerome Anthony and Araminta had to sit all curled up on the back seat, because Goat was standing where their feet usually belonged.

"It's lunch time now," said Auntie, as they drew up at the curb in front of the house.

So Araminta and Jerome Anthony tied Goat by a long rope to the door of the garage and then went in to eat their lunch.

WHERE IS GOAT?

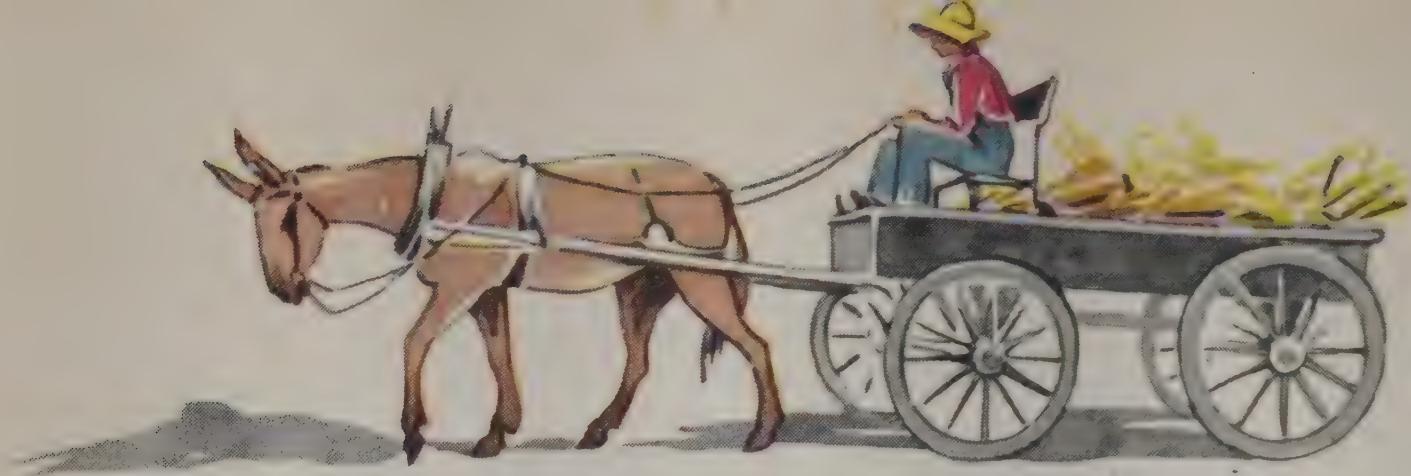
When they had eaten everything there was to eat, Araminta and Jerome Anthony ran out to the garage to play with Goat. But as soon as they got to the back porch they stopped, because they didn't see Goat anywhere. The rope was there, hanging by the garage door, but there was no white-and-black Goat on the end of it.

"Goat is gone!" cried Araminta.

"Maybe he's only hiding," said Jerome Anthony, and they began to hunt. They looked in the garage. They looked back of the garage. They looked under the porch. Then they ran around to the front and looked up the street and down the street, but no goat was anywhere there.

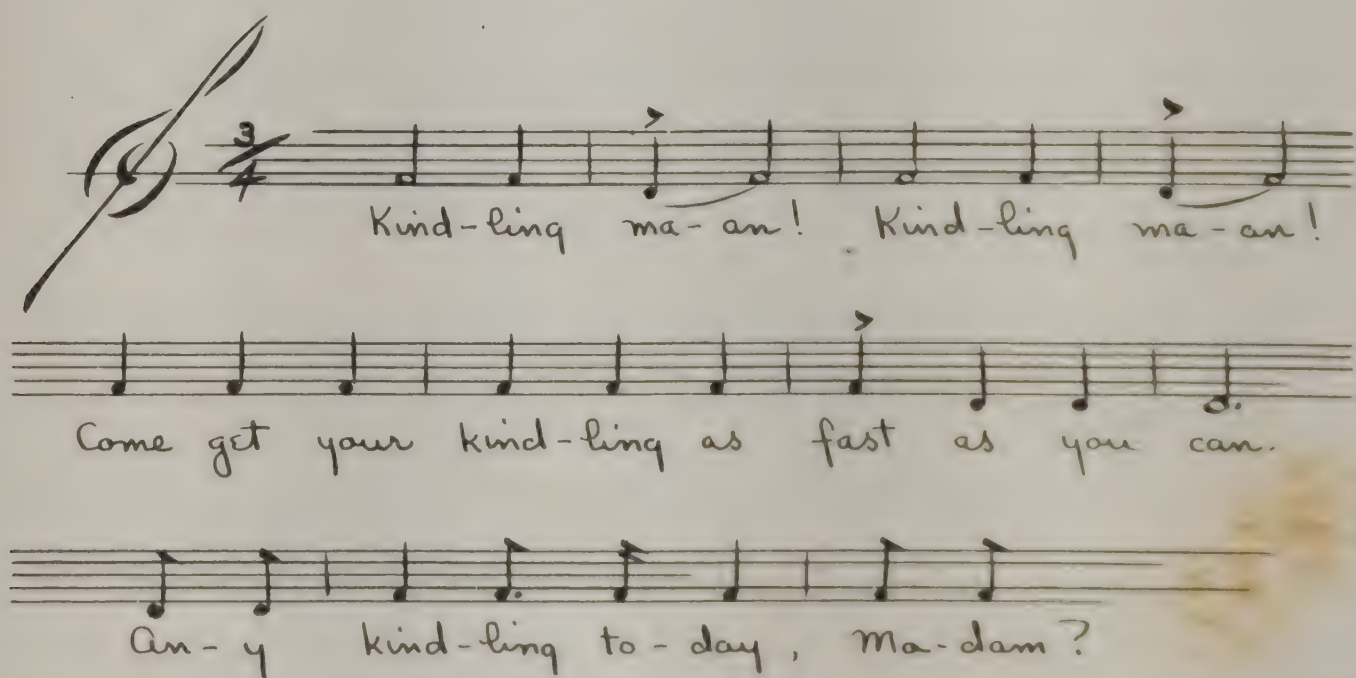
But there was a man out in the street, sitting in an old wagon, driving a very tired mule. There were little bundles of kindling wood in the back of the wagon. As the old man rode along, he was singing.

"Please, Mr. Kindling Man," said Araminta, in

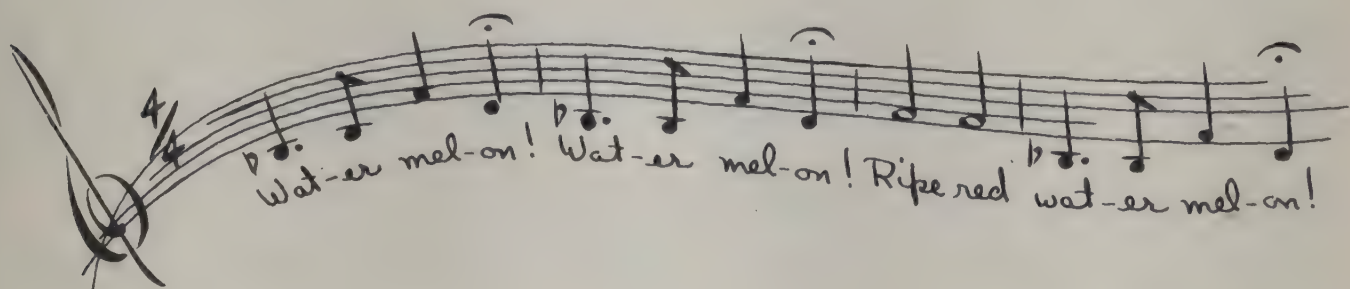


a very worried voice, “have you seen a white-and-black goat, who doesn’t seem to know how to take care of himself in a city?”

The old man laughed. “I see many strange sights in my comings and goings, but a goat wandering loose — no, no white-and-black goats.” And he went off singing his kindling song.



They walked on down the street a little farther, and pretty soon they saw a cart being pushed up the middle of the street. It was being pushed by a very tall man and a very small boy. As they pushed, they called:



Sure enough, that cart was filled with ripe water-melons.



“Please, Mr. Watermelon Man,” said Jerome Anthony, “have you seen a goat, a white-and-black goat, who doesn’t seem to know anything about a city?”

The very tall man looked at the very small boy, and the very small boy looked at the very tall man, and they both shook their heads. That meant, of course, that they hadn’t seen Goat.

“What can we do?” asked Araminta, and she really was worried. “Our goat is lost, and I’m sure he can’t take care of himself in this big city of Atlanta.”

“We’ll have to keep on looking until we find him,” Jerome Anthony said.

Now it happened that the street where Auntie lived was very near the railroad tracks. So when Jerome Anthony and Araminta came to the end of the block, they could turn the corner and walk right on a sidewalk that ran along beside the tracks. That’s what they did, because they thought that maybe Goat had decided to get on a train and go back to the country.

They saw the big green engines switching back

and forth. They saw the freight-cars rumbling away to the North. They saw the passenger trains on their way to Florida and Chicago and New York. All along the tracks were long, low buildings.

"Maybe Goat is hiding in one of them," said Araminta. They peered into the first one, which was filled with bales of cotton.

"Well," said Jerome Anthony, "I thought there was a lot of cotton in the country, but I've never seen this much before." But Goat wasn't there.

They looked into the next big brick building. It was filled with crate after crate of cotton thread from the cotton mills.

"Somebody has to do a lot of sewing to use all this thread," said Araminta. But they couldn't see Goat anywhere there.

"What will Goat do when it gets dark?" said Araminta, as they walked on down the street.

"What will Goat do when he gets hungry?" asked Jerome Anthony, in a very sad voice.

Suddenly they both stopped walking down the street.

"Look!" yelled Araminta. They looked, and

they saw a whole row of buildings — low, dark-green buildings.

“Sniff!” said Jerome Anthony. They sniffed, and they smelled a very special smell.

“Listen!” said Araminta. They listened, and they heard a noise that was a very special noise.

Jerome Anthony and Araminta began to run toward those buildings. When they got nearer, they heard, “Hee-haw, hee-haw.” And when they got right up to those low buildings, they saw mules — hundreds and hundreds of mules. There were brown mules and gray mules and white mules. There were big mules and little mules and middle-sized ones. Every one of these green buildings was filled with mules saying, “Hee-haw, hee-haw.”

“Well,” said Jerome Anthony, “I thought there were a lot of mules in the country but I’ve never seen this many before.”

Some of the mules were being led up gang-planks into freight-cars, and some of the mules were being pushed up gang-planks into trucks. Araminta and Jerome Anthony looked in one box-car, and it was filled with little brown mules.

“Where are those little mules going?” they asked.

“They’re going to the mines in Alabama,” answered a man who was loading the cars. “They have to be little to go down into the mines.”

They gave one more look to make sure that Goat hadn’t decided to go to a mine, and then hurried



on to the next box-car. It was filled with middle-sized white mules.

“Where are those middle-sized mules going?” they asked.

“They’re going to New Orleans to pull the ice wagons,” a man said. “They need middle-sized mules in a city.”

They gave another look to make sure that Goat hadn’t decided to go to New Orleans to pull an ice wagon. Then they hurried over to one of the trucks. It was filled with very large gray mules.

“Where are those great big mules going?” they asked the driver of the truck.

“They’re going to the country to plow the cotton fields,” he said. “They need big mules in the country.”

Araminta and Jerome Anthony gave a little quick look to make sure that Goat wasn’t there. They were feeling very sad, because now they were sure he was lost. And they didn’t know whether they would ever see him again. Just then, they smelled something.

“Sniff!” said Jerome Anthony. They sniffed, and they thought they could smell a goat smell.

“Listen!” said Araminta. They listened, and they were pretty sure they could hear a goat noise.

“Look! Look!” yelled Jerome Anthony, jumping up and down. They peered through the side of the truck. They saw a white-and-black animal which couldn’t possibly have been a mule because there were two little horns on one end of it and a short tail on the other!

“Goat!” yelled Araminta.

“Goat!” yelled Jerome Anthony.

“Goat must have known that the truck was going back to the country,” said Araminta, as Goat stepped out onto the sidewalk again.

Goat chewed Araminta’s dress a minute. He rubbed his head against Jerome Anthony’s hand. He sniffed a little, and then he wiggled his ears.

“I always knew this goat was smart,” said Jerome Anthony, rubbing his soft fur. “He knows that the country is the best place for goats. I’ll have to take him back soon.”

Eva Knox Evans



CHINATOWN CAT

RUNAWAY BOY

Sammy followed Miss Harris and his classmates down the narrow street in Chinatown. While the rest went into one more shop to spend their dimes and nickels, he waited outside. Miss Harris, his teacher, had said this was the last shop the class could visit on their day in San Francisco.

“We are going to the Chinese Theater next,” she said. “After that, we’ll have to start for home.”

With hands deep in his pockets, Sammy looked at the bright shop windows. Each shop sold much the same sort of things. There were china spoons. There were Chinese puzzles. There were tiny glass elephants and dogs and cats and fish. There was a little Chinese boat. He wished he could have that. But he had bought a little glass elephant for his mother, and now he had only enough money for his theater ticket.

Sammy grew tired of looking at windows. Suddenly he had an idea. He would walk ahead down the alley. Then he would come back and meet the class at the theater. He would get there just as soon as the others, and he would see a little more of Chinatown.

Sammy looked around him and then turned down the alley. Nobody missed him, and nobody called after him.

The alley was narrow and quite empty, and there were no bright shop windows. Colored clothes hung on a line overhead, and on the wooden doors he could see faded paper signs printed in Chinese.

Sammy suddenly noticed the sound of his own shoes. He stood still and listened. Not a window opened, nor a door shut. The distant hum of cable cars on Telegraph Hill was the only sound.

Sammy moved around a bend in the alley. Now, even the hum of the cable cars was cut off. His heels sounded like pistol shots. Sammy walked on his toes. All at once he heard the sound of soft footsteps behind him. He looked back and for a moment his heart stood still

A man was following him, a man wearing Chinese clothes. In his hand was a long, glittering knife!

For a second Sammy hesitated. Then he began to run. He had to go straight ahead, for the man with the knife was behind him. Sammy ran with his heart in his throat. Once he looked over his shoulder. The Chinese was still following him.

Sammy started to run faster and then stopped short. Another Chinese had stepped silently out of the door in front of him. Like the first man, he was dressed in loose blue silk and carried a knife. Sammy did not know which way to turn.

At that moment the first man caught up with Sammy and — passed him!

The two Chinese nodded to each other and hurried along together. Sammy's fear left him. They were not after him. They had not even noticed him.

Sammy kept on going. Soon he was nearly at the end of the alley. He could see the cars in the street beyond. Between himself and the street was a crowd of people in Chinese dress. They were standing under a little iron balcony.

Sammy looked at their gay clothes. He looked at the balcony. Then, suddenly, he knew where he was. That little balcony was the fire escape on the back of the Chinese Theater. These people were actors. He had been frightened by two actors in costume!

Sammy looked at the two men with the long knives, and then he laughed. The actor who had frightened Sammy turned away from the rest of the crowd.

"You laugh," he said. "What is so funny?"

Sammy hesitated and then told him. The Chinese looked at him and then he laughed, too.

"You compliment the fierceness of my costume," he said. "I am only Lin-Po, the actor." Sammy looked up at Lin-Po, and they both grinned.

"Always, before the play," Lin-Po said, "we meet outside."

Lin-Po turned and spoke to some of the other actors. He spoke quickly in Chinese. Sammy listened and then saw the others moving toward him. He guessed that Lin-Po had told them the joke.

RUNAWAY CAT

The Chinese actors made a circle around Sammy. There were three men, two women, a little boy of about five, and a girl of about seven. The boy wore a red silk robe that came down to his silk slippers, and a wide sash around his waist. In his arms he held a small white cat with a ribbon around its neck.

Lin-Po spoke to the little girl, who came up and made a deep bow to Sammy. Sammy made a bow to her. There didn't seem to be anything else



to do. He felt a little foolish, but no one in his class was there to see him. Besides, you couldn't treat a girl who wore a long green silk gown and white flowers in her hair as you would treat a girl in a play suit. Lin-Po looked pleased, and so did the little girl. Here was an American boy who was polite.



Next, Lin-Po asked the little Chinese boy to come forward. The boy handed his cat to his sister before he made his bow. When he was through, he reached to take it back. But his eyes were watching Sammy, and he missed the cat. She dropped on all four feet on the sidewalk.

The cat stood still for one second. Then, as the little girl bent down to pick her up, she sprang away. The cat sprang right across the alley, and the next minute they saw her on the balcony. There she stood, blinking at them.

“Kitty-White, come back,” the little girl called.

The little boy called in Chinese, and Lin-Po called in both Chinese and English. Then he turned to the children and scolded them in Chinese.

It was as clear to Sammy as though they had spoken English. They needed the cat for the play. The children had been careless. The play was to begin in a few minutes. The cat was lost!

Lin-Po reached up toward the ladder that hung from the balcony, but it was too high for him. The other actors crowded around, talking in Chinese and English. None of them could reach the

balcony. The little cat's ears were pointed forward. Its head was on one side. It was laughing at them!

Sammy hurried forward until he was under the balcony. If he could climb, he might be able to catch the cat. He pointed to the ladder.

"If you'll lift me up that far, I can climb," he told Lin-Po.

Lin-Po lifted Sammy up on his shoulder without a word.

Sammy reached for the ladder and then hung there kicking. He pulled himself up on it and began to climb. The two Chinese children stood with the others and watched him. None of them could have climbed after the cat in their Chinese clothes.

But catching the cat was not so easy as Sammy had thought. Whenever he put out his hand, the little white cat jumped away. She reached out her claws and sprang right up the wall of the building. Sammy looked after her and felt very foolish.

Then he looked down at the bright crowd of laughing actors. He must not be frightened again.



Sammy found a hole in the brick wall of the theater and began to climb. He put one foot on top of a big wooden sign in Chinese. He tested it, and it held him. He climbed up to another balcony.

The cat was on a little sign just above him. She looked at him with green eyes and put out her paw. Sammy dug one hand into the bricks until his fingertips hurt.

“Here, Pussy, here!” He let go with his left

hand and reached for the cat. He caught her by her soft neck.

In another moment, Sammy was back on the balcony with the cat under his arm. He climbed down the ladder, and Lin-Po caught him.

“Good! Well done! Oh, excellently done!” said Lin-Po.

The other actors began to move into the theater.

“It is time to begin,” someone said.

The little girl looked at Sammy. Her eyes were large and admiring. Sammy handed her the cat. The next moment she had disappeared into the theater.

Only Lin-Po was left behind. “Well done,” he said. “We are most grateful.” He twisted a button from the sleeve of his costume and put it in Sammy’s hand. “This is for you,” he said, “with thanks.”

Then he, too, disappeared, and Sammy was alone in the quiet alley.

Sammy looked in his hand. Lin-Po’s gift was no ordinary button. It was a small wooden cat, as smooth as silk. Threads were still hanging from

it where Lin-Po had torn it from his sleeve. Sammy rubbed it with his finger. It would always make him think of Chinatown.

He walked out of the alley and met his class just going into the theater.

"Why, Sammy, I have been wondering where you were," Miss Harris said. "Have you been shopping?" She did not wait for his answer but went along into the theater with the other children before he could speak.

"What did you buy?" Tip Andrews asked.

Sammy opened his hand and showed Tip the little wooden cat Lin-Po had given him.

"What a beauty!" said Tip. "Where did you get that?"

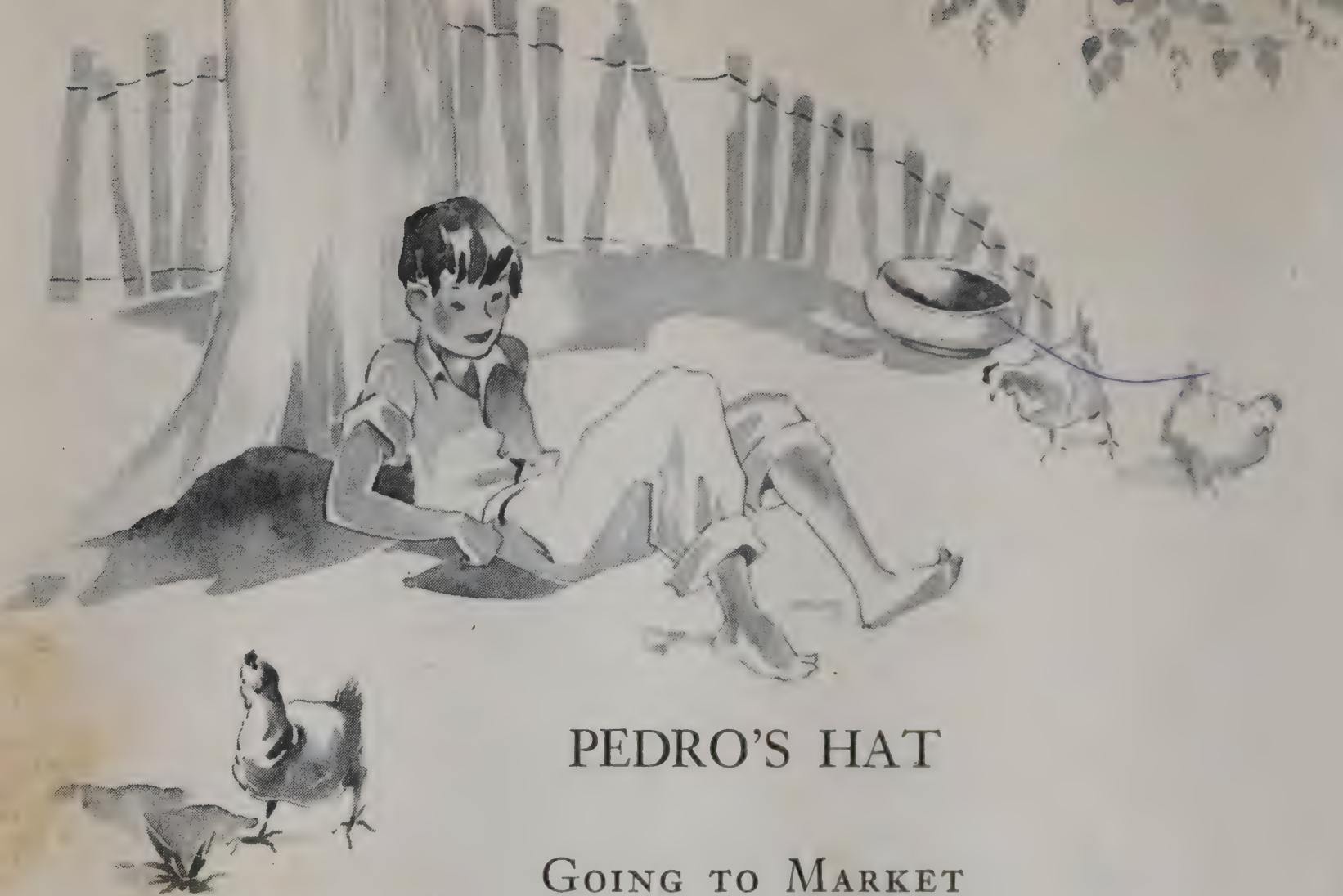
Just then the play began, and Sammy slipped the Chinese cat into his pocket. He could see the two children and the cat on the stage with Lin-Po.

"A friend of mine gave it to me," Sammy said, "a Chinese actor friend." He nodded to the actors on the stage and grinned at Lin-Po.

Lavinia Davis

THE WORLD SO WIDE





PEDRO'S HAT

GOING TO MARKET

Pedro lived in a small house up in the hills of Mexico. While his father went to work in the fields, and his mother cooked and cleaned the house, Pedro would go out and play in the sunshine. Or, if the sun was too hot, he would rest under the shade of the great cottonwood tree that grew in the yard. He liked to wiggle his bare toes in the cool dirt.

Pedro was a happy boy until the day his mother took him to town to market. They walked along the crooked road until they came to the market

square. Pedro liked the excitement. The shopkeepers had their goods right out under the sky, and some of them sat in the dust on the ground, as Pedro liked to do. The only thing that kept off the hot sun was a little strip of heavy cloth set up like a tent over each shopkeeper and his goods.

At the first stall where Pedro and his mother stopped, there were piles and piles of baskets of all sizes — big baskets, middle-sized baskets, and little baskets. In the next stall there were three squawking chickens, tied up with strings. In the next stall a man had two little red squealing pigs. And in the next there were small sweet cakes and fresh bread, and bags of brown beans and white rice. Pedro suddenly felt very hungry. His mother stopped to buy some beans, and the shopkeeper gave Pedro one of the small cakes. While he ate it, he looked about him.

In the stall right in front of him were hats, nothing but hats. There were dozens and dozens of hats, piled one over the other until they towered above Pedro like a mountain. They were woven of straw and decorated with red and blue and green



and yellow stripes and fancy pictures. Pedro thought that they were the finest hats he had ever seen.

When Pedro's mother had finished bargaining with the shopkeeper, she called to Pedro, "Come, it is time to go home now."

But Pedro did not move.

His mother said again, "Come, come. What are you looking at?"

"The hats," answered Pedro. "I wish I had one."



His mother laughed. “Why, Pedro, those hats are too big for you,” she said.

So Pedro had to go along with her over the crooked road toward home. But the next day, as he played in the shade of the big cottonwood tree, he could not stop thinking about the hats.

At last he decided to ask his father to buy one for him. Off he went into the field where his father was working.

“What is it, little one?” his father asked, when he saw Pedro standing by his side.

“I am very unhappy,” answered Pedro.

“Dear me,” said his father. “Are you hungry?”

“My, no,” answered Pedro. “I am unhappy because I do not have any hat.”

“Dear, dear,” said his father. “And I suppose you want shoes, too?”

“No! Oh, no!” answered Pedro, wiggling his toes in the soft earth of the field. “I don’t ever want shoes. But the hats in the market are so beautiful. I want a hat so badly.”

“Well,” said Pedro’s father. “I’ll tell you what we will do. When you get big enough to help me work in the hot sun in the fields all day long, then we shall see about a hat. Now, you run along home and play in the shade of the big cottonwood tree. It is cool there and you will not need a hat.”

Pedro walked sadly home. He wished to himself that he could grow up fast, like a burro. But alas, Pedro, like all boys, grew very, very slowly. He did not want to wait for a hat until he was big and tall! He wanted a hat now.

The more he thought about it, the sadder he felt. As he sat down to rest under the cottonwood tree, he did not even enjoy wiggling his brown toes in the cool, soft earth.

At last he thought, “Well, if I can’t have a hat, I can look at one.”

He made sure that his mother was busy in the house. Then he slipped off, all by himself, down the crooked road and into the village square.

SOMETHING TO TRADE

At first Pedro was frightened, all by himself among so many people at the market. But nobody noticed him, and so he walked on past the stall where the baskets were, and past the stall where the squawking chickens were. He saw that there was only one little red pig where there had been two yesterday. He went on past the stall with bread and sweet cakes and the bags of beans and rice, and then he saw the hats, piled up so gay and high.

Pedro stood looking at them, longing for one more than ever. Suddenly he heard a deep voice saying, "Well, little one, do you want a hat?"

There, towering above him, was a big man with a long, curved mustache.

"Do you want a hat?" the man asked again.

"Yes. Oh, yes, I do!" answered Pedro. "How much does one cost, if you please?"

“Well, let’s see,” said the big man, and he wiggled his mustache up and down. “I can let you have this one for a peso.” He took down the hat from the very top of the pile. It was decorated with red stripes.

“A peso?” Pedro asked. The hat was certainly the most beautiful one he had ever seen.

“It’s worth more than a peso,” said the big man.

“I’m sure it is,” said Pedro, sighing. “But I haven’t any money.”

The big man looked down at Pedro and wiggled his mustache. “That’s too bad,” he said.

“Oh, yes! It is indeed!” answered Pedro. “My father says that I may have a hat when I am big



enough to work under the hot sun in the fields. But I don't want to wait that long."

"Of course not," answered the big man, looking kindly at Pedro. "I have hats. You have no money. Hmmm-mmm."

Then the big man smiled again.

"What do you have, little one?" he asked. "Perhaps we can trade. You give me something that I want. I give you a hat. How's that?"

"That's fine," answered Pedro, smiling bravely. "But what do you want?"

"Have you a chicken?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Oh, my, no!" answered Pedro. "My father and my mother have chickens. But I haven't any."

"Well, what about a small pig, perhaps?" asked the man.

Just then a woman came to buy a hat for her husband, and Pedro ran away. He ran through the square and up the crooked road as fast as he could go. When he reached home, he sat down under the cottonwood tree to think.

"Let's see. What do I have that a big man would want?" he thought.

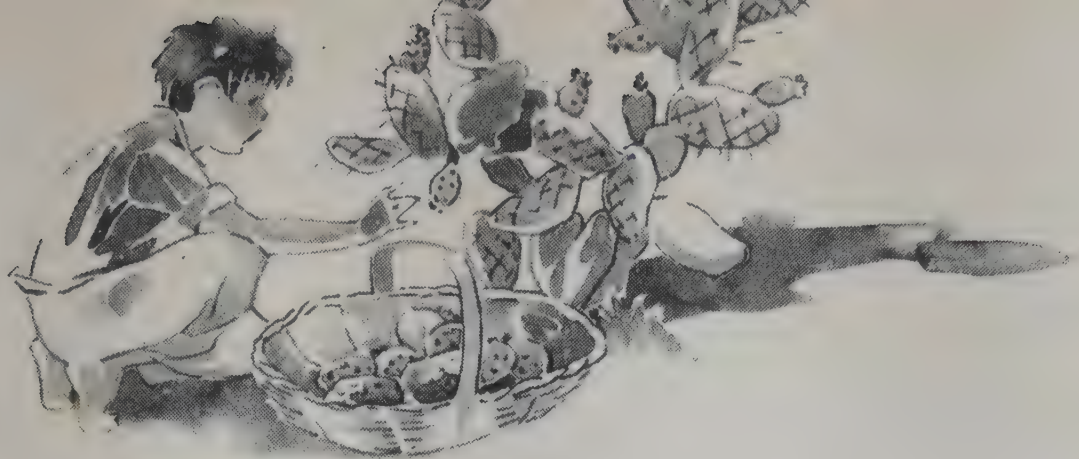
Pedro had a small shirt and a small pair of trousers, but besides these he had very little. Now he turned his pockets inside out and found three small shining stones and one white chicken feather and an old tooth. He liked these things, but he did not think that the shopkeeper would care for them. No, he had nothing good enough to trade for a beautiful big new hat.

He thought about all of the things that the people at the market had to sell or trade. There were baskets, chickens, little red pigs, and bright rugs, and pots that would hold either food or water. There were sweet cakes and fresh bread, bags of beans, brown as Pedro's toes, and white rice, potatoes, and pine nuts and — and —

Suddenly Pedro remembered something. "My mother makes jelly out of the wild pears that grow on the cactus plants," he said to himself. "Perhaps the shopkeeper would like to have some pears."

Pedro jumped up and ran into the house and asked his mother if he could use a basket.

"Don't go too far away," his mother said, giving him the wood basket.



Off went Pedro with the basket in his hand. Soon he came to a cactus plant on the edge of a field. The plant was filled with fat cactus pears. It was also filled with thorns.

When Pedro began to pick the pears, the thorns scratched his hands, but he did not stop picking until he had the wood basket full. Then he went off to the market.

The basket was heavy to carry, and he had to stop and rest now and then. But at last he came to the market square. The big shopkeeper laughed when he saw little Pedro struggling along with the heavy basket.



“What have you there? Something to trade?” he asked. Then he looked at the cactus pears and frowned.

“My mother makes fine jelly out of these pears,” explained Pedro. “Will you trade me a hat for them?”

“Hmmm-mmm!” said the shopkeeper, and he wiggled his mustache. Then he looked at Pedro’s hands, all scratched by the thorns. “Hmmm-mmmm,” he said again, while Pedro held his breath.

“Do you think that my wife could make some jelly like your mother’s?”

“Oh, yes!” cried Pedro. “I am sure that she could, if you asked her to.”

“Yes, perhaps she will,” said the big man, nodding his head. “I am too busy a man to pick pears, and so I will trade with you, little one. I will take your pears, and you may choose a hat.”

“Oh, my!” shouted Pedro. “I want the one with the red stripes.”

The big man reached up to the top of the pile again and took down the beautiful hat with red stripes. He put the hat on Pedro’s head. The

hat was a great deal too big for Pedro, but Pedro did not care.

“Oh, thank you very much,” he said.

“Thank you,” answered the shopkeeper, as he emptied the pears into a basket of his own.

Then Pedro walked proudly home, with his mother’s wood basket in his hand, the big new hat upon his head.

Dorothy Childs Hogner



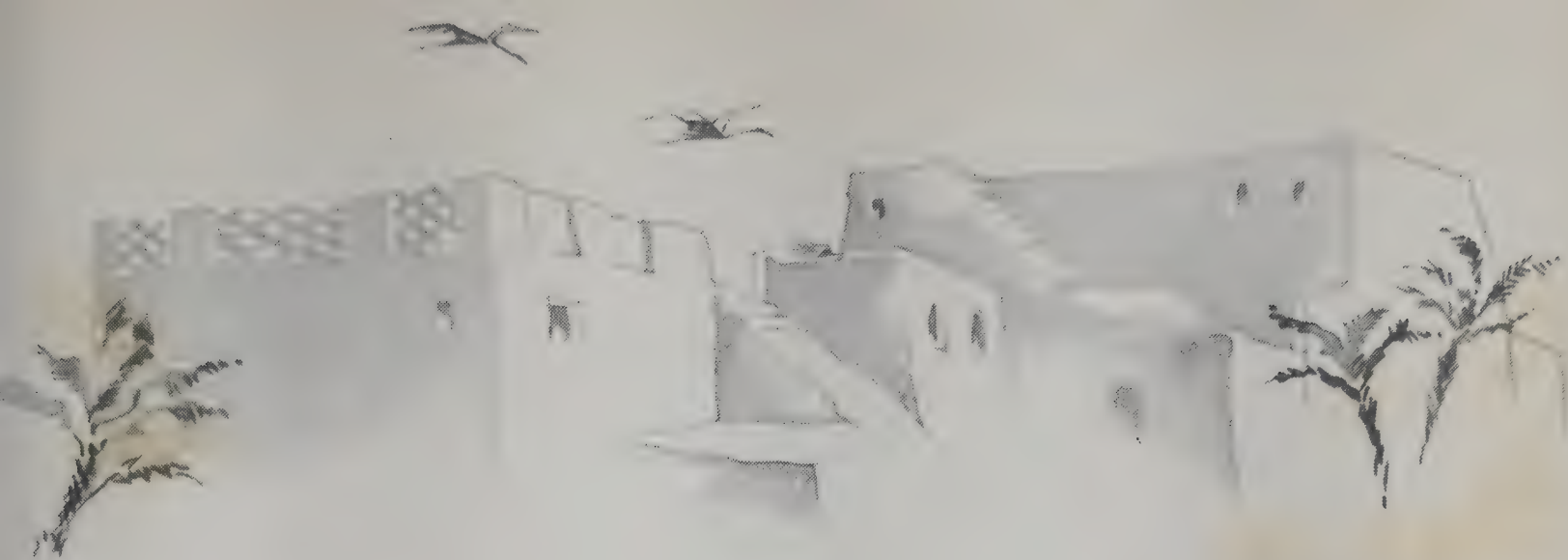


ALI AND THE LAMB

Ali kept his new little lamb up on the roof. The flat mud roof of his house in Iraq was a useful place. In the evenings, now that the weather was beginning to be hot, the whole family spread their beds there and enjoyed sleeping out in the cool night air.

Some of the roofs near by had ovens built on them. The house next door had a big stork's nest on top of it. But Ali's flat roof was a safe place for a little white lamb with black ears.

Ali liked spring better than winter because in the spring the jackals did not come howling in the lonely streets at night and wake him up. Whenever the jackals came, the dogs would bark, too,



and the noise would be terrible. Ali was not exactly fond of jackals, but he did like dogs. He often wished he had a dog to keep him company.

On fine spring days, when Ali came home from school, his mother always said, “Now, Ali, change your clothes. Lead the lamb out to eat grass in the empty fields across the way and along the ditch where the little creek runs.”

Then Ali would take off his school clothes and put on a long striped Arab shirt which reached almost to the ground. In this he could play and run with the other boys in the dusty street without fear of hurting his school clothes.

But Ali’s mother often worried about the lamb. Watching from her window upstairs, she saw the naughty boys pull the lamb’s soft ears, or try to sit on its back for a ride, or jerk its broad, fat tail.

If this kept on, the lamb would not eat enough of the spring grass. It would grow thin during the hot summer and not be worth anything by autumn.

Ali's mother decided she must do something about it. So one morning very early, before the sun came up to wake them as they slept on the roof, she called Ali.

"Come, get up, boy, and take the lamb down to the empty fields across the way to eat grass. Surely no one will trouble it there so early in the morning."

"But the jackals have been howling around our gate all night, Mother. Perhaps they have not yet gone away."

"And since when has a son of mine been afraid of jackals?"

Ali got up at once, untied the lamb, and led it across the way. In the dim light he could see no one except the neighbor's gardener, Daud, working in the next field. But Ali could not go to him for company this morning, for the boys had teased Daud the night before and torn his coat. He had been very angry.

So the lamb was allowed to begin eating. As Ali let out the rope more and more, he thought he saw someone bending down among the tall weeds and moving along in the darkness at the far end of the field. He thought he might as well see who it was. It might be somebody who would talk to him. But the shadow moved as he moved. Everything was very quiet except for the early storks overhead and the faint jingle of donkey bells on the great road to the north.

There was something strange about that shadow, Ali noticed. It never stood up. But suddenly it did stand up and came bounding straight for Ali. It was a fierce dog-like creature with great hungry eyes. Almost before Ali saw it, it leaped up on his shoulders and tore at his striped shirt. With all his strength, Ali threw the creature off, breathing fast. Then it was that the animal caught sight of the lamb.

“Daud! Daud!” Ali screamed to the gardener. “Help!”

But old Daud paid no attention. He thought it was just another of the boys’ tricks.

The big animal was creeping toward the lamb. Ali had never seen such a big jackal.

Ali dropped the rope and ran for the next field. He picked up a hoe lying beside Daud and ran back to the lamb, his shirt flying in the wind. He lifted the hoe and brought it down with all his might on the animal's head. The lamb still struggled in its grasp. Ali struck another blow and another.

"Thief! Thief!" old Daud came shouting after Ali. "You think you can steal my hoe and my old eyes will not see. My hoe! My hoe!"



The lamb was weaker now. The animal's teeth were sunk in the soft white wool at its neck.

"Daud, Daud, save my lamb!" cried Ali. He struck again with the hoe more wildly.

As Daud ran up, the fierce creature let go of the lamb and fell to the ground. The lamb bleated so that Ali knew that it was alive.

"You young rascal! You thief! Yesterday was not enough. You must tease old Daud today —" The old man stopped as he caught sight of the animal on the ground.

"But the jackal was killing my lamb. I could not let it kill the lamb. That's why I took your hoe."

Daud bent closer over the dead animal, and his eyes grew wider.

"Boy," he shouted, "do you know what you have done? This is no jackal. You have killed a wolf! Of that I'm sure."

The boy led the lamb away and tied it safely to the gate before he wakened his family and Daud's master.

"Mother," said Ali, "I have killed a wolf."

“Master,” said Daud, “our friend Ali has killed a wolf.”

“A wolf? Ho! How could a wolf ever find his way from the desert caves into the town?”

Nobody would believe them. But soon all the neighbors ran to the field to have a look.

“The old man and the boy tell the truth!” they agreed. “It is a wolf. And it must have been a hungry one, too, for see how thin it is. It is not often that a wolf will come so close to the town. It must have wandered through the empty fields to hunt food. Our Ali is a brave boy to kill a wolf to save his lamb.”

At last, when the excitement was over, Ali went home for breakfast to tell the whole story over to his mother.

“I am proud of you, my son,” said his mother. “Tomorrow I think your father will bring home a present for you, if you will promise never to tease old Daud again. And I think it will look something like the dog you have been wanting for such a long time.”

Selma Grether

HE RODE THE WIND

ERIK TRIES TO HELP

The snow lay deep upon the ridges. High in the tops of the pine trees, the winter wind whistled. Pekka, however, was not listening to the wind. He had heard it whistle like that around the corner of the house at home too often to notice it today.

Pekka was thinking about his skis. Somehow it seemed to him that there had never been such speed in them as there was today. He glided along over the snow without any effort at all.

Erik came skiing up beside Pekka. He was eating a sandwich, as usual.

"Look there," he was saying. "Do you see the sun? After six weeks of darkness, there it is again."

Pekka gave a shout of joy. Since Finland was in the far north, there was no sun at all during the midwinter months. For a good mile the boys



did nothing but talk about the joy of having the sun once more. Then they began to talk about skiing.

Today was the day of the district contest. Boys had come from schools all over the district to take part.

"I believe that you will win today," said Erik. "Then you will be chosen to go to Helsinki for the finals."

Pekka took a deep breath. He had heard that there were many wonderful sights in the city of Helsinki. There was nothing he wished to do any more than to visit it. If only he could win first place in today's contest!



“Mikko is going to take part in today’s ski races,” said Erik, between bites of his sandwich.

“Mikko!” cried Pekka.

Mikko came from another school far to the westward, where he had spent four years in one grade. The teachers said he simply would not learn anything. Mikko was old enough to leave school and go to work in the woods with the men. However, he liked the winter games so much that he kept on going to school, just as if his seat had not grown too small for him. Although Mikko could neither read nor write, he was known for his skill on skis.



Pekka was upset by the news Erik had brought. He could think of nothing else but that today he must try his skill against the best ski-runner in the district.

"I heard that Mikko has even gone over the ski-jump at Helsinki," said Pekka. "If Mikko is here today, I shall never be able to win."

"Oh, you need not be afraid!" Erik said. "I have put magic wax on your skis. With that you can ride the very wind."

"We'll lose that cup if Mikko enters," said Pekka again, only half hearing what Erik had said.

The boys went the rest of the way without talking.

When they reached the meeting place, there was Mikko. When he saw Pekka and Erik coming up on their skis, he moved toward them. Mikko knew very well that he was the best ski-runner in this part of Finland. For that reason he asked the two younger boys, "What are you doing with numbers on your jackets? You should know that there is no use in anyone else running when I am on skis."

Angry words came to Pekka's lips, as he heard Mikko's boast, but he said nothing. After all, Mikko was a visitor from another school.

Erik waited until Mikko had turned away and then he laughed out loud.

"Mikko need not boast," he said. "I put the same kind of wax on your skis, Pekka, that he uses on his."

"What!" cried Pekka. "Erik, what have you done? You have not put anything on my skis?"

Erik pulled another sandwich out of his pocket.

"Yes, but you need not be afraid. It is the very same kind of wax that Mikko uses on his skis, and he is a champion."

"Now I understand," said Pekka. "That is why my skis slipped along so fast on the way over here. But on the slide — I shall never be able to manage them at all! Oh, Erik, why in the world did you do it?"

"So your skis would go as fast as Mikko's."

But Pekka had never used so much wax on his skis. He undid the ski-strap and looked at the bottom of his skis.

“As if that slide is not hard enough!” he cried. “Erik, you have your pocket-knife with you. Help me to get some of this wax off my skis.”

The two boys worked as fast as they could, but it was no use. It was already time for the contest to begin.

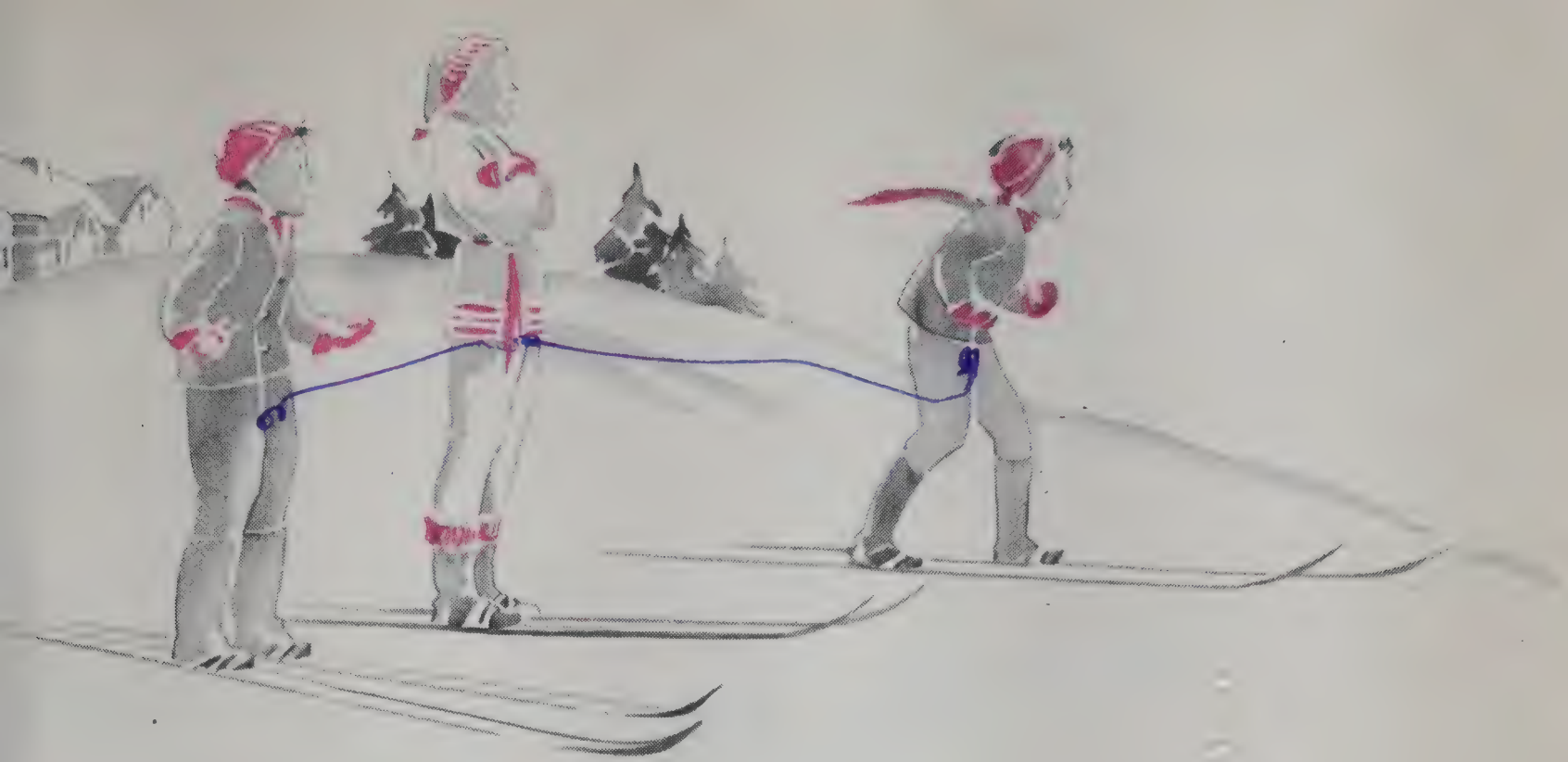
A GOOD SPORT

“Move up,” came the order. “Move up and take your places.”

Pekka, disappointed, felt that luck was against him. His chances were poor enough without his having to run on skis he could not manage. He had counted so long on winning the trip to the capital. Now it was likely that these hopes would go up the smoke hole. He would have liked to go away, but it was too late. He must be a good sport and enter the race just the same.

“Move into your places by number,” the judge ordered. “Mikko is number three. Pekka is number four.”

Mikko moved up in front of Pekka. He was



at least a head taller. Silently they stood there waiting while the other boys took off.

The first boy came from a school in the southern part of the district. Pekka cried out as he saw him land on the ground below, waver, and then spread out like a rag doll. That was the kind of landing he, too, would make, Pekka thought.

The second boy made a better landing, but not much better.

Then came Mikko's turn. Pekka watched him, hardly daring to breathe. He slipped off into the air and glided on the wind like a bird. When he touched the ground, he came down gently. Whirling about, he came to a stop without falling. The crowd cheered.



“Pekka, number four,” he heard the judge call. The words sounded strange in his ears.

Pekka moved to the edge of the ski-jump. His skis would no longer do what he wanted. They slid too quickly as he took off. He hung between earth and sky, trying to right himself. He felt himself whirling about. The words of his teacher sounded in his ears. “Keep your body forward, Pekka. Keep your body forward!”

Below was the ground covered with snow. Pekka knew he must land on his skis. He had done it before. He could do it again. For a moment he forgot the wax which Erik had put on the runners. He struggled for his balance. Again

he was master of himself. The skis touched the snow and slid along as though he were not there at all. Over the snow they went, taking him along, and then finally they stopped.

Pekka remembered now about the wax. He pushed his hair back out of his eyes and sighed. He had managed to land on his feet, but that was all. The cup would go to Mikko. He knew that. He had lost the cup, but he had not backed out of the race. He had been a good sport. Through the pounding in his ears, Pekka heard the sound of cheering. The next moment the judge shook his hand.

“Pekka, that was wonderful!” he cried. “There has never been a skier on this slide before who has been able to turn a double somersault in the air and come down on his feet.”

“A double somersault!” Pekka exclaimed. He could hardly believe it. Then luck was not against him, after all!

“It was that magic wax!” he thought, and turned to thank Erik.

Nora Burglon

THE SING-SING ANTELOPES

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

Oliver John, who was named for his great-great-grandfather, and Weah, who was just named, sat quietly under the breadfruit tree and argued. They did not argue fiercely, the way boys so often do. Oh, no, indeed! They just sat in the shade of the breadfruit tree and argued very, very quietly.

You see, Oliver John and Weah lived in Liberia, a very hot country in Africa. In Liberia, not even boys do things that will make them any hotter than they are already, if they can help it.

The boys were sitting in the front yard of the big white house where Oliver John lived in the town of Monrovia. His friend, Weah, lived in a house with a straw roof in a native village at the edge of Monrovia. Oliver John had to wear a pair of white pants and a shirt, but Weah wore only a wide piece of bright cloth around his middle and two shiny gold rings in his ears.

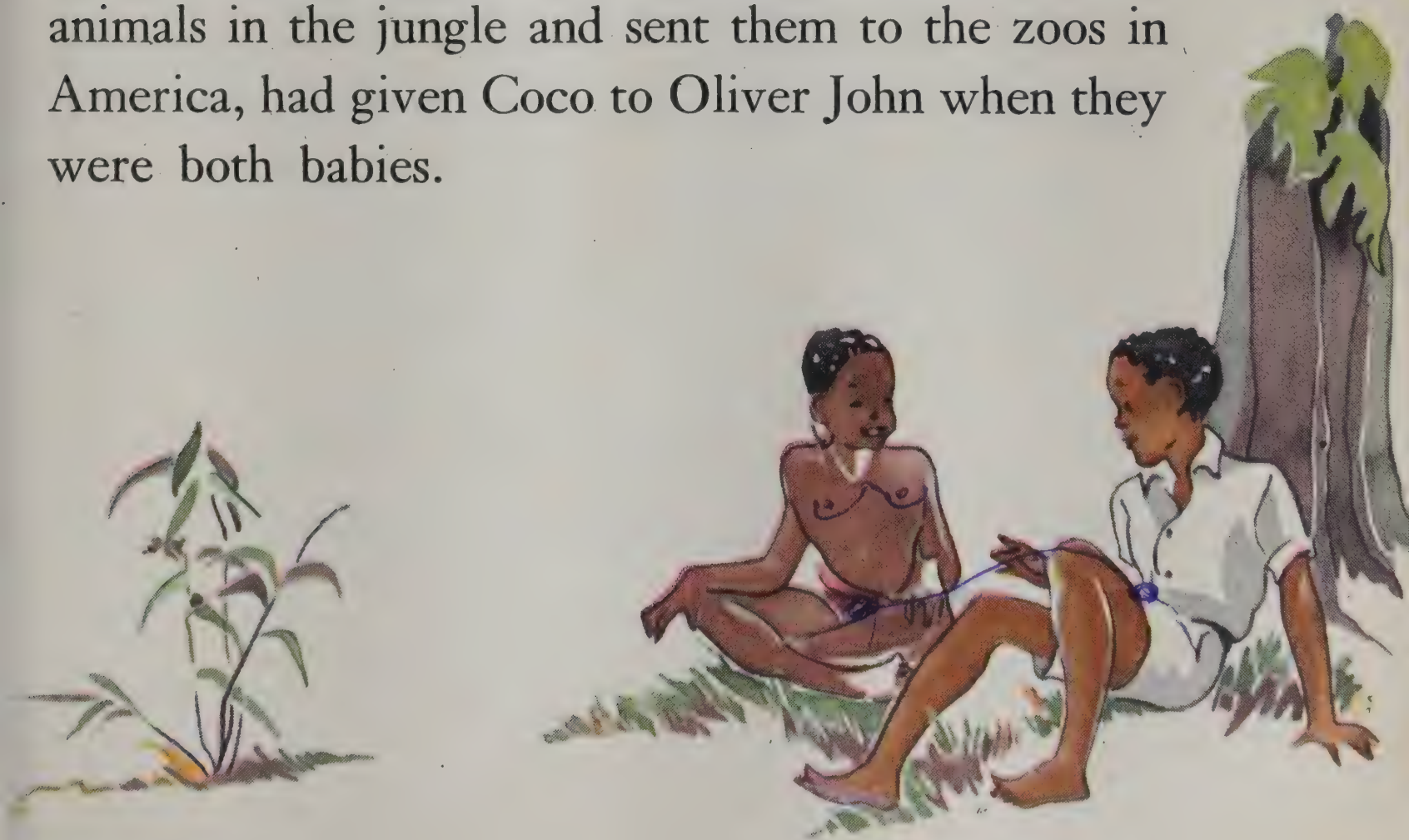


“There isn’t either a sing-sing antelope,” Oliver John said firmly. He moved to a spot that looked a little cooler and took off his shirt.

“There is so,” Weah said even more firmly, and did not move at all. “It lives in the jungle.”

On the lowest branch of the breadfruit tree over their heads, the chimpanzee, Coco, talked to himself in his own language.

The white hunter, Mr. Tom, who caught wild animals in the jungle and sent them to the zoos in America, had given Coco to Oliver John when they were both babies.



Of course, Oliver John and Weah paid no attention to Coco. They kept right on arguing, but Oliver John was beginning to feel just a little uncertain. After all, Weah was almost a year older, and Weah's grandfather was a chief. He and many of Weah's uncles and aunts and cousins lived in a jungle village. Weah often went to visit them.

None of Oliver John's family had lived in the jungle. Like most of the people in Monrovia, Oliver John's great-great-grandparents had come from the United States a long, long time ago. Although the jungle began quite near Monrovia, Oliver John had never gone into it.

But, a sing-sing antelope! Oliver John had seen pictures of antelopes, but what was a sing-sing antelope? "Does it really sing?" he asked.

Weah did not know.

"Well, did you ever see a sing-sing antelope, or did your father or your uncles or your grandfather, who is a chief, ever see one?"

"Nobody in my family ever saw one," Weah declared. "But, as I told you, a hunter from far,

far back in the jungle once told my grandfather that he had seen some sing-sing antelopes there.”

Weah, who did not like to talk very much, now got up and started back home, before Oliver John could ask any more questions. After he had gone, Oliver John thought and thought about the antelopes with the funny name. Sing-sing antelopes! If they could not sing, why did they have such a name? But who ever heard of an animal that could sing!

He was still wondering about them when he went to bed that night. When he woke up, it was as dark as could be, but he knew it was almost morning because the air had cooled off a little. And the only time it is at all cool in Liberia is very early in the morning, before the sun rises.

As soon as he opened his eyes, Oliver John knew what he was going to do. He was going far, far into the jungle, to the place where Weah had said the sing-sing antelopes lived, and see one for himself.

Oliver John sat up and listened. Very quietly he put his feet on the floor. But Coco, who slept

just outside, heard him and jumped in through the window, scolding in a loud voice. Oliver John said "Sh!" very fiercely, and Coco stopped at once.

In the dark Oliver John found the chair where his mother always put his clean shirt and pants. He put on the pants. Then he crept down the stairs and out of the back door, like a little white ghost. Coco was just behind him. He always went wherever Oliver John did.

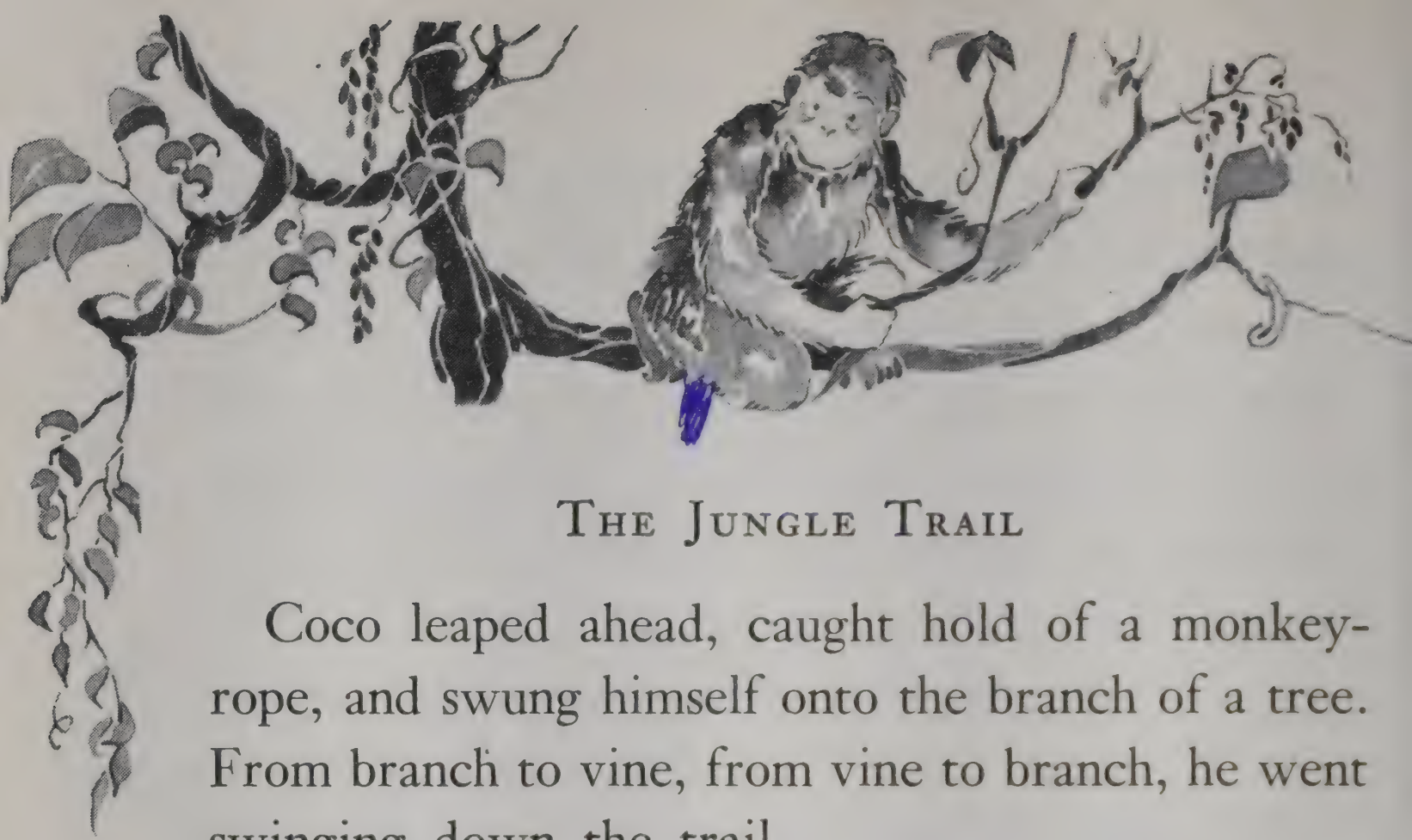
It was still dark outdoors, but they knew their way to the cook-house in the dark. They had often gone there at night, when everyone thought they were asleep. In the cook-house they found some cold chicken and boiled breadfruit left over from supper. They ate all they could. Then Oliver John put what was left in the cook's market basket.

It was only a short way to the edge of the jungle. Over the hill behind the house and along the path through the bamboo trees they went, and suddenly there they were at the jungle. The roots and vines and monkey-ropes and other plants grow too thick in the jungle for people to go through

just anywhere. They have to find a trail. Oliver John knew where a trail was. He and Weah had come and looked down it many times.

He looked down it now. It was like a long, cool tunnel with walls and ceiling of soft green leaves that shut out the sun. He started to follow it into the jungle.





THE JUNGLE TRAIL

Coco leaped ahead, caught hold of a monkey-rope, and swung himself onto the branch of a tree. From branch to vine, from vine to branch, he went swinging down the trail.

Oliver John followed down below. Sometimes the trail was wide and clear. Sometimes it was narrow and he had to climb over the roots and the vines in his way. It was not so cool as it had looked, either. In fact, it was very hot, and sand gnats buzzed around and bit him hard.

When he came to a place where two trails met, he stopped and wondered which one to take. Still,



since they both went into the jungle, he thought it didn't matter. So he took the one to the right.

Oliver John wished he could swing along like Coco in the treetops. Sometimes Coco had carried him up into the trees in the yard at home, but if he did that now, Oliver John might miss seeing the sing-sing antelopes on the ground.

Soon Oliver John decided he was hungry. He called Coco and they sat down and ate everything in the basket. Oliver John felt pretty full after that, but he could throw the basket away. That helped, because he was getting tired. He was thirsty, too. He had forgotten to bring any water.

The sing-sing antelopes could not be so very far away now, he thought. He had come such a long way already. His feet got heavier and heavier. He got thirstier and thirstier. The sand gnats bit harder and harder.

Just when he thought he could not go another step, a long, shiny, green-and-black something raised its head from the trail before him. Oliver John knew what it was. It was a mamba snake.

At first Oliver John was so scared he could

not move. Then, just above him, Coco gave a warning scream. Oliver John heard it. Life came back to his legs. He turned and plunged into the jungle. The trees and vines pulled and tore at him as he went rushing through. Coco, still in the trees above him, kept scolding because they had left the trail. But Oliver John knew only that he must get away from the terrible mamba.

He did not stop until he tripped over a root and fell to the ground. Still frightened, he looked behind him. The mamba had not followed. He sat up. He was at the edge of a clearing and right in the middle was a plant that looked like a little banana tree but was not.

With a happy shout Oliver John jumped up and ran to it. It was a Traveler's Fountain. Inside the thick part of the long leaves was cool, clean water. Oliver John knew the trick of getting it out. There was enough for him and for Coco.

After that he decided to sit down in the shade of a tree for just a few minutes to rest. Before he knew it, he had fallen over on the ground, his head on his arm, sound asleep.

THE ANSWER

Coco, shaking his arm and scolding loudly, woke Oliver John. He rubbed his eyes. It was dark. Then he remembered. He was out in the jungle with Coco, and it must be night. Not even men wanted to be out in it then.

Oliver John held his breath, listening. Yes, he had heard something. It was a snorting and crashing, and it was coming nearer and nearer.

“Coco!” he screamed. “Coco!”

Coco came up close to him. Quickly Oliver John climbed on his back, holding tight with his arms and legs. Coco leaped for the trunk of the tree they were under, and scrambled up. Oliver John looked down. A big black animal with a long nose burst through the underbrush, crossed the clearing, and disappeared.

By this time Coco was high up in the tree, and Oliver John could look out over the whole dark sea of the jungle. The moon came up and threw a white light over everything. Bats flew round and

round above the trees. Now and then a wild animal would howl from far off. Suddenly, he heard a new sound.

“BOOM-boom-boom-BOOM!” spoke a drum from deep in the black jungle. “BOOM-boom-boom-BOOM!” Another drum answered it, and another took up the sound. Soon the jungle was full of drums saying, “BOOM-boom-boom-BOOM! BOOM-boom-boom-BOOM!”

Oliver John had heard drums before. The sound meant the natives in the jungle were sending messages. What message were they sending now, he wondered.

For a long time the drums talked, and the animals were still. Then the drums stopped and the animals began again.

Coco was getting terribly excited. He was bouncing up and down and screaming. Oliver John saw a yellow light that blazed up and died down. Then it blazed up again. All at once Coco ran out to the end of a low branch, with Oliver John clinging to him. He caught hold of a heavy vine and swung far out to another branch. He seemed

to know just where he was going. On and on he went, Oliver John never making a sound, just keeping his eyes shut, and holding tight to Coco.

Soon they came to a clearing. In the center, a campfire burned. Around it were some black men, most of them asleep. There were guns and boxes too, and two cages, and a little tent. Oliver John knew that a hunter was camping there for the night.

Without any warning, Coco gave a loud cry. All the black men jumped up and grabbed their guns, looking around for something to fight. Then who should come out of the tent but Mr. Tom, the white hunter!

"Mr. Tom! Mr. Tom!" Oliver John shouted.

Everybody came running. Coco jumped to a low branch, and dropped Oliver John right in the middle of them all. How everybody laughed!

"I knew you and Coco were lost," Mr. Tom said when he had stopped laughing. "The drums told me. Why did you run away, Oliver John?"

"I did not run away," said Oliver John in surprise. "I wanted to see a sing-sing antelope."

“Well, well! And where did you hear of the sing-sing antelope?” asked Mr. Tom.

“Weah says there are sing-sing antelopes, but I didn’t believe him.”

“Come over to these cages,” Mr. Tom said.

There, inside of each cage, was a pale brown antelope with white spots and soft, frightened eyes.

“Those, Oliver John,” Mr. Tom told him, “are sing-sing antelopes.”

Oliver John went close to one of the cages, reached in, and touched the antelope’s long, furry coat.



“Can you make them sing, Mr. Tom?” he asked.

Mr. Tom laughed again. “I haven’t tried, Oliver John. I never heard one sing, but you never can tell.”

As Oliver John lay curled up on the bed that had been made for him in Mr. Tom’s tent, he heard the drums begin to talk again.

“BOOM-boom-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!” they said.

It was a different sound from the one he had heard before. It seemed happier, somehow.

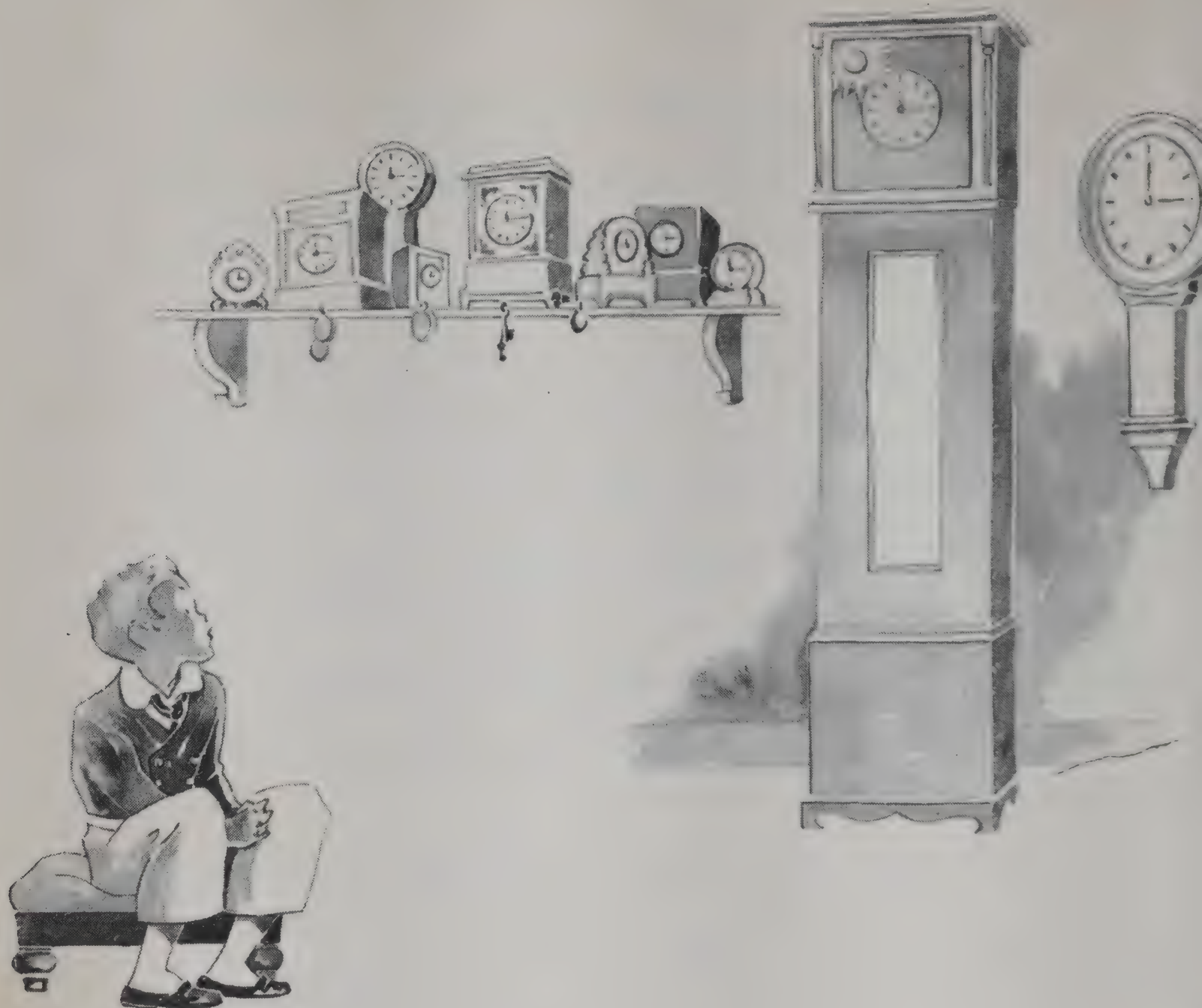
“What are they saying, Mr. Tom?” asked Oliver John.

“Listen,” said Mr. Tom. “This is what they are saying: ‘Oliver John and Coco are safe with the white hunter, Mr. Tom. Oliver John and Coco are safe.’”

Other drums took up the story, just as they had repeated the message that he was lost.

“Funny,” Oliver John said sleepily. “The drums didn’t say a word about the sing-sing antelopes, the most important thing of all.”

E. Mark Phillips



THE SUN, MOON, AND STARS CLOCK

THE CLOCK SHOP

Punch's real name was Richard, but his friends called him Punch, for short. He lived in the clockmaker's shop in Apple Alley, Oddwich, with Uncle Paul and their housekeeper, Mary-Martha.

The shop was full of clocks, and behind it was a room with clocks in every corner. On the stairs were more clocks, standing up straight and tall.

All day and all night, those clocks never stopped ticking and tocking, and chiming and striking. In bed in the darkness Punch would listen for the passing of the hours. As the hands drew near the hour — ting! ting! ting! — some little clock would break in a moment too soon. Then the Sun, Moon, and Stars clock would lead off with the Westminster chime. Uncle Paul had taught Punch these words to it:

“Lord, through this hour
Our footsteps guide;
Kept by Thy power,
No step shall slide.”

People came from far and wide to admire the Sun, Moon, and Stars clock, because Uncle Paul had made it so cleverly. At the top of the clock the sun shone all day long in a blue sky painted behind glass. When six o'clock came, the sky darkened, the sun went away, and a moon shone.

out where the sun had been. And at twelve o'clock, twelve silver stars shone in the sky. They came, one by one, at each stroke of the clock, and shone all through the night till six o'clock in the morning. At six o'clock they disappeared, and the moon disappeared. Then the dark sky turned blue, and out came the sun again.

Punch had often seen the stars disappear at six o'clock in the morning, but never in his life had he seen them come out at twelve o'clock midnight. Uncle Paul only laughed when he begged to be allowed to watch for the time when they would come out.

"Some day, Punch," he would say.

Uncle Paul's smile almost made up for the disappointment at not being able to stay up until midnight.

Punch was thinking about the Sun, Moon, and Stars clock one evening after Uncle Paul had gone into the country to mend a church clock. He was quite alone, for Mary-Martha was out, and so was Uncle Paul's cross helper, Jock. As soon as his master and Mary-Martha were out of sight,

Jock had gone away, too, leaving Punch in charge of the shop. This was against Uncle Paul's orders, but Punch did not know it.

Two shadows darkened the door and two men came into the shop. They looked around quickly and eagerly. They frowned when they saw Punch behind the counter.

"What may I do for you today, if you please, sirs?" said Punch.

"Oh, we looked in to buy some clocks," said the first man, who had a gruff voice. "We'll look about and choose what we want, if you don't mind."

"Oh, certainly!" said Punch, politely.

The men prowled around the shop, looking at the clocks. They chose several clocks and watches and put them into a big black bag. First, they took the little red clocks set with diamonds. Then they took the silver clock decorated with tiny baskets of silver fruit. After that, they took a beautiful French clock and two clock cases carved by Uncle Paul himself.

"What a lot of clocks you are buying!" said Punch, who was busy writing down the prices.

“Wedding presents, you see. Lots of weddings take place in both our families just now,” explained the second man.

“Ten pounds and two shillings, please,” said Punch.

“Oh, we’ll stop around to pay your uncle tomorrow,” said the man with the gruff voice. “It wouldn’t be safe to leave a boy like you in charge of all that money. Somebody might come in and steal it, and what would Uncle say then? I’ll look in tomorrow, first thing. He knows me very well. We’re old friends.”

Punch did not know what to say. While he hesitated, Gruff Voice spoke.



“Stop a bit. There’s something else. Where is that fine clock your uncle is said to be making for a princess? Everyone in Oddwich is talking about it. You might just let us have a look at it before we go.”

“It’s in here,” said Punch, “in this dark closet, right at the back, on the middle shelf. Here’s a candle.”

“Why, your closet is almost as big as a room!” said Gruff Voice.

They put their bag down and went into the closet. Punch waited by the door, very much troubled. Uncle Paul’s customers often walked around the shop, talking and admiring, but these men were not like the other customers. Their eyes flew too quickly from place to place, and their voices were rough and strange.

They were bending over the princess’s clock, talking low. Punch heard only one word, and that word was “cellar.” From the way they said it, he thought that they wanted to put somebody into a cellar.

Now the only cellar near at hand was the cellar

under the closet, twelve steps down. The only somebody near at hand to be put into that cellar was Punch himself.

“It can’t be that they want to put me into the cellar,” he said to himself. “Why should they? I’ve been very polite to them.”

Then, suddenly, came a queer thought — these men must be thieves!

THIEVES

Punch peered around the door. The men were still whispering. So he made up his mind what to do. Bang! That was the closet door shutting. Click! That was the bolt snapping across to fasten it. Then Punch was turning the heavy key in the lock.



“Open the door!” shouted the men.

“No,” said Punch. “I can’t do that. You must pay your bill before you go. You will have to stay there until Uncle Paul comes home.”

The men laughed.

“Oh, so you don’t trust us, young man? Have it your own way, then. If you’re not afraid to be left in charge of such a lot of money, just open the door and take it. You shall have it at once.”

They sounded kind and friendly. Punch put out his hand to the key. Then he drew it back.

“Come on, now, open the door!” they both said again. This time they gave the door a kick.

Punch’s hand went out slowly, slowly to turn the key. In the clock shop it was so quiet that he could hear on all sides the tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock of some clocks and the tick, tick, tick of others. Above them all spoke the voice of the Sun, Moon, and Stars clock, loud and firm. And it said as plainly as could be, “Not-not-not-not-not-not!”

“Not till Uncle Paul comes home,” said Punch, firmly, and he took his hand away.

The men in the closet began to be very angry. They banged on the door, and they shook it, and they kicked it. Punch could only stand still, waiting for someone to come home.

But, though he felt wicked and frightened at one and the same time, he was comforted by hearing the steady voice of the Sun, Moon, and Stars clock, which went on with its not-not-not-not as clearly as ever. That not-not-not-not rose above all the noise in the clock shop.

As he stood there, Punch could hear: "Let us out, will you?" "Not-not-not-not-not!" BANG! "Let us out!" "Not-not-not-not-not-not-not."

And then he heard Mary-Martha come into the shop with Jock. She was very angry with Jock.

"The idea of leaving young Richard all alone to mind shop! You had no business to do that! Oh! Oh! Well, I never! What's all this noise?"

Punch tried to explain, but Jock turned on him. "You be off out of this, you bad young one!" he shouted. "Go upstairs to your bed. Who ever heard the like? Where's the key, now?"

"Hush, Jock!" cried Mary-Martha. "Don't be



too quick with your keys there. Maybe the child's in the right of it. What's this black bag doing here, full of clocks? Wait a bit."

Punch did not stay to hear any more. He ran upstairs and put himself to bed quickly. Soon he heard a great noise going on below. It began softly in whispers between Jock and Mary-Martha. It turned suddenly into shouts of "Police! Police!"



Then it went on with the sound of heavy feet running. And it ended with the sound of the neighbors rushing into the clock shop. And then there was a shouting and banging and laughing. Punch put his fingers into his ears and crept under the covers.

After a long time, he sat up to listen. It was quiet now inside the clock shop. On the stairs the old clocks were ticking away as usual — tick, tick, tick, tick.

The door at the foot of the stairs opened, and Punch heard footsteps coming nearer and nearer. Punch knew them. They were the footsteps of Uncle Paul.

“Richard,” said Uncle Paul.,

Punch held his breath. When Uncle Paul called him Richard, there was always a special reason. Everything was silent now, save for the tick-tick-ticking of the clocks on the stairs.

“Richard,” said Uncle Paul, “I’m proud of you. Would you like to stay up until midnight tonight?”

So then Punch knew that at last he would see the stars come out on the kind Sun, Moon, and

Stars clock that had said “Not-not-not” in time of need. He came out from under the covers.

“Where are they?” he asked. “Were they thieves?”

“They were thieves. The police have taken them safely away,” answered Uncle Paul. “Come downstairs to supper now.”

Hand in hand, Punch and his uncle went to supper. When they came into the shop, all the clocks sat in a row, ticking their hearts out for joy that they had been saved from the thieves’ black bag.



Jock had disappeared, but Mary-Martha was at the kitchen door, all smiles. She had made a feast for supper.

Long after supper, Punch sat curled up and sleepy on the counter in the shop, with Uncle Paul's arm about his shoulder. They were waiting for the coming of the stars.

As midnight drew near, the clocks began to purr. Out rang the Westminster chime:

“Lord, through this hour
Our footsteps guide;
Kept by Thy power,
No step shall slide.”

And then, “One! Two! Three! Four!” and on up to twelve sounded out, deep and solemn, over the thin voices of the smaller clocks. With each stroke a silver star came out in the dark blue sky — one, two, three, four — until there were twelve of them. Then it was quiet in the clock shop, so quiet that Punch could hear only tick-tock . . . tick-tock . . . tick-tock.

Constance Savery

ALL AROUND THE TOWN





TO THINK!

To think I once saw grocery shops
With but a casual eye,
And fingered figs and apricots
As one who came to buy.

To think I never dreamed of how
Bananas sway in rain,
And often looked at oranges,
Yet never thought of Spain.

And in those wasted days I saw
No sails above the tea,
For grocery shops were grocery shops —
Not hemispheres to me.

Elizabeth Coatsworth

THE ICE-CREAM MAN

When summer's in the city,
And brick's a blaze of heat,
The Ice-Cream Man, with his little cart,
Goes trundling down the street.

Beneath his round umbrella,
Oh, what a joyful sight,
To see him fill the cones with mounds
Of cooling brown or white!

Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,
Or chilly things to drink
From bottles full of frosty-fizz,
Green, orange, white, or pink.

His cart might be a flower bed
Of roses and sweet peas,
The way the children cluster round
As thick as honey-bees.

Rachel Field



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GOODY O'GRUMPITY

When Goody O'Grumpity baked a cake,
The tall reeds danced by the mournful lake,
The pigs came nuzzling out of their pens,
The dogs ran sniffing and so did the hens,
And the children flocked by dozens and tens.
They came from the north, the east, and the south
With wishful eyes and watering mouth,

And stood in a crowd about Goody's door,
Their muddy feet on her sanded floor.
And what do you s'pose they came to do?
Why, to lick the dish when Goody was through!
And throughout the land went such a smell
Of citron and spice — no words can tell
How cinnamon bark and lemon rind,
And round, brown nutmegs grated fine
A wonderful haunting perfume wove,
Together with allspice, ginger, and clove,
When Goody but opened the door of her stove.
The children moved close in a narrowing ring,
They were hungry — as hungry as bears in the
spring.

They said not a word, just breathed in the spice,
And at last when the cake was all golden and nice,
Goody took a great knife and cut each a slice.

Carol Ryrie Brink





THE BARBER'S

Gold locks and black locks,
Red locks and brown,
Topknot to love-curl,
The hair wisps down;
Straight above the clear eyes,
Rounded round the ears,
Snip-snap and snick-a-snick,
Clash the barber's shears;
Us in the looking glass,
Footsteps in the street;
Over, under, to and fro,
The lean blades meet;
Bay rum or bear's grease,
A silver groat to pay —
Then out a shin-shan-shining
In the bright, blue day.

Walter de la Mare

SPORTS AND HOBBIES





RIKKI GOES FISHING

NOT BIG ENOUGH

Rikki's father was a fisherman, the best fisherman in Santa Cruz. Anyway, that's what Rikki thought.

Of all things in the world, Rikki wanted most to go fishing with his father. But Rikki was only nine years old. Whenever he asked to go, his father said to him, "You are much too little. Wait until you have grown as big as Joe. Then I shall have two fine sons to help me."

Now Joe, Rikki's brother, was eleven years old and almost a man. This summer, for the first time, Joe had gone with his father every morning just like a real fisherman. He would come proudly up from the boat when it got in around noon, and tell Rikki about the day's catch.

Always Rikki listened with wide eyes, and always he would say, "I want to go next time. I want to go out fishing, too."

But at this Joe would laugh and say to Rikki, "The sea's no place for children. You couldn't catch a fish, anyway. You're much too little."

That's the way it always was.

One day, after his father and Joe had been gone in the boat a long time, Rikki decided to show his father and Joe that he was big enough to catch a fish. First, he went out to the garage and found a fishing line. Rikki picked it up and started with it down to the dock.

Very soon he came to the dock. It stretched a long way out into the deep, deep water. It was so strong that automobiles could drive out onto it.

Rikki walked along holding himself very straight.

It was the first time he had ever been out on the dock all by himself, and he was having a fine time. He even felt as if he were getting bigger and bigger as he went farther and farther out upon the dock.

Suddenly Rikki found himself almost at the end of the dock. He looked back and saw that he had come a long way. All at once he decided that the dock wasn't a very good place for a boy who was supposed to be too little to catch fish.

While he stood there wondering, a man in very dirty overalls stopped beside him. He smelled fishy, but his smile was pleasant.

"Going fishing?" he asked Rikki.

Rikki nodded and held up his line.

"Got any bait?" asked the man.

Rikki shook his head. He had forgotten about bait.

"Come over here, and I'll give you some," said the man.

So Rikki followed him over to one of the buildings, and there the man gave him some bait.

"There," said the man, "that ought to catch the best fish in the sea."



“Thank you,” said Rikki. “I want to catch a fish very much.”

The man laughed. “Well, the sea is full of them. Your chances are as good as anyone’s.”

Rikki knew that he was not supposed to go near the edge of the dock. Then where could he fish?

Suddenly, right at his feet, Rikki saw a knot-hole. It was about the size of his fist. Rikki dropped to his knees and looked through it with one eye. Yes, there was the water rising and falling. It looked deep enough for a big fish to swim in. Rikki decided to fish right there. First, he put some bait on his hook. Then he very carefully lowered some of the line through the knot-hole into the water. He looked again through the hole to be sure that everything was all right. Finally, he let out a great deal more line and settled back to wait for a fish to notice his bait.

Too BIG

Sometimes people came by and smiled at Rikki. Some even laughed, but Rikki was used to having people smile at him. He just smiled back and pulled his line up and down. Once in a while he would pull the hook clear of the water to see if the bait were still there. If it didn't look just right, he would pull it up to the dock and put on fresh bait.

Rikki had been sitting there a long time when he felt a jerk on the line. Rikki gave it a little pull. Then he felt a strong pull at the other end of the line, and he had to hold on with all his might. Rikki had watched Joe when he was fishing from the dock, and he knew just what to do. He let out a little more line and a little more line. When the pull wasn't so strong, he began to pull the line in. It pulled hard. Rikki knew that at the end of it was a big fish.

Hand over hand, the line came in. By now a crowd of people had gathered around Rikki, and everyone was laughing. Rikki wondered why they were all laughing so hard. There was nothing funny to him about catching a fish.

Now the fish was dangling above the water. Rikki could see it through the knot-hole. The fish he had caught was a big one. It was bigger than any fish Joe had ever caught fishing from the dock.

Rikki pulled and pulled. Suddenly he found out why everyone was laughing. The fish was too big to go through the knot-hole!

Rikki didn't know what to do. How was he ever to get hold of that fish?

"What's the matter?" said a voice beside him. Rikki looked up into the face of the man who had given him the bait.

"My fish," said Rikki, trying to keep his voice steady. "It's too big to go through the knot-hole."

The man knelt close beside him and looked down at the fish.

"I tell you what to do," he said. "Lower your



fish back into the water and keep your line tight. I can get that fish for you in no time.”

So Rikki lowered the fish back into the water and held the line tight. Meanwhile, the man ran down the steps at the side of the dock and got into his boat.

Rikki kept one eye over the knot-hole. After what seemed a long time to him, the man's boat came into sight. Rikki saw the man lift the line out of the water, and there was the fish flapping on the end of it. Quickly the man unhooked the fish and dropped it into the boat.

The fish was a beauty, all wet and shiny. Proudly Rikki hooked his fingers through its gills. It was so big that when Rikki lowered his hand, the tail flapped against his heels.

Just then he heard a voice calling his name. Rikki turned. There were his father and Joe. Their boat had come in while Rikki was getting his fish, and he had been too excited to notice.

“What are you doing out here alone?” asked his father. His black eyebrows were pulled close together in a fierce frown.

Rikki ran to him, holding the flapping fish out in front of him.

“You see,” he cried, not paying any attention to the frown, “you see, I am big enough to catch a fish. I caught it through a knot-hole.”

Rikki’s father looked at the fish. His frown disappeared.

“Not many people can catch a fish through a knot-hole,” Rikki said.

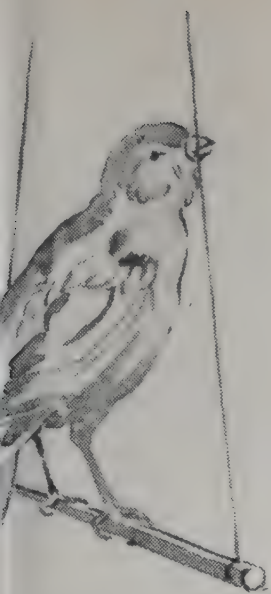
“That is the truth, my son,” said his father and he smiled.

“Now will you take me out fishing with you?” asked Rikki.

His father looked again at the fish. Then he looked at Rikki closely. Rikki stood very straight before his father and waited.

“It seems,” said his father slowly, “it seems that you have grown a little since you caught that fish. Yes, tomorrow you shall go in the boat with Joe and me. You have shown that you can be a fisherman, too, like all the rest of your family here at Santa Cruz.”

Doris Gates



LISA'S SONG

MRS. PUFF'S CANARIES

When Lisa's mother asked her what she wanted for her birthday, she answered quickly, "One of Mrs. Puff's canaries, Mother!" And then she added, "If it wouldn't cost too much —"

The canaries sold for three dollars each, and sometimes more. Lisa knew that three dollars would buy a fine laying hen, or two dozen baby chicks.

All the families in a group of small ranches on the San Francisco Peninsula raised something in order to make a living. Mr. Garten, Lisa's father, raised hens and sold the eggs. The people across the road raised rabbits. Mr. Puff raised pigeons, and Mrs. Puff raised canaries.

Mrs. Garten smiled at her little daughter. "I don't think a canary would cost too much, honey.



You've been a big help to your papa and me, and you should have a nice present. Stop in at the Puffs' on your way home from school tomorrow and pick out one that you like."

As soon as school was out the next day, Lisa ran so fast across the fields to the Puff ranch that, when she arrived, she had no breath left to explain why she was there. But Mrs. Puff seemed to be expecting her. She had baked Lisa's favorite cookies, full of nuts. While Lisa nibbled a cooky, Mrs. Puff led her to the porch where the cages of canaries were hanging.

Lisa tried not to make any noise, for she knew that some of the birds were nesting. The mother birds sat on nests made in wire strainers, while the father kept a sharp lookout from a high perch. In one cage, both parents hopped about busily. Lisa could see the young birds stretching their bare



necks and opening their mouths for the food which their mother and father had to chew up for them.

"Your mother phoned you were coming in to pick out a canary for your birthday," said Mrs. Puff, going toward a large cage full of yellow canaries.

Lisa's eager eyes looked among them without finding what she was looking for.

"Where is Heinie?" she asked.

"Heinie? Oh, I've put him in a cage by himself in my room."

"I know why!" Lisa giggled happily. "You guessed that he is the one I want, didn't you?"

Mrs. Puff's pink-and-white face looked troubled. "I declare I didn't, Lisa. Most people like this kind the best. Listen!"

She stepped close to the big cage and whistled a few notes. At once a little yellow canary on the swinging perch took up the air, and the others followed him, singing until their tiny throats seemed ready to burst.

"Wouldn't you like one of these, Lisa? You may have that little yellow one, if you want. He is the leader."

Lisa was silent. She did not like to seem ungrateful, but it was Heinie, and no other, that she wanted. She loved the dark green of his coat, the smart black cap on one side of his head, and especially his voice. It was not high as were the voices of the yellow canaries, but low and sweet.

Whenever Lisa came to see him and spoke to him in a soft, cooing voice, his bill would open wide, and out would come a song like nothing she had ever heard. It was a song especially for Lisa.

"You're disappointed, I can see that, and I'm sorry," Mrs. Puff was saying gently. "To tell

the truth, you picked my best canary. I expect to get a good price for him at the conservatory in San Francisco. A dark-green singer with a voice like Heinie's might bring as much as fifty dollars."

Fifty dollars! Lisa turned away to hide her disappointment. "Thank you just the same, but I guess I don't want a canary, Mrs. Puff," she said politely.

Mrs. Puff followed her to the door, trying to think of something to say to comfort her. As she started down the walk, Mrs. Puff called after her, "Wouldn't you like to go along when we take Heinie up to the conservatory next Saturday?"

Lisa nodded, holding back her tears.

HEINIE, OH, HEINIE!

They started out early Saturday morning. An hour's drive up the San Francisco Peninsula brought them to the door of a big gray house. It stood in a long row of houses, all just alike, which ran up a steep hill. In the front window hung a sign:

UPHAUS CONSERVATORY
VOICE-TRAINING SCHOOL FOR CANARIES



When they had parked the car, Mrs. Puff carried in the large cage covered with thin cloth. Lisa followed with Heinie's small, covered cage.

While they waited to see the director, Mrs. Puff showed Lisa about. A large room had one glass wall which looked out on the Golden Gate and its shining bridge. Here were hung many large cages, a dozen canaries in each. These were the ordinary singers, Mrs. Puff explained. Cards on each cage gave their grading as to tone and range of notes.

“Will Heinie be put here?” Lisa asked.

“Oh, no! The gifted birds are kept in that room with the glass door. Each is kept in a sound-proof cage.”

Lisa stood on her toes and peered through the glass at the rows of closed, silent cages.

“On each cage is a card giving the bird’s history,” continued Mrs. Puff. “They all come from a line of dark-green canaries brought over from Germany many years ago.”

“But why are they in sound-proof cages?” asked Lisa.

“Because canaries have such sharp ears that they imitate the sounds they hear when very young, before their own natural song comes to them. They begin their training when only a month old. For three months they’re kept in these cages. They don’t hear a sound except when the doors are opened for them to listen to a phonograph record of the special song they’re to learn. These birds are being taught to whistle ‘Yankee Doodle.’ At the end of three months, those that have learned the song are ready to be sold. They will sell for

a high price, as much as a hundred to five hundred dollars each!"

Lisa's hopes sank even lower. She understood now that Heinie would cost too much for her to own, but she did not think his life would be a happy one.

The director called to them, and they returned to the office. Mrs. Puff took the cover off the large cage, and the yellow canaries sang for Mrs. Uphaus, who made notes on cards.

"They'll do," she said quickly. "We're paying three dollars for natural singers now."

"I have one bird I'd like you to test for your special training course," Mrs. Puff said. She was excited about Heinie.

She took the cover off the small cage. Inside sat Heinie, looking so unhappy that Lisa bent over him and spoke in tender, cooing tones. The green canary lifted his head and, opening his bill wide, sang a few low, sweet notes. Then in one long breath, he sang the melody that Lisa believed was his special song for her.

"How beautiful!" said the director, coming

quickly to the cage. "He has a lovely voice. How old is he?"

"Six months," admitted Mrs. Puff.

"Six months!" said Mrs. Uphaus. "I am afraid, then, that he is too old to learn a new song. But suppose you leave the bird here for a week, Mrs. Puff," she went on. "When you come next Saturday, I'll know how much we can offer you. In any case, we'll buy him. You can be sure of that."

Lisa was very quiet on the ride home. She thought of Heinie, living in a dark sound-proof cage, and forced to learn a human song.

"Just think," Mrs. Puff was saying cheerfully, "movie stars and other famous people buy Mrs. Uphaus's canaries. One went to the White House. Wouldn't it be wonderful if Heinie should go there?"

But even the idea that Heinie might one day sing "Yankee Doodle" for the President did not comfort Lisa.

Her birthday was the following Saturday. She worked in the garden most of the lovely spring day. Over her head, the birds flew to and from their

nests in the trees. Lisa loved them all, but with a feeling quite different from the love she had for Heinie. The silly song,

“Heinie, oh, Heinie,
I love but you —”

ran through her head all morning.

Late in the afternoon it was time for Lisa to gather the eggs. It was no small task, for there were a thousand hens. Still, it was a pleasant task, to find the smooth, warm eggs in the nests, and to count them, one by one, as she put them in a basket.

She heard a car coming.

“Lisa!” called her mother from the house. Lisa put down the basket of eggs and came slowly, not wanting to meet visitors.



Mrs. Puff sat in the living room with a covered cage on her knees. Mr. Garten was there in his overalls and Mrs. Garten in her kitchen apron.

"I've brought your birthday present, Lisa!" Mrs. Puff smiled.

Lisa turned her face away. Why did they give her another canary when they knew it was only Heinie she wanted? Mrs. Puff was talking in pleased tones as she took off the cover.

"All week in the conservatory he would not sing a note. So today the director told me they couldn't pay more than five dollars for him. A singer with a mind of his own is not likely to sell, she said. Of course, I refused. I couldn't disappoint Lisa just for five dollars!"

Lisa turned quickly and dropped to the floor beside the cage.

"Heinie, oh, Heinie, it's you!" she sang.

Heinie smoothed his feathers, opened his bill, and sang his one and only lovely song.


"There it is!" Mrs. Puff whispered. "He sings it only for her. It's Lisa's song!"

Ruth Kennell



THE RODEO

GETTING READY

Fred lived on a big western cattle ranch owned by his father, James Trent. The ranch was known as the Triangle T, because the brand on Mr. Trent's cattle was like this — .

All four of the Triangle T cowboys were friendly with Fred, but the one he liked best was Curley. Curley was never too busy to answer Fred's questions or to show him how to handle a rope.

One day Fred saw Curley reading a poster on the gate of the corral.

“They’re holding a rodeo over at Yancey City next month,” Curley told Fred. “I’m thinking of entering the calf-roping contest.”

“I’m glad,” said Fred. “You’re the best calf-roper on any ranch around here.”

“Maybe yes, and maybe no,” Curley answered, as he whirled his lasso. “All the good ropers in the county will be at that rodeo, fighting for the prize money.”

“You’ll win it,” said Fred.

“I’d like to,” Curley answered. “You could help me practice for speed. Then, if I win, I’ll give you my old lasso. It’s about time you had a real one, instead of that old clothesline you’ve been using.”

Fred was excited at the promise of a lasso. Curley had shown him how to use a rope, and Fred had practiced on the small calves. But he had done it all with an old piece of his mother’s clothesline. Now, if Curley won, Fred would have a real lasso of his own.

Curley’s pet cow pony was named Pepper. Pepper was smart, and he was well trained, too.



When Curley gave Pepper the signal, he was off like a flash. That is the kind of pony for a cowboy to ride when he is roping calves.

Curley got on Pepper's back with his lasso in his right hand.

"Open the gate of that small pen and let one of the calves out," he called to Fred.

Fred chased one of the calves out into the open. Pepper was after it before the gate shut. Curley whirled his lasso. In a flash the noose was around the calf's neck. Pepper stopped short, and the calf was pulled right off its feet.

Curley jumped off the pony and ran down to the calf with a piece of rope between his teeth. With this rope he tied the calf's legs.

It all happened so quickly that Fred could hardly believe it. There was the calf lying on its side. There was Curley getting up to try it again. Over and over Curley practiced, until both he and Pepper were tired.

That night the other cowboys rode in, one by one, and read the poster.

Fred heard Chub, the smallest cowboy, say, "The fancy-roping contest looks good to me. I've learned some new tricks at that game."

The Triangle T's biggest cowboy, Cal, chose the bulldogging event, for he was very strong. Cal could slide out of his saddle, catch a running steer by the horns, and throw the animal to the ground.





The other cowboy, Buck, was known all over the county as a bronco-buster. Buck said he would enter the bronco-busting and steer-riding contests.

But Fred's main interest was in his friend Curley, and in Curley's chance to win the calf-roping prize. Fred got up early every morning and went out near the corral to watch Curley and Pepper practice. Man and horse worked together like one person.

RODEO DAY

Rodeo Day finally arrived. Fred watched Curley clean up his saddle and swing his lasso — the lasso that was to be his if Curley won. The other cowboys were all ready, too. Each had on a new red or blue shirt and wore a big gay handkerchief around his neck.

Fred helped hitch two lively ponies to the ranch wagon. Mr. and Mrs. Trent climbed into the high seat. Fred got in behind his father and mother, and they were off over the road at a lively speed. Fred kept his eyes on Curley and Pepper, who were just ahead of them on the road. The other cowboys followed the wagon.

As they entered Yancey City, the cowboys could hold back no longer. They let out wild yells and waved their hats and urged their ponies on.

“There will be some winners from that ranch!” said an old fellow, as the Trent family pulled up their wagon at the rodeo grounds. Fred grinned to himself when he heard this.



The old fellow was right. The Triangle T cowboys made a very good showing. The first event was the fancy roping. Chub took second place. Next, Cal easily won the bulldogging.

Then Fred saw Curley and Pepper getting ready for the calf-roping contest. Curley had drawn the Number One place. Fred knew that Curley wasn't happy to be the first one to try. It would be easier to be second or third. But Curley was ready when the calf was let loose. Pepper was ready, too.

Curley hardly had time to whirl his lasso as Pepper raced after the running calf. Over its head went the noose. Pepper came to a dead stop.



Curley jumped down and with a quick twist he fastened his rope around the calf's legs and held up both hands to show that he had finished.

The crowd cheered. The time was called: "Twenty-one seconds!" There were more cheers. Curley's face grew red as he rode Pepper away from the crowds.

"They'll have to hurry to beat Curley's time," said Mr. Trent.

Three more cowboys tried their best to rope and tie a calf as quickly as Curley, but none of them came within ten seconds of his time.

Then came Red, a long, thin cowboy. He was the last one to enter the contest. His friends cheered when he rode in. They were sure that Red would beat Curley's time of twenty-one

seconds. Red, holding his rope ready and speaking a word to quiet his pony, looked very sure of himself. As his pony dashed after the calf, Fred could see that Red was very fast. He had the calf roped and down in a flash.

Then something happened. Red was too sure of himself. He was a little careless. The calf kicked the rope out of his fingers before he made the tie. When he held up his hands, his time was twenty-three seconds.

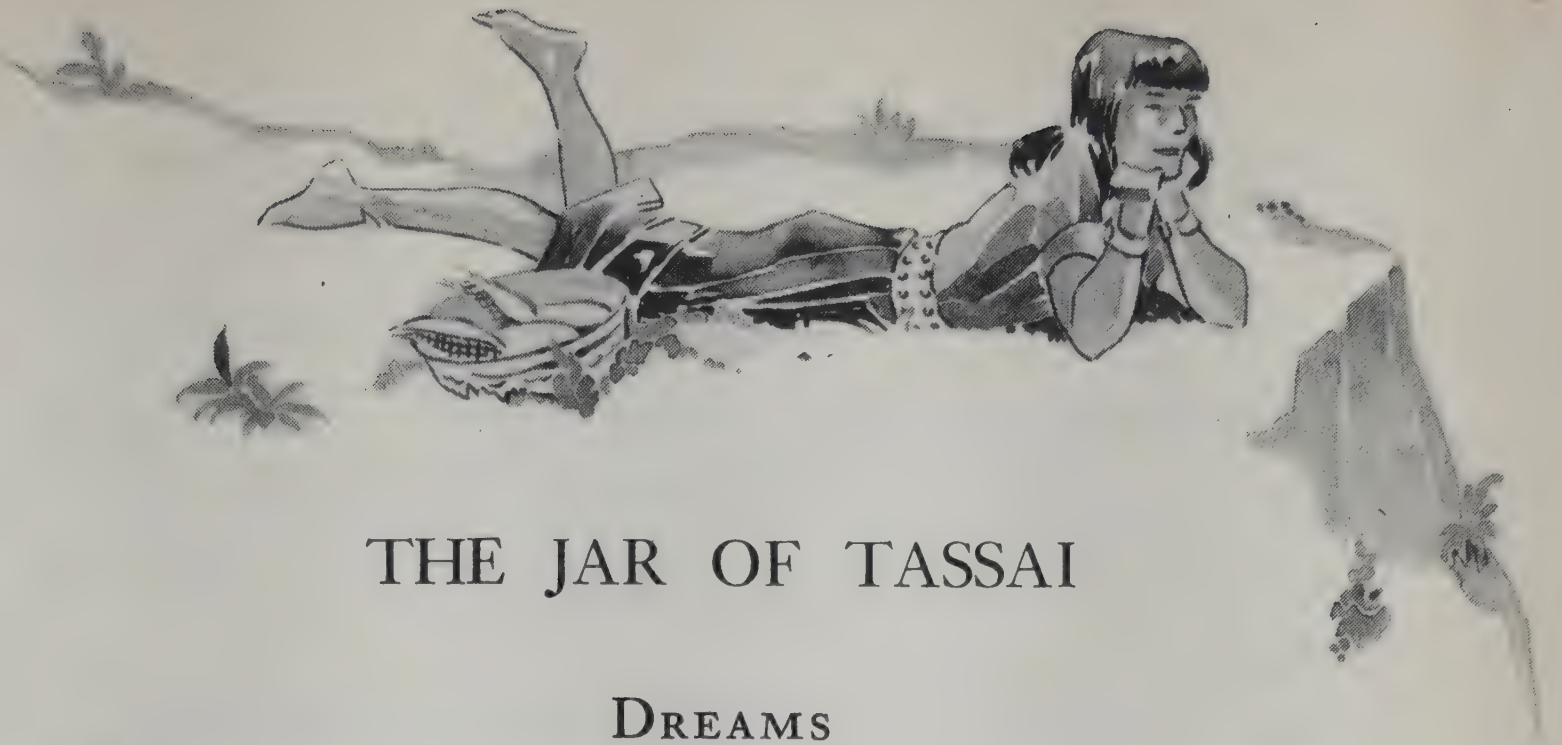
Fred's heart jumped and he drew a deep breath. Now Curley was the champion roper.

After the rodeo was over, Curley rode up to the Triangle T wagon.

"Here's your lasso, boy," he said to Fred. "You helped me practice, and you brought me luck. I hope you'll be a champion roper yourself some day!"

Fred thanked Curley as he took the lasso in his hands. It felt smooth and strong. He could hardly wait to get home and try it. If trying would do it, he was certainly going to be a champion!

Sanford Tousey



THE JAR OF TASSAI

DREAMS

Tassai lived on the top of a mesa that looked far out over the Painted Desert. The air was clear as thin ice. It made even the farthest mountains and low blue hills look nearer than they really were. Tassai was a Pueblo Indian girl, brown as a nut that has dried in the sun. She liked to lie on the edge of the mesa and look over the desert and dream long dreams.

But Tassai did not often have time for dreams. There was too much work for her to do. It was not hard work, and it had magic in it. It had the magic of watching green things spring up out of the ground where only brown earth had been before. For Tassai worked with her mother in the little fields at the foot of the mesa.

Tassai brought water, too, from the spring at the foot of the mesa, carrying it up the steep trail in jars. For hours each day she ground the red and blue and yellow grains of corn. She cooked when her mother needed her help, and she knew where to find the grasses that her mother wove into baskets.

There was one thing Tassai did that no one knew about, for she did it only at times when no eyes were watching. She was making a jar from clay that she had found in a secret place where the earth was smooth as honey to the touch, and rich and dark in color. Not even her mother knew that Tassai was working at this jar. She had a very special reason for making it.

She shaped and smoothed it just as she had seen her mother do, until one day the most beautiful jar of all seemed to form itself in her hands. She could hardly believe her own eyes, it was so beautiful. And when she had added a design of little black lines and baked it a golden brown, she thought again that never had a jar been so lovely as this one. She wrapped it in a piece of blanket and hid

it away carefully until the time should come to show it.

All through the hours when she worked in the fields, Tassai thought of her jar. In her thoughts, a little song sang itself over and over again, until her feet danced to the music of it:

It is so beautiful,
My big, round jar!
So round and beautiful!
Only the Moon,
When it walks on the edge of the world
At harvest time,
Is like my jar.
Round and smooth it is,
And has a shine that sings!
Maybe the Moon has come to me
To be my jar!



Not long before Tassai had made her jar, the Governor of the Pueblo called the people of the town together in the little open place where meetings were held. He told them that the people of three towns were going to meet for a time of dancing and feasting. He asked that each man, woman, and child bring to the feast something he had made. This was because a great White Man who had visited the Indian towns had said that the Indians could not make many good things. The White Man had also said that, since this was so, the Indian children would have to go away to the White Man's school to learn the White Man's ways.

The Indians did not want their children to be sent away. They planned to show all the finest things that they could make so that the White Man would change his mind. Prizes would be given for the best things brought to the feast.

There was much excitement at the Governor's news and much talking and planning of what should be done. Tassai was excited from the very first. She could hardly wait for the time to come.

THE BIG DAY

The day itself was wonderful. There was a feel in the air that was different. Tassai felt that she could not walk or talk or even breathe as she did on other days. The open place in the town was bright with color. It was like a fair.

There were good smells and different sounds everywhere. There were baskets and pottery and woven things all spread out for everyone to see. There were silver bracelets and rings and belts. There were bright blankets and things of leather and wood. There were great pumpkins and squashes and ears of corn that were bigger than any Tassai had ever seen before. There were soft moccasins and sandals for the feet and nets for carrying things. There were fruits piled high in baskets and little cakes made of pine nuts and seeds. There was good food cooking in pots.

Tassai was one of the very last to come into the open place on that big day. She had been busy since dawn helping her mother make their house

ready for strangers to see. When at last she was free, she picked up the blanket in which her jar was wrapped and ran to the open place. There she stood, holding tightly to her bundle.

The old Governor of the Pueblo, with two White Men from the big White School, moved from place to place. They looked long and closely at each of the many things that had been brought. These three men were to say which were the best of all and to give the prizes.

A little white girl, daughter of one of the men, danced ahead of them as they walked. She looked at everything with bright, eager eyes. Her father looked at her proudly as often as he looked at the shining things the Indians had made.



When the men had seen everything else, Tassai came close with her bundle and touched the blanket with trembling fingers. She was frightened now. Perhaps they would not think her jar was beautiful. Others crowded close. They had not known that Tassai would have anything to show.

“Maybe it is not very good,” she said in a voice that was so low no one heard her. “Maybe it —” Then her words would not come at all, for when she opened her bundle, the beautiful jar was not there. She had not noticed that there were two bundles of blankets in the room of her home. The one she had picked up in her excitement held only an old corn-cob doll.



There was a big laugh from those who stood near. The words of Tassai, explaining her mistake, were lost. Quickly she pushed her way through the laughing crowd and ran home. She did not know that the little white girl, eager to see again that queer doll, was following close behind her.

The house of Tassai was the last one in the little town, on the very edge of the mesa top. She ran into the door and did not notice that the little white girl who had been following her had stopped suddenly just outside the doorway. The child was watching, with wide, frightened eyes, a snake that lifted its head from beside a big stone. It was a rattlesnake, and it moved its flat, ugly head closer and closer to the little girl. She gave one sharp cry as Tassai came out of her door with the jar in her arms. Tassai had thrown aside the blanket and held the jar unwrapped in her arms.

There was no time to think. There was no time to call for help. Tassai did the only thing she could do. With all her strength she threw the jar at the snake. It broke into many pieces on the rock, and the snake lay flat and still.



The little white girl did not make another sound. Her father, who had heard her first cry, came running. He held her tight in his arms.

For the first moment Tassai thought only that the snake was dead. Then she thought of her jar. No one could call it beautiful now. She picked up a little broken piece. One of the White Men took it from her hand.

“It must have been a mighty pretty jar,” he said. “Did you make it?”

Tassai nodded her head.

The father of the little white girl looked at the piece of jar, too, and then at Tassai.

“That was a beautiful jar,” he said slowly. His voice shook a little so that he had to clear his throat. “I am sorry that we cannot give the prize for a broken jar — but —” He cleared his voice again. “For what you have done for me, I will give you anything else that you ask.” He closed his arms more tightly about his little girl.

At first Tassai could not answer. In her surprise the words would not come. Then she said, “There is nothing I wish but to stay here in the Pueblo. Could it be that we need not go far away to learn the ways of the White Men?”

The man smiled. “You will not have to go away,” he said. “The White Teachers are coming here to learn from the Indians instead. Today your people have shown what beautiful things they can make — like your jar. There will be a school here where the Indians and the White Teachers will work together.”

Tassai was very happy now. It did not matter that her jar was broken. She could make another, even more beautiful.

Grace Moon

TAILS AND FLIPPERS





BUSHY TAIL

ALONE IN THE FOREST

Bushy Tail, a young chipmunk, had spent the night in a little cave. He had discovered the cave among the twisted roots of an old tree in the forest. It was the first night he had ever spent away from home. Always before, he had slept curled up on the floor of the family burrow, with his mother and father and his little brothers and sisters. But he could not sleep there any more. Now he was old enough to go out and find his own food and shelter.

“The first thing I must have is a burrow,” he thought, when he woke up the next morning. “I will begin to dig one today, as soon as I have had something to eat.”

A moment later, he had left the shelter of the little cave and was hurrying off in search of food. He felt proud to think he was now big enough to look after himself. When he saw a gray squirrel looking for nuts at the foot of a tree, he stopped to tell her about it.

“Good morning, Gray Squirrel,” he said. “I have left the family burrow and am going to have a burrow of my own. I shall begin to dig it today.”

The gray squirrel stopped her work and looked at him. “You are very young,” she said. “You must be careful.”

“Oh, I’m not afraid!” Bushy Tail answered, and dashed away along the forest path.

Bushy Tail had no thought of danger this morning. His feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and his tail shook with excitement as he ran. Food was scarcer now than it had been, for the berries he liked were gone, and the nuts on the trees were still too green to be eaten. But he soon found some grasshoppers to eat, and made a very good meal of them.

When he had finished his breakfast, Bushy Tail should have begun to work on his burrow. But there were so many things to be seen in the forest that he decided to look around a little first. There were mysterious holes that looked interesting. There were caves and hollow logs to be explored. Farther and farther he wandered, stopping now and then to talk to other forest creatures. The sun was low in the sky when at last he remembered that he must find a place to sleep that night.

He had reached a small clearing on the hillside where some trees had been cut away, leaving a few rough stumps. Near one of these stumps a ground-hog sat, enjoying the late afternoon sun. He was a large ground-hog and a very fat one, and his thick brown fur was turning gray.

Bushy Tail was glad to see the old fellow, for ground-hogs were friendly creatures once you got to know them.

“Good evening, Ground-hog,” he said. “I am looking for a place to spend the night.”

“Haven’t you a burrow to sleep in?” the ground-hog asked.



“Not yet,” Bushy Tail told him. “I left the family burrow yesterday, and haven’t yet dug one of my own.”

“What have you been doing all day?” the ground-hog asked.

“I’ve been playing in the forest,” Bushy Tail said, feeling a little ashamed. “I meant to dig my burrow today, but there were so many things to see that I —”

“That you forgot,” the ground-hog finished for him. “That’s the way with young creatures. They think only of play. I was like that myself once. But a creature as small as you is not safe without a burrow. What would you do if an owl got after you, or a fox, or a hawk? They all eat chipmunks, you know.”

"I hadn't thought of that." Bushy Tail looked around and shivered. "But I will surely dig my burrow tomorrow. As soon as it is light, I will begin. I will make it just like our family burrow. It will have a long tunnel in the ground, and, at the end of the tunnel, a sleeping room, with a carpet of dried grass. There will be smaller rooms, too, where I will store my winter food."

"That is all very well," said the ground-hog, "but if you are going to find shelter for tonight, you had better hurry up. A little farther on, there is a little valley where some chipmunks live. Perhaps one of them will let you sleep in his burrow. But look out for owls," he added. "The valley is full of them."

"Thank you, Ground-hog. I will be careful," Bushy Tail said, and hurried away.

It was almost dark when Bushy Tail reached the valley. He crept along, keeping himself hidden as well as he could by stones and underbrush. He had not gone far when suddenly he stopped and listened. From a little way off came the frightening call of the owl.



“Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!” it said. Bushy Tail, remembering that owls can see in the dark, lay very still, close to the ground.

“Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!” The owl’s hunting cry came again, and this time it was right above his head. Bushy Tail was so frightened now that, without looking to see where he was going, he sprang forward.

He felt the rush of air from the great bird’s wings as it tried to catch him. But the sharp claws did not touch him. He had jumped just in time.





A NEW HOME

Bushy Tail landed in the thick weeds beside a large moss-covered rock. But he was not safe yet, he knew. The owl would try again. What could he do, he wondered. There seemed to be no place at all for him to hide.

Just as he was giving up hope, he saw a small round hole under the edge of the moss-covered rock. "A burrow!" he thought joyfully. "A chipmunk's burrow!" He dashed through the little door.

It was dark in there, but Bushy Tail did not need to see. He knew what a chipmunk's burrow was like. He ran quickly down the long tunnel toward the sleeping room.

"Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup," he called, to let the chipmunks who lived there know that he had

come. But he got no answer, and when he reached the sleeping room he found it empty. He was alone in the burrow.

He was so happy to be safe again that at once he lay down on the carpet of dried grass. He could still faintly hear the cry of the owl, but this did not frighten him now. The owl could not reach him here.

The next morning Bushy Tail was up early to look at the burrow he had found. It had not been lived in for some time, he saw. Dirt had crumbled from the walls and had piled up where it fell. But it was a good burrow.

"It is a better burrow than I could have made," Bushy Tail thought. "When I get it clean, it will be a fine place to live."

And now the young chipmunk no longer spent his days playing in the forest, but worked hard from morning to night. It took a long time to clear away the loose dirt and make the burrow snug and neat. And when this was finished, it was time for him to gather nuts and store them away for the winter.

Long before the storerooms were filled, Bushy Tail had begun to grow sleepy. But he did not stop working. He kept on gathering nuts until there was no room in the burrow for any more.

The days were getting shorter now. The sun was not so hot, and the forest trees were bare of leaves. One day a light snow began to fall. Then Bushy Tail knew it was time to begin his winter sleep.

Lying on his bed of grass, he looked around him. Everything was ready for winter. The storerooms were full, and the burrow was snug and warm. But for some reason the young chipmunk did not want to go to sleep just yet.

"I wish I had someone to talk to," he thought. "It is lonely in here all by myself."

A cold wind rattled the branches of the trees outside his door, and Bushy Tail raised his head sharply. It was not the sound of the wind that had caught his attention, but something else.

"Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup." A chipmunk's voice came to him from the long tunnel, and Bushy Tail jumped to his feet.

“Chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,” he called in answer.

A moment later another chipmunk stood just inside the room.

“I cannot see you very well,” the second chipmunk said, “for my eyes are not yet used to the darkness. But I can tell by your voice that you are young, and I know what this burrow looks like, for I once lived here myself.”

“Then it was you,” Bushy Tail cried, “who dug this burrow!”

“Yes,” the old chipmunk told him. “I dug it and lived in it for quite a while.”

“My name is Bushy Tail,” said the young chipmunk. “I found this burrow one night when an owl almost caught me. I am glad you have come back, Old Chipmunk, for I was beginning to feel



lonely now that winter has come. You will stay here, won't you?"

"Yes, I will stay," said Old Chipmunk. "I have seen enough of other places."

"There is plenty of food for both of us," Bushy Tail told him. "Every storeroom is filled with nuts."

"You must have worked very hard," Old Chipmunk said in surprise, "to fill all the storerooms in this big burrow."

"I did work hard," Bushy Tail told him proudly. "Would you like some food before you go to sleep?"

"No," Old Chipmunk answered. "I am not hungry now. But it is good to know there will be plenty of food for us when we wake up during the winter."


Now that Old Chipmunk had come to keep him company, Bushy Tail was ready to go to sleep. Soon they both lay down on the bed of dried grass and closed their eyes. Outside, the wind roared and whistled, but the young chipmunk no longer felt lonely.

Alice Crew Gall and Fleming Crew



ADVENTURES OF A SEA-LION

MRS. FINNEGAN



On a great rock just outside the sea-lion caves, Mrs. Finnegan was waking from a twelve-hour sleep. She raised up on her front flippers to look and listen.

It was hardly daylight, but she could see other rocks covered with sleeping sea-lions. At the foot of the gray coast-wall was a great black hole. That was one of the openings into the huge caves which reached back under the rocky coast. In the caves more lions were sleeping.

Mrs. Finnegan wanted her breakfast. “Yarp, yarp!” she shouted. “Wake up! I’m hungry.”

A head rose up near her. “Yelp, yelp, yelp!” said a pup lion. “I’m hungry, too.”

There were barks here and there, and grumblings from the old fellows with long stiff whiskers.

And then out of the caves' black mouths rolled a loud roar. Mrs. Finnegan barked happily. Now she would get her breakfast! For that was the voice of King Brigham. When he thundered out his orders, every sea-lion obeyed.

They all answered him with yelps, barks, and roars, and scrambled down from the rocks into the sea. They dived deep for the tasty purple squid, or, best of all, the devil-fish, with its eight long arms.

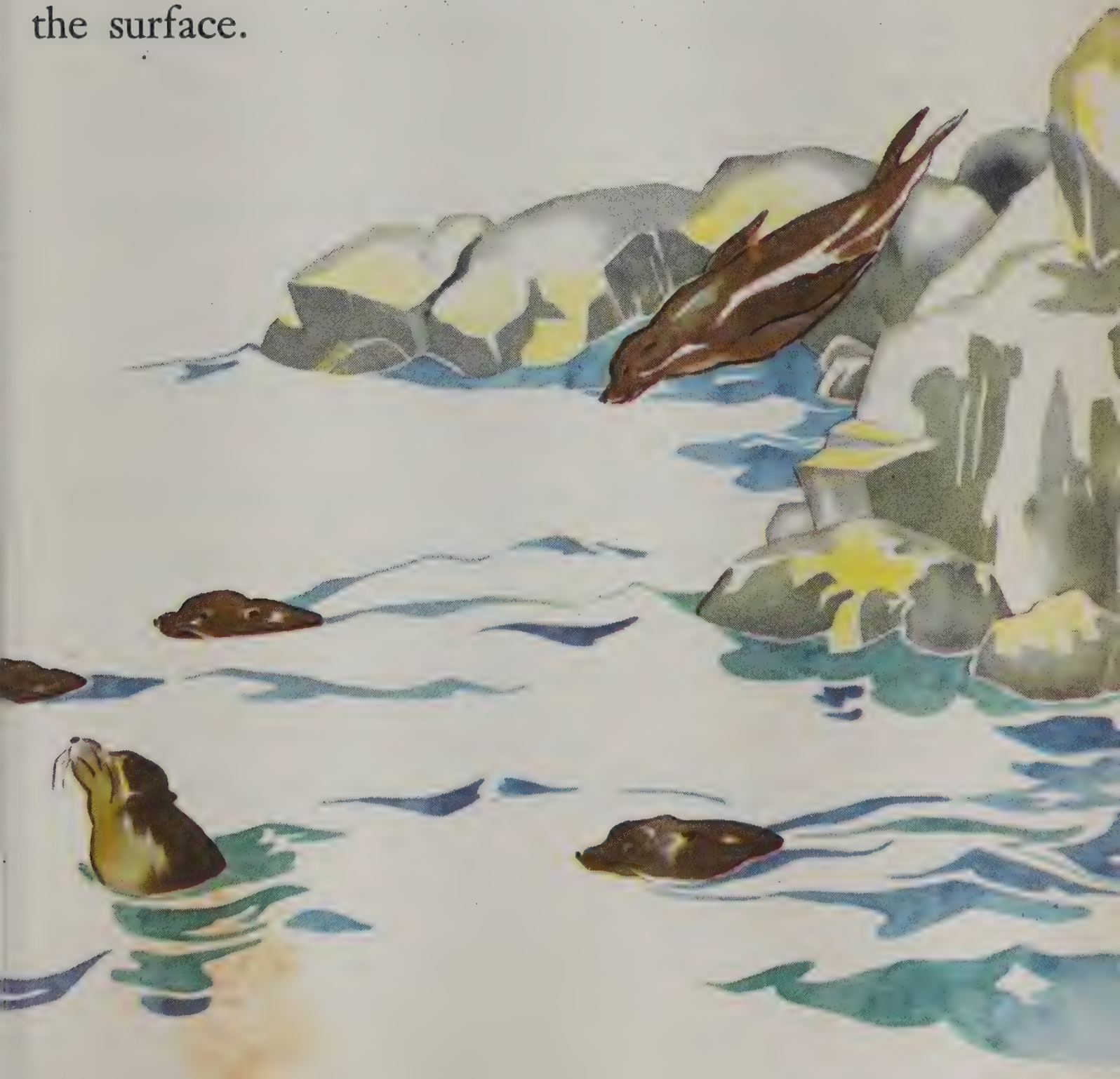
On ordinary days, eating time was followed by games. Mrs. Finnegan was often the one who started them. Sometimes there were fights that



Brigham had to settle with his great flippers or his sharp teeth. But today there were no quarrels. Today was different!

It was the time of year and the kind of day when sea-lions start on ocean trips.

Only half of the herd would be allowed to go. Mrs. Finnegan was off with the first group. With a wise old sea-lion as leader, they swam steadily north. Only their pointed noses showed just above the surface.



When the middle of the afternoon came, they humped their great bodies onto flat rocks to rest and lie in the sun.

The leader took his place on the highest rock. At any sound made by man, such as a voice or the slap of oars on the water, he would roar a warning. Then the whole herd would dive deep and swim under water to a safe distance.

On the fourth morning, they came to the break in the coast where the Columbia River widens out to the sea. Here the river and the tide meet.

Mrs. Finnegan started a game of toss-and-catch. She dived deep and came up with a fish in her mouth. She gave it a flip, caught it on her nose, balanced it there. Then she tossed it into the air, and it was caught on the nose of a friend, who tossed it up again for another catch.

Next, a school of salmon came up the river from the ocean. The sea-lions forgot their game and started after them. Up the river, mile after mile, the chase went on, with the salmon always keeping ahead.

It was a good game, but when it took them into

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fresh water, the fun was over. No sea-lion likes fresh water, so they turned about and pointed their noses toward the sea.

Only Mrs. Finnegan kept on up the river. Even after the salmon were out of sight, she kept on. There were new tastes and smells, and a fine strong current. Up the stream, hour after hour, she fought her way.

When it came time to rest, she could find no rock, but she climbed onto a little island beach and slept. Early the next morning she again pointed her nose up the river.

At noon, Mrs. Finnegan found herself in a smaller stream, the busy Willamette River. She heard the shouts of men and the sound of ships being loaded. Danger signals! Mrs. Finnegan dived and swam up the river into deeper water.

When she rose to the surface in a quiet spot, she saw something flat and gray, not very different in shape from ocean rocks. It seemed a handy place for a good long sleep.

With her front flippers she caught hold of the edge. It moved! Ocean rocks did not do that.

But it would be a dry place to sleep. She pulled herself onto the flat surface and looked about for a good place to lie down.

So it happened that the fisherman, whose gray houseboat Mrs. Finnegan had mistaken for a rock, felt his boat tipping. He and his wife were in the cabin eating their dinner.

“There must be a ship around, the way this boat rocks,” said the fisherman. “I’ll take a look.”

He started to go outside, but he stopped short. At the window a great, brown, whiskery face had appeared. A big, wide-open mouth showed long, sharp teeth. Shining eyes were peering into the room.

Too frightened to move, the man and woman



stood so still that to Mrs. Finnegan they seemed to be only part of the rock. In another moment she would have settled down for her rest. But now the fisherman seized his gun and fired, and Mrs. Finnegan's head and shoulders were peppered with bird shot.

Down she dropped from the window, hitched herself to the edge of the platform, and slid into the water. Without a sound she disappeared.

CLIMBING THE FALLS

Two days later, a family whose country house was near the Willamette River, thought they saw a log tossing on the water.

Or was it a log? Could it be a sea-lion?

Field-glasses settled the question.

There was Mrs. Finnegan, leaping, diving, rolling to the surface.

The news spread. During the days that followed, the banks of the river were crowded with people who wanted to see this queer creature at her games in the water.

Sometimes she swam deep and disappeared for an hour, or two hours, or a half day. But she always came back, and there was always a crowd waiting for her.

“Sure, and she’s like Finnegan’s train,” said Mike O’Hara. “She’s off again, on again, gone again. Mrs. Finnegan — that’s the name for her!”

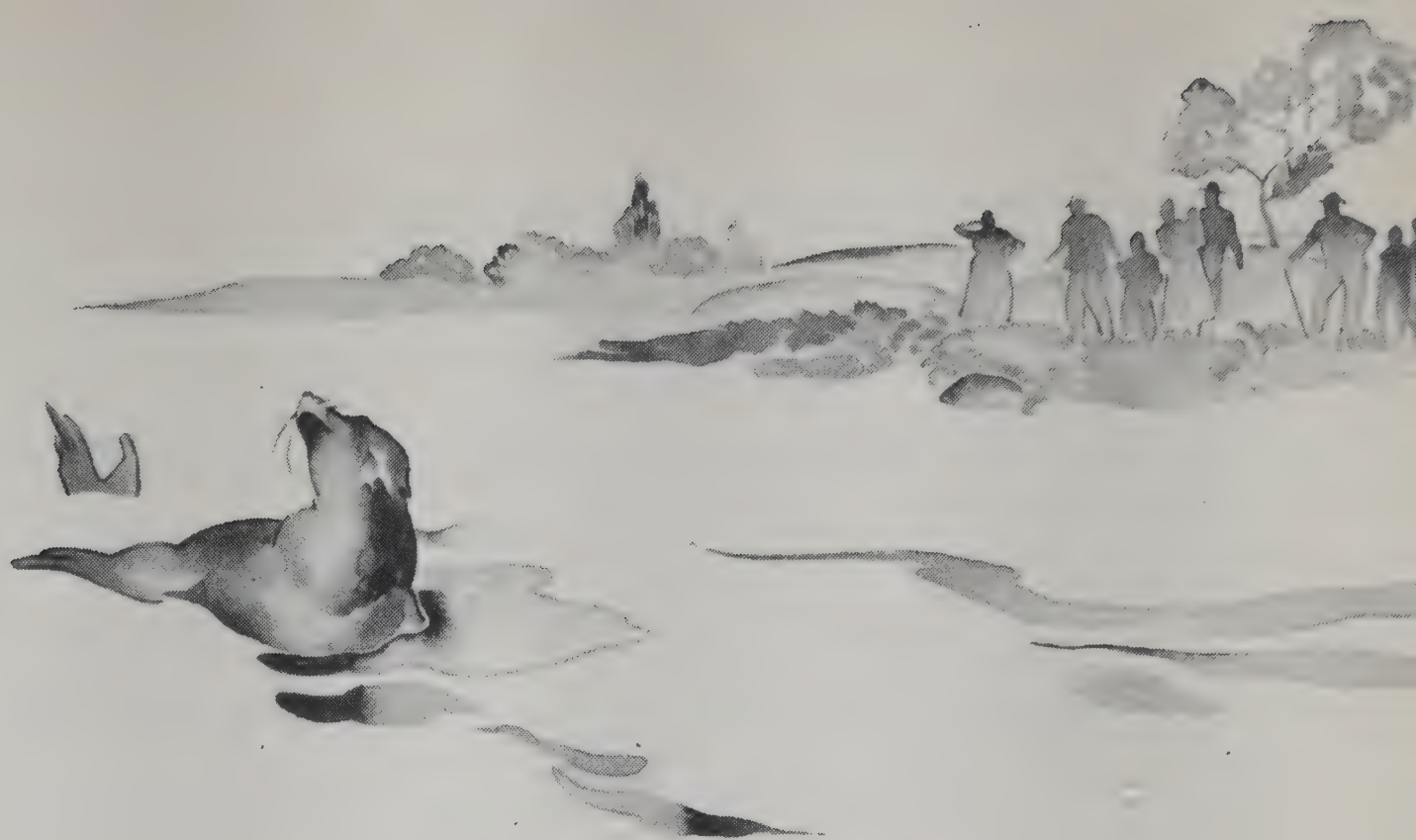
The crowd liked the name.

After three days of such sport, Mrs. Finnegan started again on her journey upstream, only to find her way blocked by a wall of water. She had come to the Willamette Falls.

Again and again Mrs. Finnegan swam to the foot of the falls, leaped into the air, and plunged against the wall of water, only to be thrown back. Eight — ten — even twelve times she leaped. Then she coasted down the river to a quiet pool to rest and get her breath before she returned to try again.

The crowd on the bank watched and admired. When they left late in the day, Mrs. Finnegan was still flinging her huge body against the falls of the river.

The next morning she was “gone again.” The



game warden said no doubt she had gone down the river. It would be a good thing for her to get back to the ocean, because a sea-lion's eyes get sore if she stays long in fresh water.

But Mrs. Finnegan had not gone down the river. She had climbed the falls. She had climbed by the fish ladder, which isn't a ladder at all, but a stairway of pools in the rocks at the side of the falls. They are built like steps to help the salmon go upstream to their home water.

It was no easy matter for Mrs. Finnegan to lift her eight-hundred-pound body up the steps which were meant for forty-pound salmon. She clung with her front flippers to a rock's edge, and pushed

with her hind flippers. Bending her back as if she were a giant measuring worm, she humped herself from step to step until she reached the top.

For four happy days she explored the twisting stream. Then she came to the place where little Pudding River joins the Willamette. If Mrs. Finnegan had been a careful sea-lion instead of a curious one, she would have turned back now.

But Mrs. Finnegan went on her way up Pudding River.

Five miles upstream she scrambled onto a bank and found a sunny spot to rest.



ADVENTURE ON LAND

Early the next morning a farmer heard a great roar coming from one of his grain fields. It was such a sound as no farm animal was ever known to make. Running out to the field, what should he find but Mrs. Finnegan!

And a very tired Mrs. Finnegan she was, struggling about in a muddy grain field.

The trip by land from Pudding River had been a hard one. Her four flippers were of small use on land, where her heavy body sank into the mud.

It had been a disappointing trip, too. Waking in the night as rain poured down, she had found herself lying in a pool of water. Perhaps deeper waters were near. She had set out to find them. And here she was, with no water at all in sight.

The farmer could hardly believe what he saw. But here the great creature lay. And there was her trail across the field. A sea-lion on land was a curious sight, but she wasn't doing his grain field any good.

A telephone call brought the game warden and a troop of state police. They came in a big covered truck, prepared to take Mrs. Finnegan back to the sea.

How to move eight hundred pounds of sea-lion across the muddy field to the truck waiting on the highway was a problem. For now Mrs. Finnegan refused to move.

The men tried to drive her. Suddenly she plunged toward them and they scrambled away from her toward safety. When the excitement was over, they found Mrs. Finnegan was several yards nearer to the highway. Mrs. Finnegan, herself, had shown them what to do.

Each trooper, in turn, jumped at her until she moved toward him. Then he backed away from her toward the highway. So they led her the whole distance to the truck. There she lay at the edge of the field, panting, with flippers spread wide.

While she rested, the warden and some of the troopers rigged up a harness of rope with which she was to be lifted into the truck.

The news had spread that Mrs. Finnegan, the



famous sea-lion, was “on again.” People from all the country around hurried to see her.

One school bus arrived, and then another. Out of them poured boys and girls, full of shouts and excitement.

“What big eyes she has!”

“What long, sharp teeth!”

“And ears! A fish with ears!”

“But what tiny ears for such a whale of an animal!”

“Her feet grow right out of her body!”

“They’re three-cornered, too!”

“A fish with four feet, and not a leg to stand on! What do you know about that!”

A teacher explained that the sea-lion is not a fish at all. Long, long ago it probably had four feet and a tail, and looked somewhat like a lion. She told them also of the way in which a sea-lion can turn its hind flippers about when it wants to walk, so that the toes point forward.

Suddenly the police were shouting: “Stand back! Get back! Back, back!”

At the first touch of the heavy rope, Mrs. Finnegan had humped her shoulders and shaken her head. Now she sprang at the circle of people about her, growling fiercely. They scattered, while Mrs. Finnegan plunged this way and that, dragging with her the six strong men who held the ropes. But when the ropes gave way and she felt herself free, she settled down and lay quiet again.

The troopers tried a second time to get Mrs. Finnegan into the truck. This time they were successful, though she fought them every foot of the way.

When, finally, she had settled her huge body on the floor of the truck, the tail gate was closed and fastened with a thick rope. The warden and a trooper climbed to the seat, and the sea-lion began her journey home.

The trip was broken by stops at filling stations to spray Mrs. Finnegan with a stream of water. She moved her body gratefully beneath it, for she had been out of water a long time now.

So two men and a sea-lion wound their way through the mountains and down to the coast.

With the first sniff of ocean air Mrs. Finnegan grew restless. Her plunges made the truck nearly jump from the road. The men were glad when they could drive onto a sandy beach. There the warden planned to let her down to the ground easily, but Mrs. Finnegan plunged through the ropes that held her and down to the beach. Not a rope was left on her body.

In the loose sand she bounced about happily. She flipped her body over and back, over and back, until she had made a bowl to lie in. She nosed into the sand and sent it flying in all directions.

A half hour went by and still Mrs. Finnegan played in the sand.

The warden was worried. He wanted to see her safely into ocean waters. He urged her toward the sea — and got sand in his face for his kindness. He waited.

As the rising tide came nearer, Mrs. Finnegan grew quiet. She sniffed at the salty air and lifted her face to the heavy spray. She lay silent, listening to the roar of the ocean.

The tide swept farther up the beach, until at last the waves slapped at her.

With a happy shout she bounded up and sailed out to the ocean on the white top of a wave. She was off like a streak, pointing her nose toward the sea-lion caves. The Great Adventure was over, and the best part of it was coming home.

Edna Culver

WEATHER RHYMES

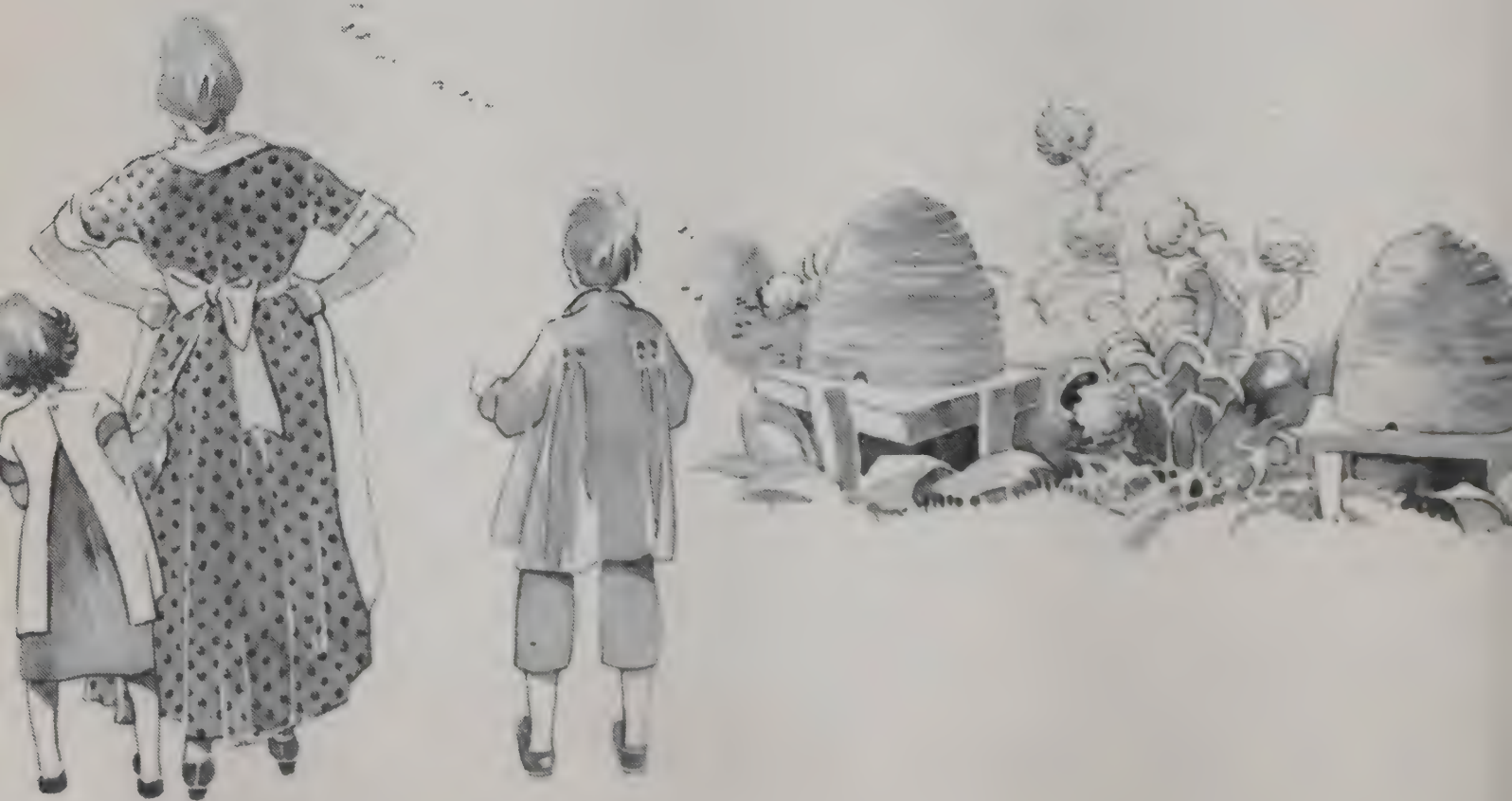


RAINBOWS

Rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight;
Rainbow in the morning —
Sailors, take warning.

HONEY-BEES

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.





SNOW-STORM

I love to see the snowflakes fall
And cover everything in sight —
The lawn and trees and orchard wall —
With spotless white.

For when tomorrow comes, I know,
As soon as I am out of bed
And dressed and breakfasted, I'll go
Out with my sled.

And coast and coast and
coast and coast
Till I am tired out — almost.

Ralph Bergengren



KITE WEATHER

To the South the geese are going.
Across the world a breeze is blowing —
Blowing leaves from every tree,
Blowing ships upon the sea,
Blowing hats off people's heads,
Blowing chimney smoke to threads,
Blowing till the curtain flutters,
Slamming doors, and shaking shutters,
Then's the time to fly your kite
But you have to hold it tight.

Blow, breeze, blow!

And lift your kite along.

Blow, breeze, blow!

The string is stout and strong.

Just a little harder blow,

Up and up, we, too, would go.

People would look up and stare,

Seeing children in the air.

To the South the geese are going.

Across the world the breeze is blowing —

Blowing something, it is clear,
Into me that's wild and queer.
I could dance and kick and caper
Like my kite that's only paper.
I enjoy to feel the string
Pull and tug like anything.
A living kite it seems to be,
And tries to fly away with me.

Blow, breeze, blow!

And lift our kite along.

Blow, breeze, blow!

The string is stout and strong.
Just a little harder blow,
And the people down below
Would look up at us and say,
"There's a kite that's run away!"

Ralph Bergengren





A SUMMER MORNING

I saw dawn creep across the sky,
And all the gulls go flying by.
I saw the sea put on its dress
Of blue midsummer loveliness;
And heard the trees begin to stir,
Green arms of pine and juniper.
I heard the wind call out and say:
“Get up, my dear, it is today.”

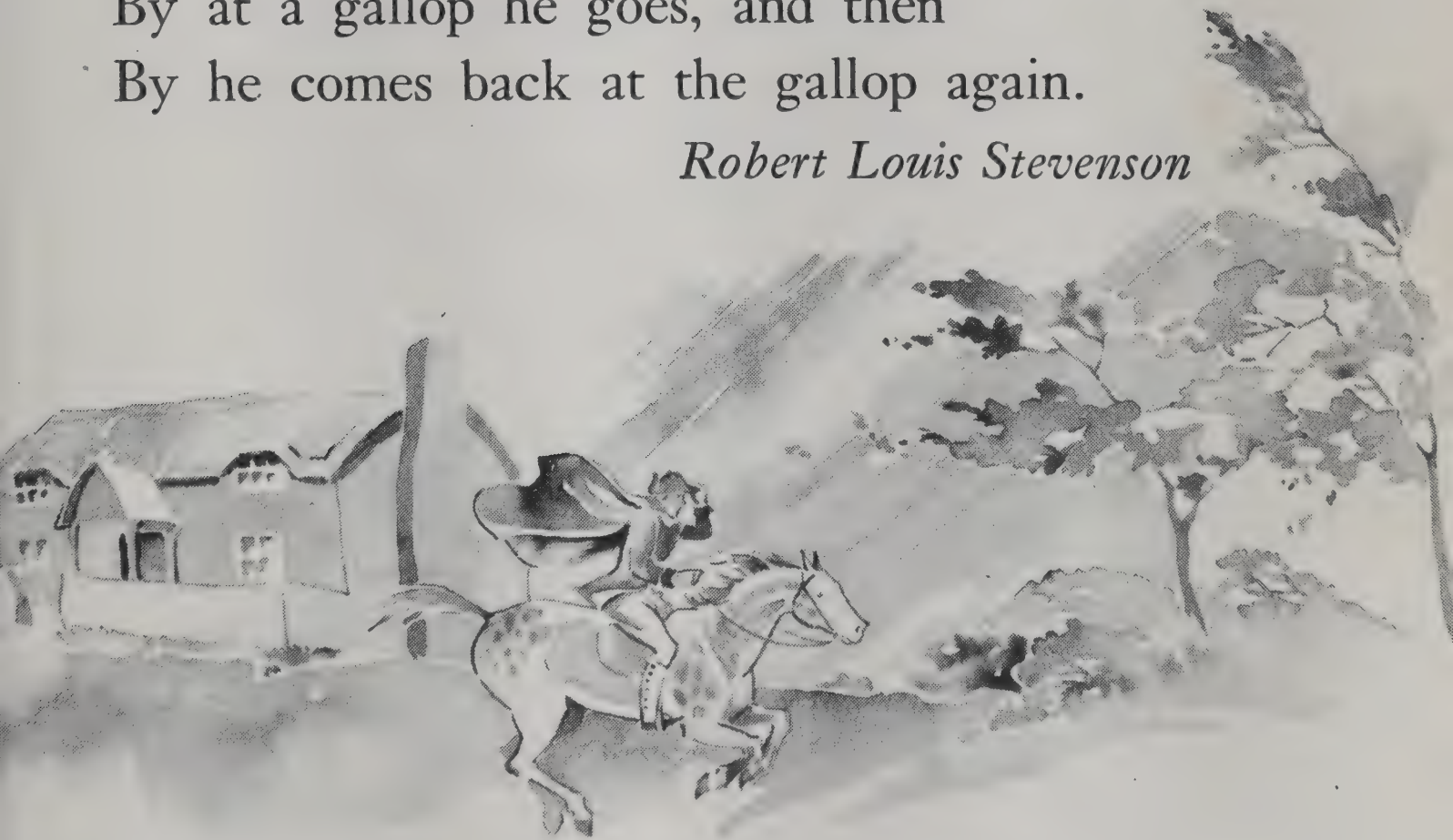
Rachel Field

WINDY NIGHT

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at a gallop goes he.
By at a gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson



WIND IS A CAT

Wind is a cat

That prowls at night,
Now in a valley,
Now on a height.

Pouncing on houses
Till folks in their beds
Draw all the covers
Over their heads.

It sings to the moon;
It scratches at doors;
It lashes its tail
Around chimneys and roars.

It claws at the clouds
Till it fringes their silk;
It laps up the dawn
Like a saucer of milk;

Then chasing the stars
To the tops of the firs,
Curls down for a nap
And purrs and purrs.

Ethel Romig Fuller

STOP AND GO!





THE LOST STREET CAR

THE BOUNCING BETTY

While Mr. Fogarty was eating breakfast, his wife packed a nice lunch for him in a big tin pail. There were two thick cheese sandwiches, a thick piece of apple pie, and a thin bottle of hot coffee. Mr. Fogarty was always hungry but all the food he ate never seemed to make him the least bit fatter.

"Everyone must think I am not a good cook," said Mrs. Fogarty. "I declare, you're as thin as a rail."

Mr. Fogarty grinned. "It is better to be as thin as a rail than as thin as a toothpick," he said. "Do you know, I have a feeling that something different is going to happen today."

"Sam Fogarty, you have been saying that for

twenty years and nothing different has happened yet. You drive your little street car out to the edge of the city and then you drive it back again. You do this all day long, over and over, and round and round, until it's a wonder you aren't too dizzy to find your way home in the evening."

Mrs. Fogarty was out of breath after she had said all this. So she snapped the lunch pail shut and handed it to him.

Mr. Fogarty put on his coat and the cap that said "Conductor" on the front, and started to work. His street car was not a long shiny one. It was a little car, with all the wheels toward the middle. When he drove it too fast, the front bumper would hit the rails with a clang and bounce up. Then the rear bumper would hit the rails with a clang and bounce up. Up and down, up and down, the car would bounce, with the passengers grabbing at one another or hanging on the straps. They called this little street car the "Bouncing Betty."

One Sunday morning Mr. Fogarty said to his wife, "There will not be many people riding to-day. Why don't you come along?"

“I will come along,” said Mrs. Fogarty. “And I will pack the big basket instead of your usual lunch. We can have a little picnic while you are resting at the end of the line.”

Mrs. Fogarty was so excited that she got mixed up and packed two raw eggs in the basket instead of the two hard-boiled ones. But they didn't discover that until later, when Mr. Fogarty tried to peel his egg and spilled the whole thing in his left shoe.

“Today,” said Mr. Fogarty, when they got on the Bouncing Betty, “I am sure that something different is going to happen.”



“Perhaps it will,” agreed Mrs. Fogarty for the first time, “because I feel the same way about it.” And she was so excited again that she placed the picnic basket on the seat and then sat down on top of it. But the basket had a strong lid and no harm was done.

When they came to the end of the line, they were almost in the country. Mrs. Fogarty walked about in the warm spring sunshine, listening to the distant songs of birds. Finally she pointed to a car track that was so covered with grass and weeds that she could hardly see the rusty rails.

“I suppose,” she said, “that this track really does go out in the country.”

“It goes out to the Shady Dell picnic grounds,” said Mr. Fogarty. “I used to take the Bouncing Betty out there. But Mr. Popkin put a stop to that years ago. He said there weren’t enough passengers along the line.” Mr. Popkin was the man who owned all the tracks and all the street cars in the city.

“Oh, dear!” sighed Mrs. Fogarty. “Wouldn’t it be nice if we could eat our lunch at the Shady

Dell picnic grounds? But of course we can't, so what's the use of talking about it?"

"I don't know why we can't," said Mr. Fogarty to her surprise. "We have the Bouncing Betty and the tracks for her to run on. Hop in before I run off and leave you without any lunch." He clanged the bell hard with his foot.

Mrs. Fogarty's surprise turned into alarm. "Sam Fogarty, I never heard of such a foolish idea," she cried. "What will the people do who want to ride on the Bouncing Betty?"

"They can wait for the next car. Nobody is in a hurry on Sunday morning." He clanged the bell again, harder than ever.

ALL ABOARD FOR SHADY DELL

Mrs. Fogarty scrambled aboard. She was so worried and so excited and so delighted all at the same time that she sat down on the picnic basket for the second time.

When they really were out in the country, she went running up to the front of the car.

“There are daisies growing on the hillside,” she said. “Wouldn’t it be nice if we could go out and pick some of them?”

“Whoa!” said Mr. Fogarty, just as though he were driving a horse. “Pick all you want. I will sit on the steps and wait for you.”

When Mrs. Fogarty got back to the car again, she was a little out of breath.

“There are so many that I’m sure these won’t be missed,” she said. “They will make our home very cheery, won’t they?”

“Of course they will,” agreed Mr. Fogarty. He filled a tin pail with water from the creek along the tracks and drove on slowly while she set the daisies in it.

Suddenly, she heard a clatter behind her. Mrs. Fogarty turned around and saw a large spotted animal pulling a sandwich from the picnic basket.



She had never seen such a creature. Was it a dog? Was it a calf?

"Sam, stop the car," called Mrs. Fogarty, a little frightened.

Mr. Fogarty stopped the car and came back to see what was wrong. He grinned at her.

"Don't be frightened," he said. "That's only a dog. They call that kind a Great Dane and they're really very friendly." He put the picnic basket out of reach and patted the dog's head.

"I thought I heard a noise when I was sitting out on the steps," he said. "He must have climbed in at the other side of the car."

Mrs. Fogarty was no longer even a little frightened. "Don't put him off, Sam," she said. "We can leave him at the same place on our way back."

"All right," said Mr. Fogarty, "but I don't know what in the world we're coming to. First we run off with a street car and now we're running away with somebody's dog."

The street-car tracks ran right along the highway now where automobiles were passing in both directions. Mr. Fogarty clanged the bell and

waved gaily at everyone he saw. Pretty soon, when he looked around, the big dog was standing beside him with its paws on the window sill.

“Don’t you know,” said Mr. Fogarty, “that no one is allowed to talk to the conductor?”

Just then they reached a spot where another highway crossed the street-car tracks. Mr. Fogarty stopped the Bouncing Betty so that he could look both ways and be sure no automobiles were coming. And there stood a young woman and a crowd of children. The children all stared when



they saw the big dog beside Mr. Fogarty. Then they began laughing and shouting and dancing up and down.

The young woman laughed a little, too, but more politely. And of course she didn't dance up and down.

"We've been waiting and waiting for a bus," she said. "I suppose it must have broken down. May we ride in your car instead?"

"It depends on where you're going," said Mr. Fogarty.

"We're going out to Shady Dell for a picnic. And the children are tired of waiting. Besides, they would like to ride in a street car."

Mr. Fogarty clanged his bell. "All aboard for the picnic at Shady Dell," he shouted.

The children, who had been very quiet while the talking was going on, scrambled on the car and began shouting and laughing again. It was the first time most of them had ever been on a street car, especially a street car with a dog to help drive it. Later they remembered it as the very best part of the whole picnic.

MR. POPKIN

Back in the city, the man who kept track of the street cars had become very much worried. At last he telephoned the owner.

"Mr. Popkin," he said, "the Bouncing Betty and Mr. Fogarty are lost."

"Nonsense," roared Mr. Popkin, who had just got out of bed and was quite cross. "How could a street car get lost?"

"I don't know," said the man. "But it's lost, sure enough. No one has seen it since early this morning."

"I'll find it," roared Mr. Popkin, more angry than ever. "I'll teach Mr. Fogarty not to run off with one of my street cars. Perhaps I'll even have him arrested."

Mr. Popkin finished dressing and got into his big black automobile. "Take me out to the end of the street-car line," he said to the driver. "I'll soon find the Bouncing Betty."

Sure enough, out at the end of the line, he noticed



that the grass and weeds on the rusty tracks had been crushed by car wheels.

“Ah!” cried Mr. Popkin. “Mr. Fogarty seems to have gone for a ride into the country. I’ll soon put a stop to that. Take me out where the highway runs along by the tracks. We’ll catch the rascal.”

A few minutes later that was exactly what happened. There, moving slowly along on the rusty tracks, was the Bouncing Betty.

“Go more slowly,” said Mr. Popkin to his driver. Then he let down the glass in the window and put out his head and both arms.

“Stop that street car,” he roared at Mr. Fogarty. “Stop that street car, or I’ll have you arrested.”

The children were making so much noise that



Mr. Fogarty couldn't hear him. Mr. Popkin roared still louder and began shaking both fists. Soon the children at the back of the street car noticed him and thought he was waving at them. So they all waved back at him. They were so happy themselves that they thought everyone else must be happy, too.

"They're having lots of fun, aren't they?" said the driver over his shoulder.

Mr. Popkin stopped shouting for a moment. "Why — why, yes, they are," he agreed. "I don't believe I ever saw children having so much fun." All at once he noticed that his fists had

changed back into hands and really were waving at them.

Mr. Fogarty saw at last who was in the black automobile that had been driving along behind the street car. He put on the brakes and waited for the owner to come up.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Popkin," he said. "I didn't mean any harm. I came across these children who didn't have any way to get to their picnic and I — I —"

"Picnic!" said Mr. Popkin. "I wonder — do you mind if I go along? I haven't been to a picnic in twenty years."

"Of course we don't mind," said Mr. Fogarty, trying not to look surprised. "We'd like to have you come along."

"And we have plenty of lunch for all," said Mrs. Fogarty.

Mr. Popkin climbed aboard. A moment later he was shouting and laughing with the best of them.

It was really a very nice picnic, as Mrs. Fogarty said.

Earl M. Rush



AIRWAYS S O S

THE LOST PLANE

Jean and Johnny Avery stumbled up the hill in a hurry. The fog was rolling in from the sea so fast that they could hardly see each other, and the trees looked like gray shadows. It would be easy to lose their way.

The fog was damp and chilly, and they were glad to hurry, but soon they were both out of breath. They stopped by a large rock. That, they knew, was half-way up the hill toward home.

"I hear a plane," Jean said, and turned her head to listen. "It's coming this way."

Johnny nodded. "It may be lost," he said, and started up the hill again.

Suddenly Jean felt frightened. She even wondered if their house was lost. When it loomed up right in their path, she wanted to put her arms around it. They sat on the porch steps. The plane sounded nearer now.

"Oh, Johnny!" Jean cried. A dreadful thought had come to her. "Do you think it could be Father's plane?" Their father was a pilot of Airways, Limited.

Johnny turned his ear to the wind and listened.

"No," he said at last. "I think the sound of Father's motor is different. But I never heard his plane in a fog."

"I don't believe Dad could get lost," Jean cried.

"Well," Johnny said, "Dad's route is forty miles from the sea. There isn't usually much fog on that route."

The plane zoomed on above them, now loud, now softer, as if it went away and came back.

"I think that plane is trying to find the airport," said Johnny. "I wish I could help."

But there did not seem to be anything they could do. They heard the plane circling again and again. Johnny said that was the way planes did when they were lost.

“I know what to do,” Jean cried suddenly. “Let’s telephone the airport. Maybe they can do something.”

Johnny rushed into the house. When he came out again, his face was shining.

“Sammy Parks,” he cried, “up in the Control Tower, told me he’d just heard that some Canadian Army fliers were lost. This must be their plane. He was very glad to know about it.”

“I wonder what they’ll do,” Jean said.

The plane came zooming down again. It was coming closer, much closer. The whole world was filled with its terrible z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-zoom-oom-oomm! It seemed to be heading straight for them, crashing into them! Jean yelled and ducked her head. Johnny looked about him wildly.

Then, just as it had seemed almost on them, the zooming became softer and softer, although it didn’t quite go away.

Inside the house the telephone rang. Johnny jumped up and went to answer it. The next moment, he came dashing out of the house.

“Jean,” he shouted as he passed her, “get your bicycle! We’ve got a job to do! Come on!”

Jean jumped the last two steps. She sprang on the wheel he was holding up for her. He jumped on his own. They shot away and the fog swallowed them.



“FOLLOW ME”

Four men with faces grayer than the fog peered out of the misted windows.

“See anything?” one of the pilots asked.

“Not a thing,” the other answered.

“We haven’t much more gas?” The third man made it a question.

“Just enough for twenty minutes longer,” came the answer.

“Any chance of getting down?” the first pilot asked.

“None. If we’re where I think we are, the land is covered with small towns.”

Suddenly the pilot at the controls made up his mind.

“I’m going up,” he said. “We may break through.” He added, “We can always come down, but we can go up only when we have enough gas.”

They were going up. The dials showed it. Now there were only fifteen minutes of flying time left in the gas tank.



All in a minute, the gray mist thinned. It was gone! They were in the clear air now, but down below was still a sea of fog. Now there were only thirteen minutes of flying time left in the gas tank.

Then they saw a plane, speeding toward them. It was blinking its lights, on and off, off and on. It was sending a message! It was saying, "F-o-l-l-o-w — follow me!"

The faces of the four men lighted. Help had come. But — was it in time? Now there were only eleven minutes of flying time left in the gas tank.



THE LANDING

Pilot Avery, flying Number Eleven of the Airways, Limited, turned his plane sharply to the left and looked back. Yes, they were following all right. He had found them just where Sammy Parks had said. They would be all right if they had gas enough.

It was no use trying to reach the airport. The way they swung in after him told him they were in a hurry. Well, ten minutes should bring them to the old Drill Ground on the other side of the mountain. The fog never got up there. Of course, the field wouldn't be lighted, but he knew his way down there in the dark and would try to lead them. They would have to chance making a safe landing.

It was funny to be flying forty miles off his own course and right over his own home. He wondered what Jean and Johnny were doing. What if the lost plane had crashed over their own house! He mustn't think of that.

There was the field now. But what was that? Lights? Why, the old Drill Ground was never lighted. Had he made a mistake? He must go lower and find out. Would the other plane understand? It did. It followed him down.

Well! Automobile headlights! A circle of them, all around the field! Someone must have rounded up every car in the valley.

The lights made landing easy, and the two planes came down safely. Horns honked a welcome as the fliers climbed out of their planes.

Pilot Avery noticed that one horn kept on honking after the others stopped. He listened. Was somebody signaling him? What was it? "N-i-c-e — nice work, Dad!"

Jean and Johnny! Pilot Avery grinned to himself and started across the field toward the signaling horn. He was proud indeed when he found that their quick thinking and quick work on bicycles had rounded up the cars at the Drill Ground and made a safe landing possible.

Nice work, Jean and Johnny!

Zillah Macdonald

THE FLOATING HOUSE

For days a steady rain had pattered against the windows and on the roof of the cabin down by the river. Inside, Tom and little Mary huddled by the kitchen stove, while Alice read to them. She was reading the story of the Magic Carpet. Tom, whittling by the stove, had pretended not to listen at first, but, in spite of himself, he stopped to hear how the story ended. The pet chicken, walking about the room, came across the bare floor to little Mary each time she took a bite of the corn-bread she held in her hand.

The noise of the big river could be heard as it rushed along not far from the cabin. The children's father was out there with other men, guarding the levee. The river was so high that it pushed against



the mud levee on both sides. Each night when Father came home, he told how the men piled on sandbags whenever a tiny bubble of water appeared in the mud.

That very morning their mother had wondered whether she ought to leave them and go to Crowley's Ridge to visit her sick sister.

"There's no danger," Father had said. "That levee will hold a mighty strain yet."

"I'm big enough to take care of the house and watch over the little ones," Alice had said.

"I'm not a little one. I don't need watching over," Tom had joined in. After his mother had left he tried to show this was so by doing the things a man would do. He drew the water from the well, and he filled the woodbox behind the stove.

Alice did not know how long she read, while the rain pattered down on the roof, and the wind howled through the cracks around the window. The fire in the stove burned slowly down. No one stopped to put on more wood.

Alice came to the end of the story of the Magic Carpet and closed the book.

“Things like that never happen to anybody,” said Tom.

“At least nothing like that ever happens to us,” Mary said.

But Alice was not so sure. Who could tell? Maybe sometime, when they were all standing on the rag rug in the front room, it might suddenly rise up like the Magic Carpet and float through the door, carrying them with it!

“When are we going to eat dinner?” asked little Mary, who had done nothing but eat all morning.

Alice went to the stove and saw that the fire had gone out. Tom, ashamed, looked around for more chips for the fire, but there were none in the box. He went outside to the woodpile with his ax in his hand. The two girls followed to bring back the chips in their aprons.

Far down the road, they saw a wagon pass, piled high with furniture. A man on the seat in front yelled at them, but they could not hear what he said.

“Maybe he was just saying ‘Howdy!’” Tom said.

Just then they heard a loud roar that shook the earth under their feet. As they stood there, wondering what it could be, a mule went past them as fast as his legs could carry him. He was followed by several cows, their bells jingling as they hurried heavily along. Then a deer from the swamps rushed past the cows and the mule. Birds flew over their heads. A rabbit hopped along the ground, his long ears flapping.

“The levee must have given away,” Alice said. “We’d better hurry.”



She grabbed Mary by one hand and Tom by the other. They started to follow the animals. But the road dipped down in a hollow and a muddy stream of water came creeping over it. Before they knew it, they were wading in water.

“We can’t make it,” Tom shouted. “Go back. The water’s coming too fast.”

They turned around and ran back to the house. The water was already creeping over the floor. The pet chicken was running here and there, scolding because his feet were wet. Little Mary stooped to pick him up.

They climbed up on the bed and looked down at the water, as it rose higher and higher. It covered the rag rug. It crept up the chair legs. It covered the box behind the kitchen stove. Slowly it rose along the sides of the bed.

Tom climbed onto the head of the bed and from there into the loft. He reached down to help his sisters up. A field mouse, seeking shelter, ran along a beam.

They looked down and saw the muddy water rising higher and higher. It covered the bed and

slowly crept up the walls toward the floor of the loft. Tom stood up, and with his ax began cutting a hole in the roof. Soon he could see the sky through the hole. The rain had stopped, and the clouds moved fast. He cut away more and more of the roof until the hole was large enough to crawl through.

The house rocked gently.

“I do believe we are moving,” Alice said.

Tom climbed out through the hole onto the roof. Then he helped his sisters up — Mary, first, with

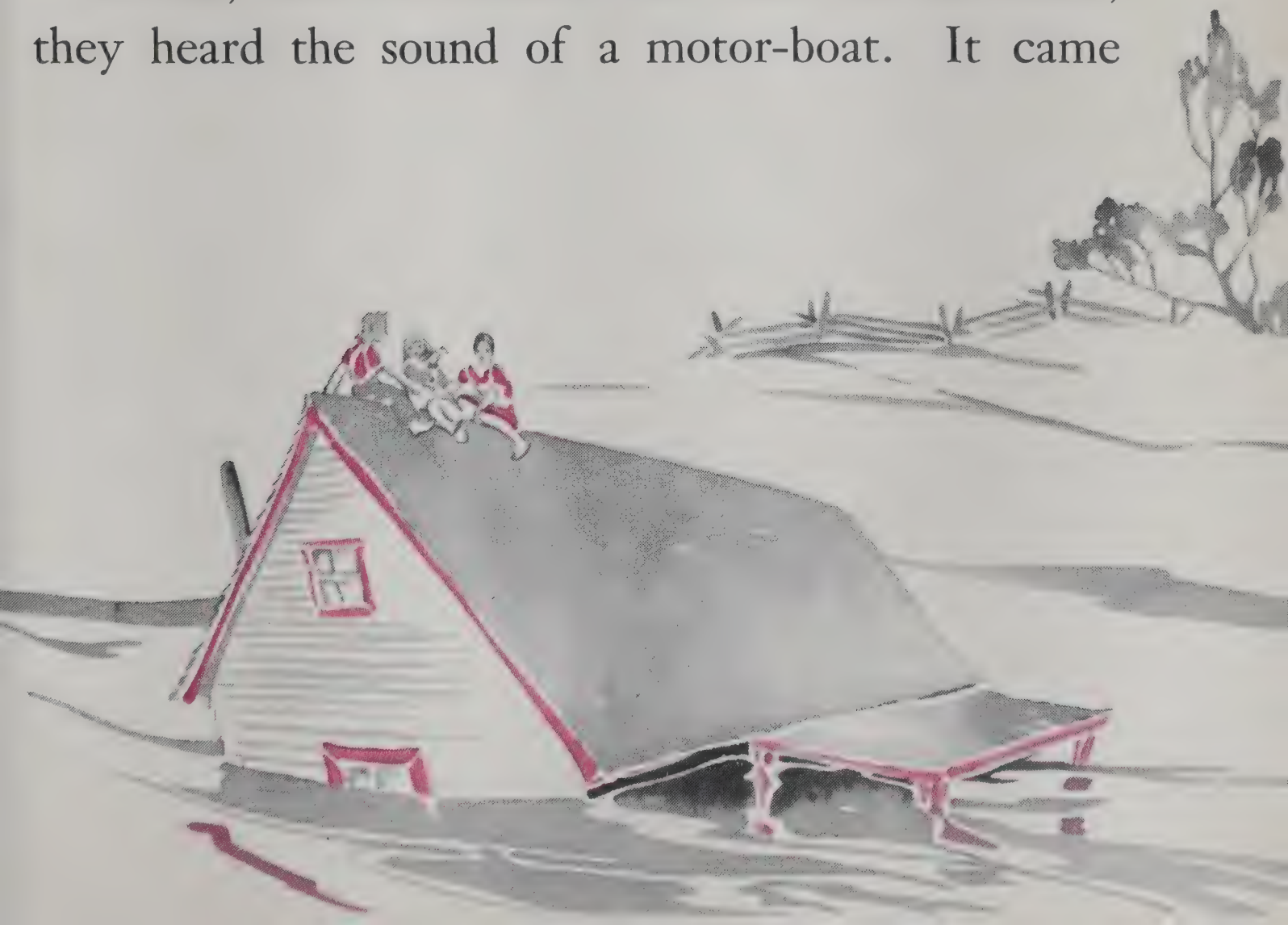


her chicken, and Alice, next. All three sat on the roof, holding to each other to keep from sliding off when the house rocked from side to side. They were moving. There was no doubt about it.

Wherever they looked, they could see water. On and on they went, carried by the wind and the current. Little Mary was afraid. Alice comforted her, though her own heart was beating fast. Tom sat silent.

Roofs of houses and logs and pieces of furniture went floating by them. They passed over swamps where tall trees grew. They were sailing through treetops.

At last, over the noise of the water and the wind, they heard the sound of a motor-boat. It came



closer and closer, until it was within sight. Alice waved her apron. Tom shouted. The boat turned and headed toward them. As it drew nearer, a man stood up. He was tall and thin, and he wore blue overalls. When he came closer he smiled, and Alice called, "Father! It's Father."

The boat drew close to the roof. One by one, the children slid down into the arms of their father. The chicken, with a peep, flew down by itself and rested on the side of the boat.

Mary sat in her father's lap. Tom and Alice sat beside their father and both talked at once. Over and over their father said, "You're safe! You're safe!"

"We'll go straight to Crowley's Ridge, for I know your mother is worried about you," he said. "She'll be mighty glad to see you."

Crowley's Ridge was a high hill. It stood out of the water like a small island. People were walking over it, talking in excited voices. Other boats came up and landed people who had been saved from roofs of houses, from the tops of trees, and from floating logs.

Animals of all kinds were gathered there — horses and cows, dogs and cats. Even the wild animals of the woods were no longer afraid of men in the face of the strange rush of water. A deer stood calmly by while a child petted him. A rabbit huddled at a woman's feet.

Alice saw her mother come rushing to them when the boat landed. She took her children in her arms, all three at once, and there were tears in her eyes. Then she led them to her sister's house. There she wrapped them up warm while their clothes dried by the kitchen fire.

Now that the danger was past, Alice suddenly felt tired. She drank the hot soup her mother gave her and then felt very sleepy. The voices of people talking became fainter and fainter.

Nodding her head, she thought, "Things do happen after all. I've seen the tops of the tall trees in the swamps, and I've floated on the roof of my own house down, down the river."

Charlie May Simon





THE GALLANT ENGINE

THE PICNIC TRAIN IS LATE

The big black locomotive had had a long run. "Choo! Choo!" he puffed. He had run all the way from Halifax that morning.

Everybody in Nova Scotia knew the old engine. He liked people to notice him. He always rushed into a station with a rip and a roar that made everybody move back. And then, as he stopped, he would puff, "Choo! Choo!"

If there were a young American on the platform visiting Nova Scotia for the first time, he would

be sure to cry, "Oh, see the big black engine!" Then he would spell out the engine's name, "L-e-s-c-a-r-b-o-t; Lescarbot." Only he would say "Lescar-bot," when he ought to say "Les-car-bo."

The boys and girls of the Evangeline Valley loved Lescarbot so much that they made a song about him. It went:

"Choo! Choo! Choo-choo-choo!

Old Lescarbot,

Don't you know

You've got to go?

Old Lescarbot!

Choo! Choo! Choo-choo-choo!"

Lescarbot was very proud of his name. He had been named for Marc Lescarbot, a Frenchman who had come to Nova Scotia way back in 1606.

Marc Lescarbot was a brave man and a good one. He had taught the early settlers how to plant and to harvest so that they would not go hungry in the new world. He wrote a play for them. Everybody loved him and the people of the Evangeline Valley still honor his memory. Lescarbot, the big black engine, wanted to be as brave and as good

as the man for whom he was named. He wanted everyone to love him.

Lescarbot sat on a side track far out in the country. Lescarbot, and Jake, his driver, and Jerry, his fireman, were waiting for another train, the Picnicker. After that had passed, they would go back on the main line.

Jake took out his watch. "Twenty minutes to wait!" he said.

Jerry said, "All right! I'll take a rest while we wait." He rolled off the cab. He jumped over a wire fence into a field.

"Oh, boy!" he cried, and began to eat the wild strawberries he found there. Then he lay down and went to sleep.

Jake patted Lescarbot on his big boiler. He did a few little things that made Lescarbot feel better. He did it with a big long-nosed oil can. Lescarbot always felt much better after Jake had used the oil can around his big driving rods.

When he had finished with the oil can, Jake climbed back into the cab. He lay down on the bench and went to sleep.

Lescarbot would have liked to go to sleep, too, but he couldn't. He couldn't let his fire go out. As soon as the Picnicker passed, he must be ready to go on again at once.

It was all very still.

Jerry slept in the strawberry patch. Jake slept on in the cab. The afternoon went by.

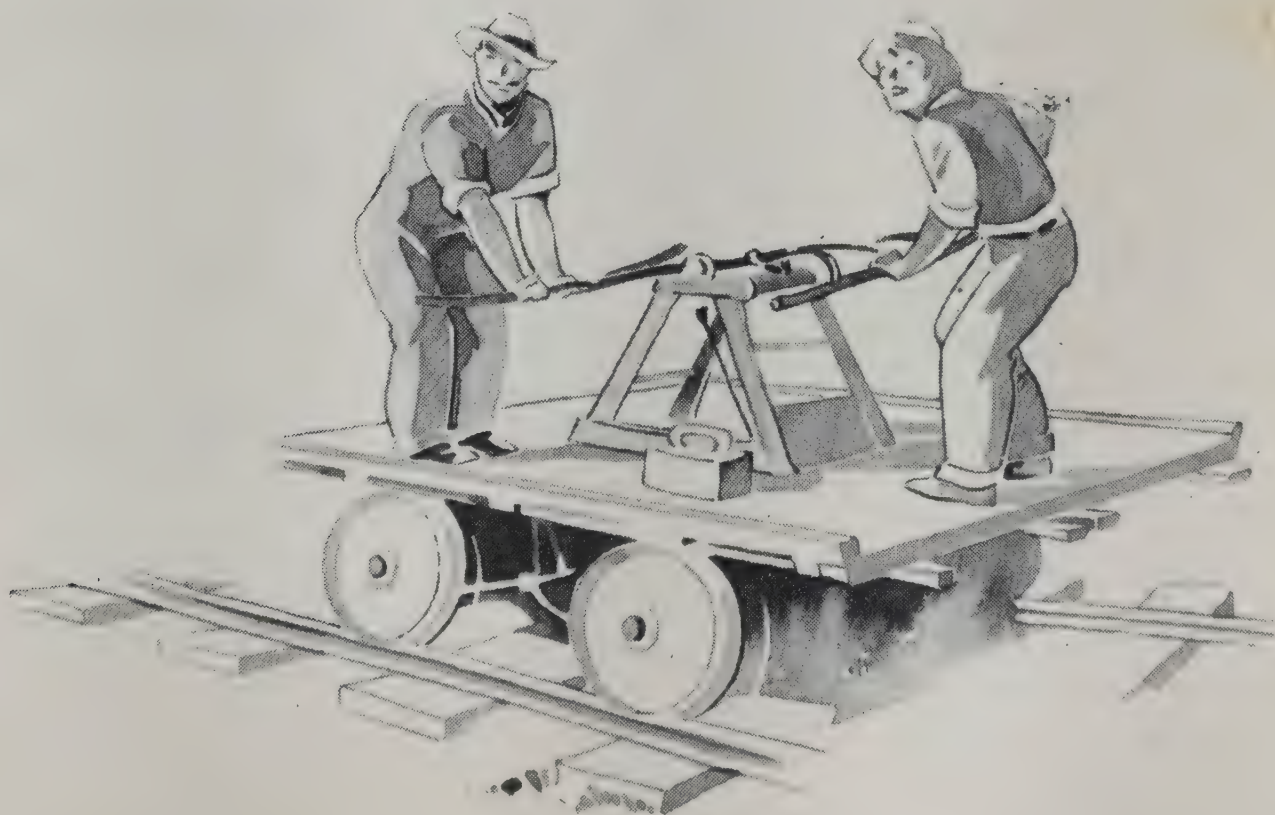
Presently the rails began to hum, "Zim-im-im-im!" Something was coming! The Picnicker! No, this was coming from the wrong direction.

Jake woke up in a great hurry.

Jerry, in the strawberry patch, slept on.

Then the click-clack grew louder until a hand-car came in sight on the main track.

"What's up?" shouted Jake as the car went by.



“Picnicker’s half an hour late!” yelled back the men at the handles.

Out of his one big eye, Lescarbot watched the hand-car disappear. It ran a mile or two, and then it swung off on a branch line.

Lescarbot could see the main track on which the Picnicker would come, running straight as an arrow for five miles ahead. Five miles ahead there was a deep cove. Here the track ran down a steep grade, crossed over a small bridge, ran up the grade on the other side, and swung into level country again. The bridge, last of the old wooden ones in Nova Scotia, was known as the Old Water Bridge.

Lescarbot always liked the little run across the cove. If Jake let him run fast enough, he could dash over the bridge and up the grade on the other side without any trouble at all.

The Old Water Bridge would shiver and shake under him as he crossed it. Lescarbot liked to look down at the water rushing underneath. It came from far back in the hills. On the way down it passed a lumber camp.

The river up by the camp was full of floating logs.

A string of logs chained end to end kept them from floating down the river. This log chain was known as a boom. Now and then the lumbermen would open the boom just a little, and let a few logs float down the river to the cove and the sea. Then they would close the boom again. The old bridge, as the logs would bump their way through, would cry sharply, "You're bumping me! Stop bumping me! I don't like it a bit."

Jake yawned. "Well," he said sleepily, "maybe we'd better see what is going on."

He took a small telegraph key from under the bench. He took out some boxes. They had a long wire fastened to them. He leaned out of the window and flung the wire over the telegraph wires which followed the track. At once the key began clicking, "Dot-dash-dot-dash!"

Jake could hear things now. The telegraph was talking. Lescarbot listened, too. He could read the code as well as Jake. Somebody in Halifax was ordering a barrel of apples. Somebody in Boston was coming home. "Arrive Saturday. Babies well." Lescarbot was glad the babies were well.



Jake yawned. He said, "Since the Picnicker is late, I may as well have another nap."

Once again Jake lay down on the bench and went to sleep with his cap over his eyes.

Only the little voice in Lescarbot's cab went on talking, "Dot-dash-dot-dash-dot-dash!"

HOLD BACK THE 10:33!

Lescarbot felt himself getting sleepier and sleepier. Suddenly he woke with a start.

The little voice in the wire was saying, "Deepbrook! Deepbrook! Deepbrook!"

Deepbrook answered.

Then the first voice came again. "Hold back the 10:33! Hold back the 10:33! Did you get it? Hold back the 10:33!"

The 10:33! That was the Picnicker!

The wire spoke again, this time from Deepbrook.

“10:33 just passed. What is wrong?”

Lescarbot held his breath for the answer.

“Boom has broken! Logs piling down against the Old Water Bridge! Bridge going! Hold back the 10:33!”

The Old Water Bridge was going, five miles ahead across the little cove. All the logs that had been held by the boom were crashing down into the bridge.

And away on the other side of it was the Picnicker. It was rushing straight toward the bridge with a load of boys and girls.

The voice over the wire from Deepbrook came again. “Too late to catch her. What can I do?”



“Keep repeating,” came the answer. “Keep repeating: ‘Bridge going! Bridge going! Boom broken! Old Water Bridge going!’ Keep repeating. May be someone listening in.”

Lescarbot was listening in. He was listening so hard he felt his boiler getting hot.

Suddenly Lescarbot knew what to do. He was five miles from the bridge. The Picnicker must be fifteen. He was running light. The Picnicker had a long line of heavy coaches. He must get to the bridge first. Would Jake understand? But Jake was asleep. Lescarbot would soon fix that.

Lescarbot held his breath so long he almost burst. Then “Bang!” he blew off his steam whistle.

Jake woke up. He had to. He heard the little voice signaling, “Boom broken! Old Water Bridge going! Hold back the 10:33!”

Jake listened. Then he sprang to his feet. “Jerry! Jerry!” he called. “We’re pulling out!”

Jerry jumped over the fence without a word. He raced up the track. Jake opened the throttle. Lescarbot jolted onto the main track. Jerry closed the switch and got aboard.

Once on the main track, Lescarbot ran for his life and the lives of all the children. He must run for five miles over the level to the cove. Then he must run down the grade, across the bridge, up the grade, and onto the level again before the Pic-nicker got there. Could he do it? He must.

On and on flew the engine toward the river and the Old Water Bridge.

Jerry hung out of one window and Jake put his head out of the other window. The bridge was still standing.

Lescarbot swung into the down grade. With no cars behind him to hold him back, he almost left the track. But he held on.

Suddenly Jake cried, "The logs are coming! We're too late!"

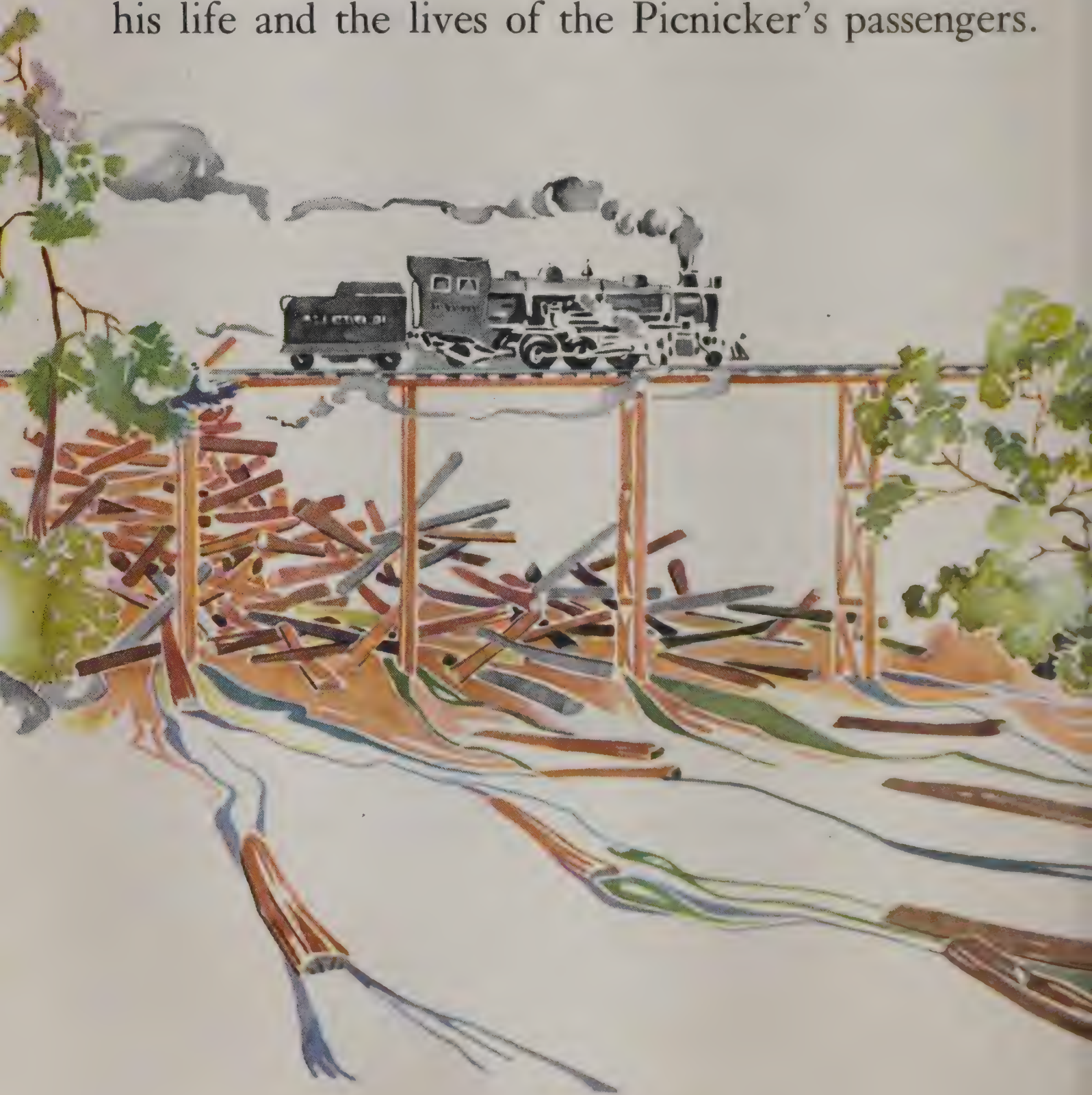
He put his hand on the throttle to stop Lescarbot! Then he pulled it back. They might make it yet. They must make it!

Out of his one great eye, Lescarbot saw the logs coming. The first one went over the dam and was flung high in the air. Then it dropped into the river and hit the bridge a heavy blow. Then came

another and another. The logs were coming thick and fast.

Lescarbot reached the Old Water Bridge. Would it hold? Bump went the logs against it. More and more came piling down. They were level with the bridge now, piling up on top of it. Lescarbot kept on. The old bridge trembled.

Lescarbot, his wheels turning like mad, ran for his life and the lives of the Picnicker's passengers.



At last they were over! But not a moment too soon. With a rip and a roar, the Old Water Bridge broke in the center and crashed into the stream.

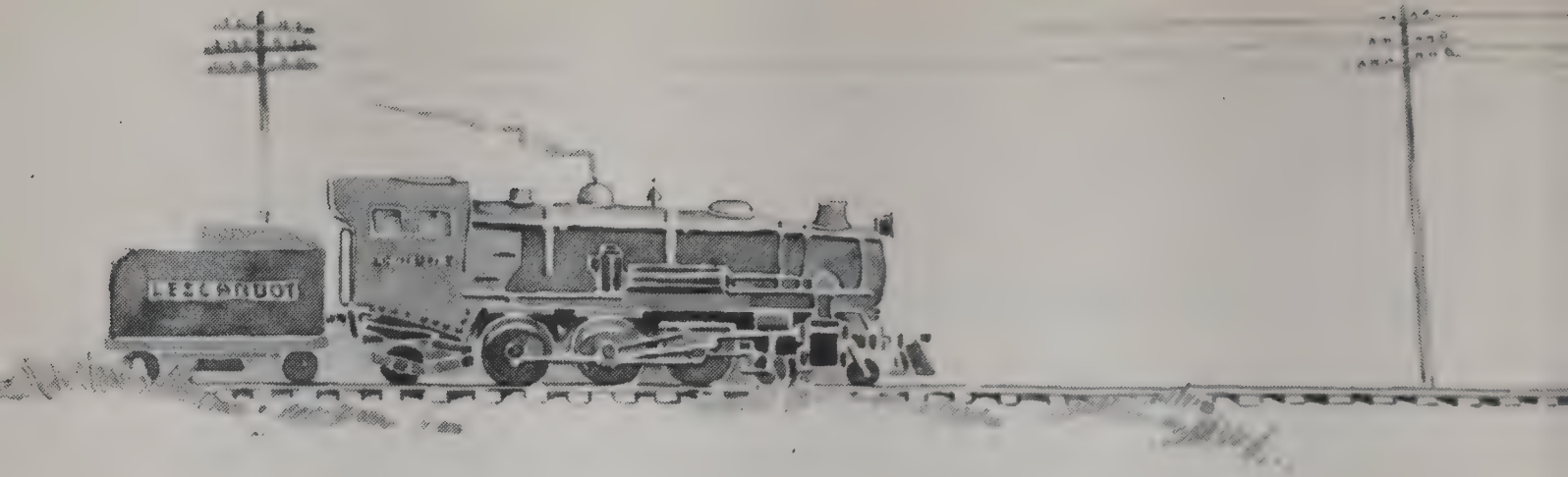
Lescarbot could not stop to look back. He panted up the steep grade on the other side of the river. He strained his boilers until they almost burst. He had to get to the top before the Picnicker reached it from the other side. On and on, up and up, he pushed. He was over the top. He was on the level! They had won!

But had they? A hundred yards ahead was a curve. Would the Picnicker come swinging into sight and crash into them, after all?

Lescarbot held his breath as Jake came to a stop that almost threw them off the rails. Jake waited only to tie down the whistle. Then he flung himself off the engine beside Jerry. They raced ahead.

“Woooooooooooooooooooo!” screeched Lescarbot’s whistle. Jake was racing up the track with Jerry. They had two torpedoes. They dashed around the curve out of sight.





“Woooooooooooooooooooo!” Beneath the sound of his own whistle, Lescarbot listened. He listened to the singing of the rails. The Picnicker was coming!

When the Picnicker’s wheels went over the torpedoes, they would explode. Then he’d know something was wrong on the road. He’d stop as soon as he could.

Suddenly, deep down, beneath his own great voice, Lescarbot heard a sharp pop-pop! The Picnicker had struck the torpedoes. Could he stop in time?

The next moment, the big black Picnicker, his brakes screaming, came around the curve. For one moment, Lescarbot held his breath. The Picnicker was rushing down upon him, growing bigger and bigger every minute.



Lescarbot's whistle stopped. He hadn't any more steam. He was quite flat. It didn't matter. He didn't need it any more.

The Picnicker, jolting, sliding, bumping, growling, slid down the rails toward him. A man couldn't have walked between them when the Picnicker stopped.

"What do you mean —" hissed the Picnicker, "s-s-s-s-sitting on my tracks?"

The Picnicker was nearly boiling, he was so angry.

Jake and Jerry came back up the track.

The Picnicker's driver jumped down and went to meet them. "I'll have you arrested," he said, for s-s-sitting on my tracks!" In his excitement he sounded just like his engine.

"You may thank Lescarbot," said Jerry, "that you are not sitting in the river."

“What do you mean —” began the driver.

Before Jerry could explain, some children who had run on ahead came back with the news.

“The bridge is gone! The Old Water Bridge has gone down the river!”

“Whew-w-w!” went the whistle of the Picnicker. Then he blew his loudest and longest. It sounded just like “Thank-s-s-s-s!”

Lescarbot took it for that, anyway, and felt very proud.

All the children came running to Lescarbot. They wanted to pat him. They said he was as brave as the hero of their valley, the first Lescarbot. They climbed into his cab, and they made up a new song to sing to him:

“Choo! Choo! Choo-choo-choo!

Old Lescarbot,

How he can go!

He’s never slow,

Good Lescarbot!

Choo! Choo! Choo-choo-choo!”

Zillah Macdonald

AMERICANS LONG AGO





DIRK'S HOLIDAY

BAD LUCK

Today New York is a big, busy city. Three hundred years ago it was a small Dutch town called New Amsterdam.

Then you could tell by the noise when school was out. The Dutch mothers in the clean little Dutch houses heard the clatter of wooden shoes on cobblestones.

"The children are coming," they cried. "Hurry the dinner."

One ten-year-old boy walked by himself. It was Dirk Van Vos. He frowned, and he kicked the cobblestones with his wooden shoes. He was cross. It was Saturday and a half holiday. In New Amsterdam there was school in the morning on Saturday, but not in the afternoon. Dirk

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wanted to go hunting with the other boys for squirrels and rabbits. They would hunt with bow and arrow, like Indians.

“Father will want me to plant the cabbages,” said Dirk to himself. “Why can’t I ever have any fun?”

Dirk made his way to the last little house at the end of the town. As he entered the door, his mother, Vrouw Van Vos, looked up from the kettle that she was stirring over the open fire. When she saw Dirk she cried out in surprise.

“See the boy’s face! Such a black frown!” she said. “Never have I seen such a face on a boy before. It frightens me more than the painted Indians in this strange land.”

But Dirk would not even smile at his mother’s words. He sat down quietly beside his father at the rough wooden table. The little room was clean, but it was bare. There were none of the bright gay things that the Dutch loved so well.

“I want to go hunting with the other boys this afternoon,” said Dirk.

“I think we must set out those young cabbage

plants," said his father quietly. Dirk's father talked little. Since they had come to New Amsterdam a year ago, he had grown more silent than ever, it seemed to Dirk. It was his mother's laugh that made the bare little house gay and home-like. But Dirk was not thinking of his mother now. He was thinking of cabbage plants.

"Why do I have to work all the time?" he complained. "The other boys have time for some fun. I never do anything, and we never have anything!" Even as Dirk said the words, he wished that he could take them back.

Vrouw Van Vos turned from the kettle that she had been stirring. Dirk could see her eyes fill with tears. She sat down heavily.

"What the boy says is true!" she cried. "Oh, why did we ever come to this new land? Why did we ever come to all this trouble?"

Dirk watched her. Never before, during all the hard times that they had been through, had he seen her cry. Now she was crying because of him! It was he who had complained because he had to set out cabbages!



It was only a year since the family had left Holland to come to New Amsterdam. Only a year ago Herr Van Vos had sold his fine farm in Holland. Vrouw Van Vos had packed up her best linens in the big chest of which she was so proud. She had packed her blue Delft china, and the big feather beds, and her cooking pots and kettles. Everything was ready to make the new home in New Amsterdam bright and homelike.

It was only a year since Dirk had walked with his father down to the dock to board the gaily painted ship with its big white sails. Dirk had run all over the boat.

“How many sons have you, Herr Van Vos?” the captain had asked with a smile. “Everywhere in my boat that I go I find a son of yours!”

At last the boat was ready to start. Down the harbor it sailed. But even then Dirk’s mother had not cried. Not even though Dirk’s two little sisters had been left behind till a home was ready for them in the new land.

But bad luck had followed the sailing of that ship. Before a week had passed, storms tossed it about. Pirates chased the boat, and the captain was forced to sail far out of his way. Many passengers were ill from the bad food and water.

Then came the worst trouble of all. A winter storm drove the ship ashore on Long Island. All the people had been saved that dreadful night, but the ship had gone down and her cargo was lost. Lost was the great chest of fine linens that Vrouw Van Vos had woven herself. Gone were the feather beds and the dishes. Gone was the money that Herr Van Vos had brought with him to buy a fine farm in New Amsterdam.

Fishing boats had picked up the passengers the

next day and carried them to New Amsterdam. The Governor, Peter Stuyvesant, had seen to it that each family from the wreck had a roof over its head. But it had been hard work to start all over again, with no money to buy what they needed. Dirk thought of that long, hard winter as he watched his mother cry.

Suddenly Vrouw Van Vos sat up and wiped her eyes. "I am ashamed of myself," she said, "for crying like any silly woman! Here I have the best son and the best husband in all New Amsterdam, and I've not given either of them a bite of dinner!"

In another moment she was busy again. But Dirk could not swallow his dinner. His mother reached under the table and patted his knee.

"There, there, son," she whispered. "Eat your dinner like a good boy. The day will come when we'll have cows in the barn and money in the money-box again."

But Dirk could stand it no longer. He slipped from his seat. "I'm going to set out the cabbage plants," he said.

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GOOD LUCK

All the afternoon Dirk carried tiny cabbage plants from the seed bed and set them out in long rows. His father's field was far from the town. It was at least a mile outside the wall that Governor Stuyvesant had built across the island to make the little town of New Amsterdam safe. Beyond the field where Dirk worked lay the pasture land for the cows from the town. Then came the woods.

Dirk stopped his work for a minute to watch the cows in the pasture. Some had young calves beside them. They made him think of Holland and the fine herds that his father had once owned.

Dirk turned back to his plants. He would work as hard as he could. Then perhaps he could sell cabbages enough so that he could buy a cow. That cow would have a calf, and then they would have

two cows. Then they would have four cows, and then eight cows, and then a whole herd! He, Dirk, would care for them himself.

Suddenly the boy heard a shout. He jumped to his feet. The herdsman in the pasture was waving his arms and shouting. The cows had lifted their heads and were crowding together. What was happening? Dirk ran across the field as fast as he could go.

As he reached the man's side, Dirk saw a young calf in the bushes at the edge of the wood, with a dim yellow form crouched near it.

"It's a panther!" cried Dirk.



The herdsman was pouring powder and shot into his gun. Dirk caught up a stone as big as his two fists and threw it with all his might at the yellow shadow. But someone else was ahead of man and boy. The mother cow had heard her calf's cry. She put down her head and charged at the panther. The beast jumped aside, and then sprang at the cow's throat.

The herdsman lifted his gun. "Shoot! Shoot!" cried the boy.

But the calf tried to run to its mother. Without a second thought Dirk dashed for the little animal. He threw his arms around its neck and pulled it away from danger. There was no hope of saving the mother cow now, but why should the little calf be killed, too?

There came the flash of light and the noise of the gun. The little calf trembled with fear, and pulled at the boy's arms, but Dirk managed to hold him for a second more. The gun sounded again. Dirk saw both panther and cow drop to the ground. He let go the calf, which ran bleating to its mother. "Poor little thing!" thought Dirk.

The herdsman bent over the dead panther.

"I'm glad that beast is done for!" he said. "His skin will bring me a bounty from the Governor. I'm sorry for the cow, but I'm glad you saved the calf. It's a fine, strong young one."

"Whose cow is it?" asked Dirk.

"She belonged to Herr Van Cortland," said the man. "He has plenty of others. But come, our work's just begun. The whole silly herd has scattered through the woods. We must round them up fast."

For an hour they worked. They dashed here and there through the bushes heading off the frightened animals. Dirk's clothes were torn. His legs were scratched. He was tired and hot.

At last the herd was rounded up. Dirk and the herdsman started back with them to the village. It was late and the sun was almost setting. The little calf which had lost its mother followed close behind Dirk. He patted the lonely little creature and talked to it.

As the herd neared the wall, people hurried out to meet it. Why were the cows so late?



What had happened? Again and again the story had to be told — of the panther and the wounded cow, and of how Dirk had saved the life of the little calf.

When Herr Van Cortland heard the story, he complained at first. It was his best cow that had been killed! She gave the most milk of any in his

herd! She had the finest calves! But finally he remembered that he had many other cows. Then he looked at the little calf. Dirk stood beside it. The young animal began to bleat. Dirk patted it gently. It put its nose in his hand and licked his fingers.

"Why, the boy has a way with the creature!" cried Herr Van Cortland. "See, the calf takes to him. It will cry all night for its mother. Can you feed it and care for it, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dirk eagerly.

"The boy shall have the calf for his own!" cried Herr Van Cortland. "He saved it and he shall have it!"

Dirk threw his arms around the little animal's neck. Then he remembered to thank Herr Van Cortland.

"I'll give you all the milk you'll need to raise it," cried a neighbor.

There came a cheer from the people as Dirk proudly led his calf toward his home. Dirk's legs could not carry him there fast enough. As he hurried along, he wondered why his father and

mother had not heard the shouting and come out to see what had happened. The door of the house was closed.

Dirk burst into the room. There sat his father and mother bending over a paper. They were reading it by the light of the fire. For a moment Dirk stood looking at them. He was too happy and excited to tell his surprise. But the next moment it was Dirk who had the surprise. The calf was tired and cold and frightened. Into the warm room it dashed. It knocked Dirk off his feet. Around the room it ran, sending bowls and kettles flying this way and that.

As soon as he could, Dirk jumped to his feet and caught the calf.

"It's mine! It's mine!" he panted. Then he told the story as best he could.

"And now, the letter, the letter!" cried Vrouw Van Vos.

That afternoon a boat had come from Holland, the first boat in many months. It brought a letter for Herr Van Vos and it brought news of the two little girls they had left at home.

“Your grandfather is sending money to help us,” cried Vrouw Van Vos. “We can build a barn and your calf will be the first of our herd. Good luck brings more good luck. Perhaps the little girls will be with us before another year has passed!”

The next thing that Dirk knew, his mother had caught one of his hands, and his father had caught the other. They were dancing around the calf. Yes, even his silent, tired father was dancing! Now the house was full of laughter and happiness.

Caroline D. Emerson

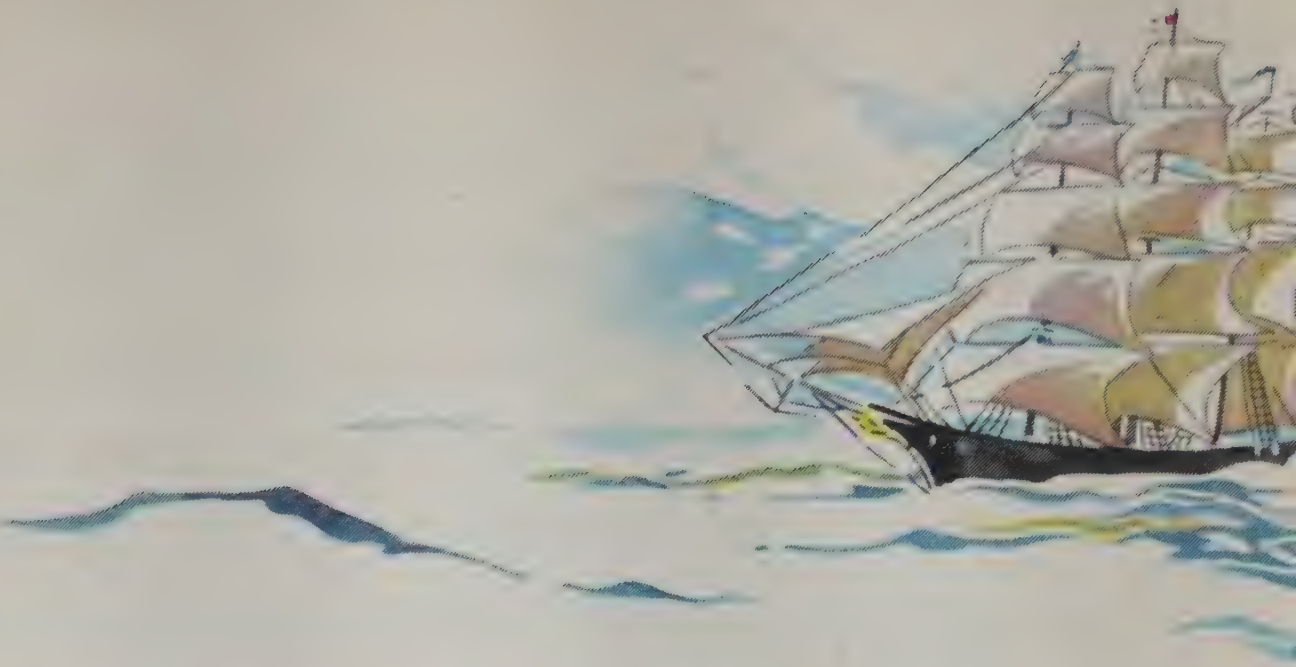




SEA CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

In the days when sailing ships still left our harbors for all parts of the world, there was a little girl named Mary Reid, whose father was a captain. She used to leave her dolls, yes, and her sampler, too, if her mother didn't watch out, and go up to the tower window overlooking the harbor to see the vessels coming in and out.

Mary would watch the vessels through her father's spy-glass. She could tell nearly as well as



he the name of each ship as it sailed in. She knew the master's name, too, and where it had come from, or where it was going. It used to surprise her father sometimes when he happened to be at home and heard her.

"How do you know that, Puss?" he'd ask, but she wouldn't tell.

"Oh, I just know, Papa," she'd say.

She had real sailing blood in her veins. Her father began as cabin boy. On his second voyage his ship was wrecked. He was a brave young one and wouldn't get into the life-boat until he'd caught the ship's cat — a big gray one, she was. That cat's kittens to this day are living all over the town. They have extra long whiskers and one white foot.

The house was full of interesting things that her father had brought back from his voyages.

Best of all Mary loved Sultan, the little monkey from Africa, who liked to sit on her shoulder. Sultan was full of tricks, and cook had a hard time keeping anything away from his busy little paws.

They were all happy together until one day Captain Reid called Mary and lifted her to his lap.

"Puss," he said very quietly and solemnly, "you know Mother has always wanted to go on a voyage with me."

"Yes, Papa," said Mary, playing with her father's watch chain.

"I'm sailing next week on the *Arabella*," her father went on, "trading with the West Coast and the Sandwich Islands. It seems a good time to take your mother with me. You will stay with your Aunt Betsy and take care of Sultan. Will you be a good girl and make no trouble?"

Mary's hand fell from her father's watch chain. Her lip trembled and her eyes filled with tears, but she did not cry. She was too old for that.

"Please let me go, too, Papa!" she begged.

"No, my dear," said her father. "We've decided, your mother and I, that you're too young.

It will be better for you to stay here with your aunt, and study your lessons, and practice your piano pieces, and do your sewing."

"But you were only nine —" began Mary.

"No arguing with your elders, my dear!" said her father, and Mary was silent. But all week she watched with a heavy heart as her mother and father got ready. Sultan seemed to understand, for he forgot his tricks and rode everywhere on Mary's shoulder, like a little black shadow of her woe.

The day came for the sailing of the *Arabella*. The trunks were out of the house. Her father's and mother's went down to the vessel. Mary's little trunk went to Aunt Betsy's. Her parents said good-by to her at her aunt's after supper, for the *Arabella* would not sail until long after Mary's bedtime. She saw her mother's handkerchief waving and waving from the carriage as they drove down the street, and her father's silk hat lifted high. The *Arabella* would leave with the evening tide, and Captain Reid had to be on board to see that all went well.

Mary was very quiet as she undressed and went to bed, but there were no tears. Aunt Betsy came in to kiss her good night. It was late in June and there was still light on the street.

But it was not for nothing that Mary had sailing blood in her veins! As soon as her aunt's footsteps died away on the stair, she jumped out of bed and dressed. Quickly she wrote a little note to Aunt Betsy. Then she tied a change of clothes and fresh handkerchiefs into a bundle. With Sultan on her shoulder, she slipped down the back stairs and out of the back door while the kitchen was empty.



With her heart in her mouth, Mary hurried down to the wharf. It was not yet dark and she was afraid that someone would question her, but no one paid any attention to Captain Reid's little girl, not even the busy mate whom she found at the gang-plank.

"Where is Mama?" she said, as she slipped by him with her bundle.

The mate, thinking that her mother must have forgotten something which Mary was bringing to her, pointed toward the bow. There Mrs. Reid was sitting, looking sadly toward the shore. The mate then forgot about little girls as he attended to all the questions of crew and cargo.

Darkness fell. The lights came out in the village and shone on the quiet harbor. The tide seemed to hesitate and then gathered force and began to run out to sea. The sails were raised. The ropes were cast off. The anchor was lifted. To the sound of a sea chantey, the *Arabella* sailed out into the darkness. At last Captain Reid was free to join his wife at the bow.

"We're getting the sea wind now," he said.

“You mustn’t get cold sitting here thinking about Mary. It won’t seem long before we’re back. Come down to the cabin, my dear, and warm yourself.”

Mrs. Reid drew her shawl closer about her with one hand and leaned on her husband’s arm as they walked.

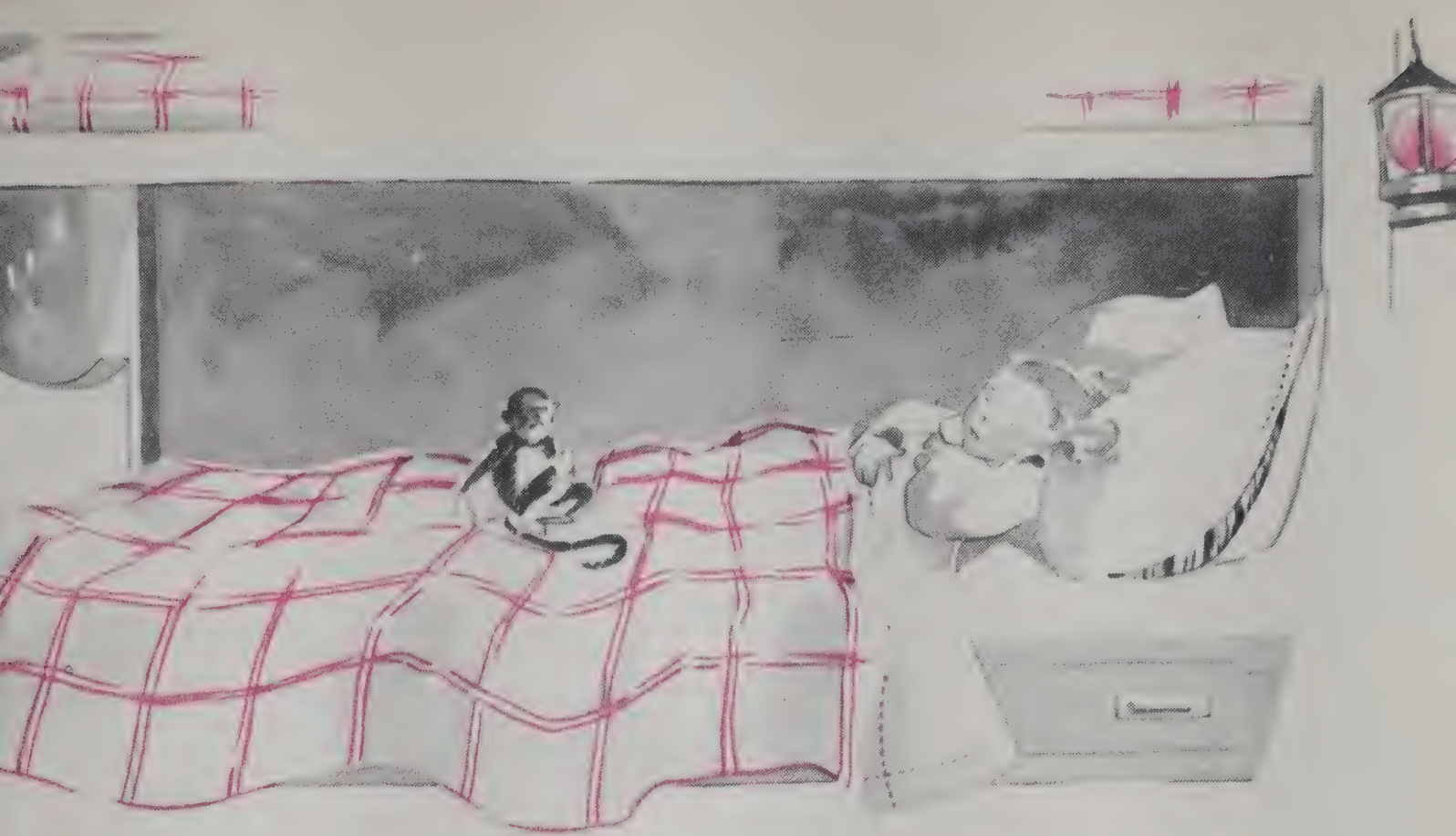
“I almost wish we had taken her,” she said.

“It’s too late now, my dear,” he said. “In a few minutes we shall be at sea.”

“Yes,” she agreed, opening the cabin door. And then she exclaimed, “Oh!”

At the surprise in her voice Captain Reid stepped quickly forward. There in the light of the hanging oil lamp were the things he expected. There were the table and chairs screwed into the floor, the cupboard, the pistol and maps on the wall, and the two wide berths.

Then he, too, was surprised. For there, sound asleep in the lower berth, lay the last thing he expected to see — his little daughter, her hair spreading out over the pillow, with Sultan huddled at her feet, his bright dark eyes fixed on the captain.



For a moment Captain Reid hesitated, a frown on his forehead, and a smile struggling at the corners of his mouth. Then he realized that the ship had taken on a roll that told him they were out of the harbor now, with the tide against a return. His wife was looking at him, holding back her happiness until he should make up his mind what to do. The frown deepened. He had not been obeyed. But the smile deepened, too. Suddenly the smile won.

“She’s a chip off the old block,” he whispered proudly. “I was nine, too, when I ran away to sea!”

Elizabeth Coatsworth



ALL BY A FLEET LITTLE MARE

THE BRITISH ARE COMING

Thomas Cheyney's little colt learned two things in the first years of her life. She learned that the grass over the fence was always sweeter, and she learned how to get over the fence.

Thomas Cheyney hummed gaily as he rode about the country-side. He hummed nonsense rhymes for the most part, or scraps of songs, and the little mare would show the world two clean pairs of heels as she rose over every fence and hedge.

At first Thomas Cheyney was as gay as the mare. But after a time, it was easy to see, something began

to trouble him. He hummed no longer, but rode quietly about the country-side, watching and waiting. The little mare seemed to know that Thomas Cheyney was worried, but she did not know why.

Her master could have told her it was because he was afraid that his lovely Pennsylvania would soon be the center of war. For the British under General Howe were sailing up the Chesapeake, and were hoping to march on Philadelphia, the capital of the thirteen colonies.

The British had more men than the colonists. They had more horses, more rifles, more food, more of everything an army needs. No wonder Thomas Cheyney was worried.

Soon he heard that George Washington would meet the British army on the banks of the Brandywine.

"He has chosen a strong position," Cheyney said to the little horse, as he watched the Americans moving into the wood just beyond Chadd's Ford.

Thomas Cheyney hoped that George Washington knew that the British did not have to cross at Chadd's Ford. They might march up the Lancaster



road and cross at Jeffry's Ford. It was a longer march, but if they did this, they could fall upon the rear of the Continental army.

Thomas Cheyney could not keep his thoughts away from Jeffry's Ford. Every morning he took the little mare out early. He rode over the country-side, through field and pasture, always watching, watching.

He rode to Chadd's Ford, too, and watched the Americans. He and the horse were hidden behind some willows there on a morning in September, when Cheyney's sharp eyes saw something move along the road across the Brandywine. Could it be the flash of a red coat? Yes, it was. Then the British were going to cross just where Washington had expected they would.

The rider patted his horse. But suddenly his hand lay still. What if it were all a trick? What

if only a part of the British force were coming here, while the others made that longer march?

Thomas Cheyney must know. He turned the little mare about and was off in the direction of Jeffry's Ford, riding hard.

"What if the British are there?" he asked the little mare.

The mare answered never a word. She only hurried along the dusty road. Sometimes she took a short cut across an open field. Up hill and down she went, in and out of the woods, toward a certain place where Thomas Cheyney knew Jeffry's Ford could be seen.



OVER FENCES AND HEDGES

At a turn in the road, near the ford, the mare felt the hand on her reins suddenly tighten. She stopped. Head up, she stood still while her master stared.

Thousands of red-coated soldiers were at the ford. Some were on one side. Some were on the other. Some were in the ford itself. The road on either side was filled with them.

Suddenly the British caught sight of Thomas Cheyney.

"That brown-coated man on horseback may be only a farmer," said a British officer, "but he has seen too much. Catch him!"

Up the road flew a dozen British soldiers on swift horses. Now these horses were fresh. They had not been ridden hard like the little mare. Their strength had been saved for the coming battle. It seemed as if they might easily overtake the little American mare pounding ahead of them down the road.

The mare looked neither to the right nor the left as she flew. A bullet passed her head. She lifted her heels, sailed over a hedge, and went like a streak across the meadow.

Tired? Not a bit of it now! The shouts of the British, the singing of the bullets, only helped her to go faster. Her master leaned low on her neck. He turned her now to the right, now to the left. Over one fence after another, the little mare rose like a bird.

The fences and hedges were not so easy for the British. They did not know the country over which they were chasing the fleet little mare and her rider. The British horses could not jump the fences, or fell as they tried to do so. These were not hunters, trained for jumping. These were war horses.

“Over!” urged Thomas Cheyney again and again to the little mare. And over she went, over and over again. At last the shouting stopped, and no more bullets came their way.

Thomas Cheyney glanced back. The last British soldier was picking himself up, was looking at a shoe



hanging from his horse's foot. Thomas Cheyney laughed. And for the first time in months the mare heard him singing Poor Richard's words at the top of his voice to a tune of his own:

“For want of a nail a shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe a horse was lost,
For want of a horse a rider was lost,
For want of a rider a battle was lost,
For want of a battle an army was lost,
For want of an army a kingdom was lost,
And all for the want of a two-penny nail.”

The British soldier, standing by his horse, shook his fist. He was helpless. He did not even know where he was.

“Now, go!” Squire Cheyney begged the mare. “There is an army ahead which must not be lost.”

The mare should have been tired, but she wasn't. Something about the man's voice, perhaps, kept her from being tired. She could run for miles yet.

And she did. She was out of the woods, over the last fence, and on the road again. She ran like the wind back to Chadd's Ford, where an American army expected the British army to come up in front of them.

“They'll take the whole army if we don't get there,” whispered Thomas Cheyney now and then. “The whole army! We must tell George Washington! Here, this way, it's a little shorter.”



SAVING THE ARMY

The mare was covered with mud when Cheyney reached the Continental army.

"I must see General Washington," he said to the first soldier he met.

"Impossible!" said the soldier. But Thomas Cheyney, farmer, would not give up.

When at last he was taken to Washington, he said simply, "The main body of the British army is on this side of the Brandywine. They crossed at Jeffry's Ford."

Washington looked at him in surprise. "Impossible!" he said. "I have just had word they are all coming straight toward Chadd's Ford, as we expected. You must have been mistaken. Perhaps a few men were there, but surely not the main body of the British."

"Look," said Cheyney, pointing to his tired horse. "Do you think I would have ridden my horse so hard to tell you the news unless I was sure? I saw them myself this morning."

The little mare lifted her head and watched the General. Washington loved horses. He knew that Cheyney spoke truly when he said that only great need would have made him ride so hard the little mare he loved.

"See," went on Thomas Cheyney, "it is this way." He drew a rough map on the ground and showed where he had seen the British soldiers. Then he added, "Put me under guard until you find my story true. Ask Anthony Wayne about me. He knows me. He will tell you my word can be trusted. The British must be only five miles away, coming in on your rear."

It was a bitter moment for Washington. Philadelphia would no doubt fall. But if there was time to save the army, that must be done.

"My horse!" ordered the General. As soon as Washington was seated in his saddle, he turned to Thomas Cheyney. "Show me the way you have come," he said.

Cheyney nodded, wondering how much more the little mare could do, but she set off gallantly at a word from her master. Washington and his staff

followed. Soon they came in sight of the British soldiers. They were just where Cheyney had said they would be.

“We must try to stop them,” said Washington.

But it was too late to stop the British. Washington had to fall back, to save his own men. Not many hours later, the Continental army was marching away from Philadelphia by the light of the harvest moon.

In another direction went Thomas Cheyney and his fleet little mare. They were very tired, but even the little mare seemed to know that they had both played an important part in saving the army.

None of this would have happened had not the little colt learned how to jump fences. Thomas Cheyney made his own nonsense song about it, and sang it as they rode together. It went like this:

“Because of a fence a horse was saved,
Because of a horse a battle was saved,
For lack of a battle an army was saved,
Because of an army our country was saved,
And all by a fleet little mare.”

Catherine Cate Coblentz



THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE

It was Sunday evening, October 8, 1871. A hot dry wind from the southwest had been blowing through Chicago for days. The weather was like summer.

Meg and Tom Cole were playing in the pasture behind Mrs. O'Leary's barn. It was Sunday, but they had been told that they might play there if they played quietly. They liked to ride on Mrs. O'Leary's old white horse, Ned. They called him a circus horse because of his color, but their father said it would take a fire to make old Ned go faster than a walk.

Meg had her turn on Ned while Tom went after Mrs. O'Leary's cow. Mrs. O'Leary would not let anyone but herself do the milking. So Tom put the cow in the barn and lighted a lantern for Mrs. O'Leary. She went into the barn with it to milk the cow, while Tom went back to the pasture.

It was only a few minutes later that Meg screamed, "Tom, look! The barn's on fire."

The cow, they found out later, had kicked over the lantern, and that was the start of the Great Chicago Fire.

Ned sniffed the smoke and, for once, began to run. Tom jumped to catch him, while Meg held on tight with her arms around Ned's neck. Tom turned the horse toward their house next door. For a while after that Meg never knew what happened. Blankets were piled on Ned. Then she was lifted up on the top blanket, with some pots and pans to hold.

Her father said, "Keep close to us, Meg, and hold on tight!"

They pushed along the streets. Suddenly Tom cried, "There's our teacher!"

The teacher had her parrot in a cage. The bird was screeching, "Go to school. Go to school!"

Tom said quietly, "We can't. The school has burned down."

Their teacher came up and begged, "Meg, take Polly with you. I must go back and save my father's Bible."

When Meg took the cage, Polly broke into loud screeching and huddled on the bottom of the cage.

On and on they went while the red glow of the flames lighted the sky, and sparks flew near them. As morning came, it began to grow light. When Meg looked about her, she saw to her surprise that she and Ned had been following some strangers instead of her own family.

"Mother, where are you?" she cried over and over until she was tired. But no one seemed to hear her or notice her. A great many people were separated from their families that night.

Once the crowd stopped to rest. But they all had to move on again when word came that the fire was coming closer.

Suddenly a loud explosion shook the ground.

It was followed by another. A small boy started to cry. Meg called to him in as gay a voice as she could manage, "It sounds like a giant firecracker!"

Other children took up the cry, "It was a big firecracker!"

Another explosion sounded.

"What is that noise?" Meg asked the man beside her.

"They're blowing up buildings to keep the fire from spreading south," he said.

Now more people poured into the street, joining Meg's crowd. These people had had time to gather some of their belongings. A boy about Tom's age had a large pig tied by a rope. The pig was frightened and tugged at the rope. Suddenly the rope became mixed up with Ned's feet. The pig squealed louder and louder as it struggled to get away.

"Whoa, Ned!" cried Meg, trying to hold him.

Ned tossed his head and kicked at the rope around his feet. The rope broke, and away the pig went. A great shout of laughter went up



The pig had run between the legs of a man loaded down with a feather bed. He found himself riding on the pig's back, until the feather bed caught on a wagon wheel. Then he fell off. A great cloud of white feathers filled the air and floated in the wind like a snow-storm.

The crowds moved on slowly toward Lake Michigan. Furniture was piled on the sand along the lake and covered with wet blankets. Tired people sat down on the sand and babies fell asleep.

Ned stumbled and refused to walk any farther. Meg tried to keep back her tears. There was no sign of her parents or Tom.

Meg still held the parrot cage. Some of the children saw it and crowded around her.

“Talk, Polly,” they cried.

Polly shook out her feathers and called solemnly, “Time for school!”

The children laughed and their parents laughed with them and it made them feel better.

Ned raised his head when he heard the frightened neighing of some other horses. He reared and threw Meg and the parrot cage to the ground with the blankets. The pots and pans rattled and flew off. Ned joined the other horses in the water along the shore of the lake.

Polly screeched so loudly that she could be heard above all other noises. Meg could keep back her tears no longer and began to cry.

Then someone pulled her up and held her with loving arms. A voice said, "Good for you, Polly!"

Meg opened her eyes and there were her father and her mother and Tom leaning over her.

"We've found you at last, Meg," her father said in a happy voice.

"We heard the parrot and followed the sound and there you were," said Tom.

Suddenly the crowd broke into a great cheer. Tom stood up to see what had happened.

"Boats! Boats are coming!" he shouted.

"Thank God!" said his father.

"What will happen to Ned?" asked Meg. "He ran away into the water."

"Oh, he will be safe. Horses can swim," Tom declared.

Polly, as usual, had only one thing to say. "School!" she screeched. "Time for school!"

Ruth Holberg





SEA GULL MONUMENT

Andrew scuffed down the dirt road between the fields of green corn, feeling the soft dust slip in and out between his bare toes. It was early August. As far as Andrew could see on both sides of the

road, the long green leaves of the growing corn shone in the hot sunlight like the water of the Great Salt Lake on a calm day. Andrew had seen the Great Salt Lake many times because it was only ten miles from his father's farm.

Andrew turned in from the dusty road to his own brown-painted house. As he looked out over his father's fields, Andrew knew that the corn and wheat would soon be ready to harvest.

The summer had been so dry that the earth crumbled when he poked his fingers into it. Andrew and his little sister had watered the small vegetable garden every day but they didn't have much water for the fields of wheat and corn and hay that spread out in all directions around their farmhouse. But the earth underneath was still damp. Everyone thought there would be a good crop in spite of the dry summer.

Today the sun burned as fiercely as though it wanted to cook the earth for a Christmas pudding. Andrew's mother and father and his little sister, Sarah, must be in the house. During the hottest part of the day everyone stayed indoors, out of the



heat — everyone, that is, but Andrew. He never wanted to sit around the house. No, sir!

Andrew shaded his eyes and looked out across the fields. The edge of the far cornfield looked queer. It was black instead of green. Andrew blinked and stared again. More of the field was growing black. It was as though a wide wave of dark mud were rolling slowly across the fields in a straight line.

“Hey, Pop,” he shouted toward the quiet house, “the cornfields are turning black.”

In a minute Andrew’s father came out into the yard. He was a tall thin man with a brown beard.



He shaded his eyes with both hands and looked where Andrew was pointing. They could hear a faint rustling sound. Then Andrew's father knew. He could tell by the rustling noise.

"Crickets!" he said in a low, trembling voice. Then he shouted, "Crickets!" and ran to the barn.

Andrew had never seen his father look scared before, but he knew why. He had heard about the plagues of crickets that swept over the fields of Utah every few years. The dark wave was made up of millions of the creatures crawling and hopping over the green valley. The hired men rushed out of doors and ran to the barn, too. The nearer cornfields now were beginning to be darkened by the swarm of crickets. Andrew's mother ran into the fields, beating a pan with a spoon to try to scare them away.

But the crickets swarmed on like a marching army. They swept over the green fields by the millions and started chewing the tops of the wheat heads. They bit off the tender young heads of lettuce in Andrew's own garden and spread out over the hayfields.

All the other farmers in the valley rushed into their fields. They hit at the crickets and jumped on them and tried to drown them with pails of water, so that the crops might be saved. Andrew could see the men like little dark shadows running through the fields, but he didn't have much time to watch what was happening in the other fields.



His father sent him running to the shed for shovels. With these Andrew and the men dug a big ditch through the middle of the hayfield. Then they set fire to one whole end of the field. When the crickets felt the hot flames they hopped and jumped away from the heat, and fell into the ditch. Then the men poured oil into the ditch full of crickets and set fire to it. There was a puff of flame that leaped along the ditch and burned all the crickets in it. Half of the hayfield was saved.



But there were other fields planted with corn or potatoes instead of hay. The leafy potato tops and the tall corn stalks were too green to burn, even though it had been a dry summer. Everyone knew that in a few days the crickets would eat everything. There would be no vegetables left in the garden, no leaves on the trees, and nothing to feed the pigs and the herds of cattle.

Andrew's mother was so worried that she forgot to cook supper. The hired men and Andrew and his father and his mother and even little Sarah kept killing the crickets as fast as they could, but they couldn't kill them all. There were too many crickets and too few people.

All of a sudden, in the direction of the Great Salt Lake, Andrew saw a huge gray cloud in the sky. It, too, looked like a swarm of something, and he was more scared than ever. The men shaded their eyes and watched the cloud. As it came nearer, they saw that it was made up of hundreds and hundreds of sea gulls sailing down the wind on their wide gray wings. With a great screeching, the sea gulls lighted on the fields and began to eat



up the crickets. The gulls were hungry. They snapped up the crickets and swallowed them whole, one after another.

After several hours, Andrew knew that the crops were saved. There were only a few crickets left hiding under the leaves of some of the plants. When the sea gulls had snapped up all the crickets they could find, they spread out their wide gray wings and flapped heavily off home to the Great Salt Lake.

For miles around, most of the broad fields looked as though nothing had happened. The tall corn rustled in the wind like green paper, and the wheat fields stretched out far and wide. Only when you walked through a field could you see that many of the leaves had been chewed off by the crickets.

Andrew's mother sat right down and cried because she was so tired and so happy. It seemed too good to be true. Their crops were saved and they would have food for the long cold winter months.

Just as always when something very exciting happens, like a fire or a parade, the people for miles around drove into town to talk about the wonderful thing that had happened. They stayed up late into the night. Nobody remembered that Andrew and Sarah should be in bed. Everybody had the same story to tell, about the good sea gulls that had saved their crops.

Years later people decided to put up a monument in the city, to tell strangers, and children who might grow up without remembering, what good friends the sea gulls had been to early farmers.

That is why, even now, in the center of a beautiful park in Salt Lake City, on top of a slender column twenty-five feet high, two stone sea gulls are carved, with their wings still spread as though they were about to alight on the blue-green waves of the Great Salt Lake.

Marguerite Hurrey

LET'S PRETEND





THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat.
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married! Too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?”
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,

And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Edward Lear





YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET

Yesterday in Oxford Street, oh, what d'you think,
my dears?

I had the most exciting time I've had for years and
years;

The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky
so blue between,

And, riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen.

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden
crown;

And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks
and lace —

She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite
a lovely place.

And once she turned and looked at me, and waved
her little hand;

But I could only stare and stare — oh, would she
understand?

I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining
blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings — a bird had
fluttered by —

And down into the street she looked and up into
the sky;

And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy toe,
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her
go.

I never saw her any more, although I looked all day.
Perhaps she only came to peep, and never meant to
stay.

But oh, my dears, just think of it, just think what
luck for me,

That she should come to Oxford Street, and I be
there to see!

Rose Fyleman



SOMEONE

Someone came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Someone came knocking,
I'm sure — sure — sure.
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But nought there was a-stirring
In the still, dark night.
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare

FUN AND MAGIC





OSCAR AT THE CIRCUS

NEW CLOTHES

There is one thing about this circus that I don't like," said Oscar, the trained seal.

"Why," said Mr. Zabriski, his trainer, "I thought you enjoyed every bit of your act."

"Oh, the tricks are fun," Oscar replied, "but I never get a chance to dress up. You spend a good half hour before each show trimming yourself like a Christmas tree, but I must wear my same old fur skin day in and day out. I'm tired of it, I tell you!"

"But, Oscar, be reasonable," begged Mr. Zabriski. "Could you do all those fancy dives if you were dressed up?"

“Of course I couldn’t,” Oscar scolded. “But just the same, I wish I could.” He pretended to wipe a tear out of his eye.

“Perhaps you could wear a red bathing suit,” Mr. Zabriski said kindly. “Something in stripes ought to look well. You’d like that, wouldn’t you? Come now. It’s time for our act. Are you ready?”

Oscar really did enjoy acting. While he swam about in his tank, Mr. Zabriski always made a short speech explaining to the audience that the tricks were really very difficult. He would often pick out a gentleman sitting in the front row and point to him, saying, “Tell me, sir, can you balance balls on your nose?”

Usually he would question a young lady next.

“Miss, could you climb a ladder with a glass of iced tea on your head, and never spill a drop?” he would ask.

Everybody in the tent would laugh at those jokes. Then Mr. Zabriski would ask them to clap their hands after each trick. He said that Oscar always worked twice as hard when friendly people in the audience showed him that they liked his act.

After that Oscar would flop out of the water and the show would begin. Oscar did other things besides fancy diving and balancing balls and glasses of iced tea. He played tunes on trumpets and beat a drum. He even pulled a little express wagon around the ring with a Teddy bear sitting on the seat pretending to drive. As Oscar finished each trick, the audience clapped and Mr. Zabriski patted him and threw him a small piece of fish.

On the day that Mr. Zabriski thought of the bathing suit, Oscar's act was better than ever before. During the show, he made plans for his new clothes.

"I could walk into the ring wearing a blue silk bathrobe," he thought. "And when I threw that off, there I'd be in my red-striped bathing suit!"

On the way out of the tent that afternoon, Oscar met one of his friends, a clown.

"Hello, there," called Oscar, cheerfully.

"Hello," said the clown, not at all cheerfully.

"What's the matter?" Oscar asked. "It's a good thing your mouth is painted. If your face looked the way your voice sounds, you'd have the audience crying instead of laughing."

“I could cry without half trying,” answered the clown sadly. “I’ve just received a telephone message that we have a new baby at our house. I can’t go home to see her because I must jump about and try to make a lot of people laugh. I tell you, I don’t feel a bit like acting silly! If only I could find someone to take my place tonight.”

“Why, you can!” said Oscar. “I will take your place!”

“What would you wear?” asked the clown.

“A clown suit, of course,” said Oscar.

“Mine would never fit you,” said the clown.



“Well, then, make me one!” Oscar scolded.
“Make me a paper suit.”

“I suppose I could,” said the clown.

So they set to work, the clown cutting, sewing, and fitting, and Oscar pasting.

The suit was made of light green paper with paper ruffles like large petals. They covered Oscar’s flippers, making him look like a giant head of lettuce. He wore a white false face and a flat red hat that looked like a slice of tomato. When the clown had fastened the last thread, he looked at Oscar and laughed.

“All you need is a little salad dressing,” he exclaimed, “and someone might try to eat you.”

“No one will guess that I’m Oscar,” said the seal.

TRouble FOR OSCAR

Oscar was right. When he entered the tent that evening, he could hear people saying, “Look at that clown! He’s dressed to look like a salad! What will they do next?”

Now, of course, Oscar was not used to doing clown tricks. When the audience first saw him, they laughed and clapped. In a short time the seal noticed that they were enjoying the other clowns, but paying no attention to him. Feeling quite unhappy, he walked over to the big seal tank in the center and began balancing on the edge.

“What can I do to make them laugh?” he asked himself. “I know. I’ll pretend to fall in, but save myself just in time.”

He leaned toward the water, he leaned back, he leaned toward the water again, and then back. People in the audience began pointing to him and laughing and clapping.

“Now I am getting somewhere,” said the seal. He was happy once more, because, after all, Oscar was an actor. Making the audience look at him was the most important part of his work.

But the people grew tired of watching the head of lettuce almost fall in and never quite do it.

“I must do something different again,” Oscar thought. “This clown business is hard work. I know! This time I’ll really fall in!”

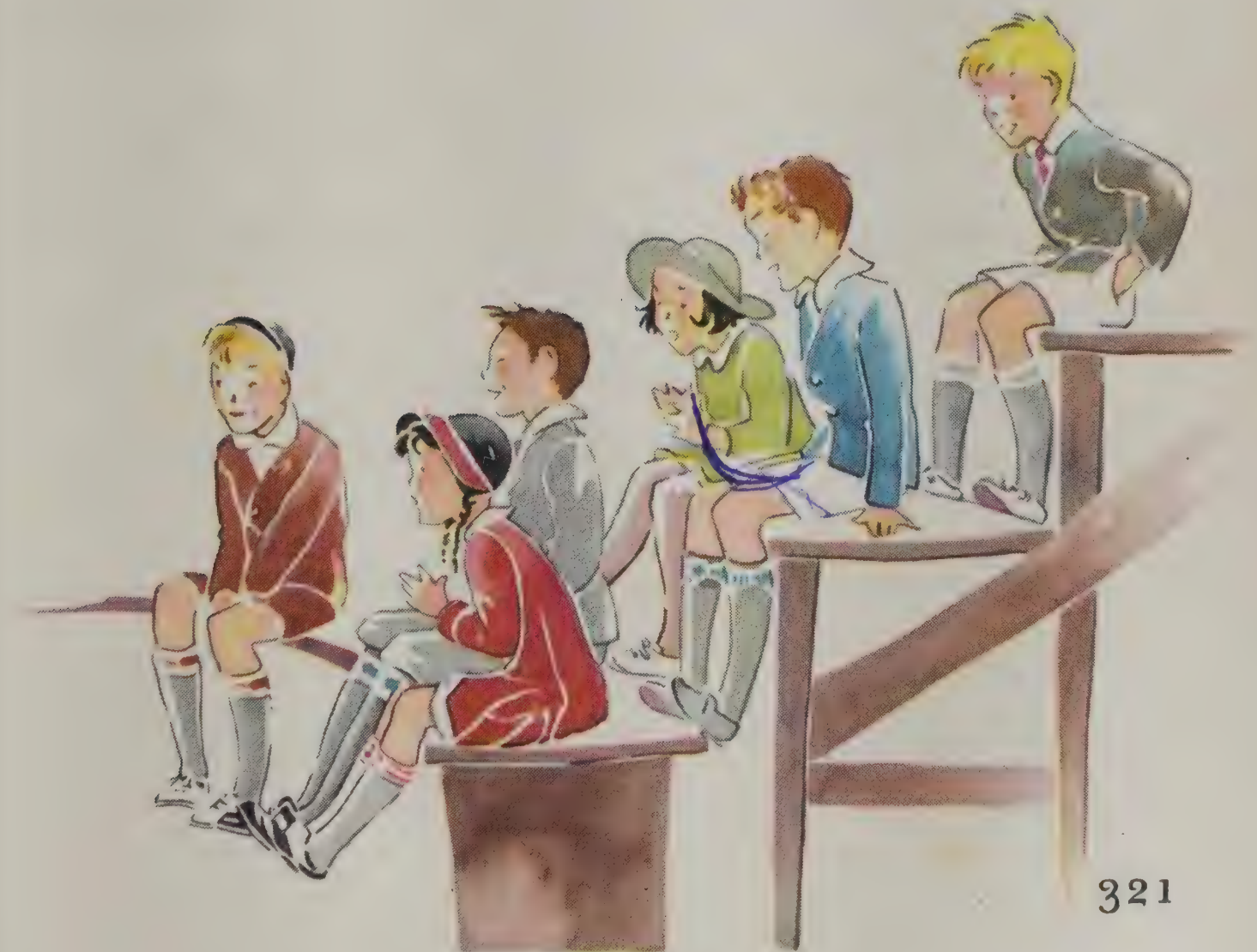
Once more he balanced on the edge of the tank. He forgot that he was all dressed up in a costume made of paper. Over he went into the deep tank, and the audience clapped and called, "Throw him a rope."

While they were clapping, Oscar, down at the bottom of the tank, realized that he was in trouble. When he hit the water, the green paper fell off and the false face floated away, too. There he was, a seal swimming around under water, with nothing left of the beautiful costume. He dared not come to the surface. It never occurred to him that the audience would expect him to appear on top.



While Oscar swam about under water, everyone in the tent sat watching the tank. In a few minutes people began to look worried. Someone called, "He didn't come up!" Others began to scream, "Save him!"

Two men ran down from the back seats of the tent and a girl sprang up from her place in the front row. They all jumped into the tank to rescue Oscar. They were all good swimmers, but Oscar



was better. He ducked around under water, but at last they caught him. When they found that they had saved a seal from drowning, they were not only surprised but cross.

“He could swim all the time,” cried the first man, “and now I’m soaking wet!”

“Just take a look at my new suit! Take a look at it!” the second man shouted.

“Look at my best dress!” the girl cried. “I want to see the manager.”

By this time the manager and Mr. Zabriski were hurrying toward the stage. And at that point Oscar wished that he could suddenly disappear, but he did not know how. So he did the next best thing. He shut his eyes, rolled over, and played dead.

“He’s sick, poor thing!” the girl exclaimed.

“Is there a doctor in the house?” called the manager.

There was a doctor in the circus tent. He lost no time in reaching the stage, but he was a young man and he had never before been called to the bedside of a seal.

“Can’t you do something for him?” Mr. Zabriski begged.

“Do something!” cried the manager, who was used to giving orders. “See if his heart is beating.”

The doctor felt in his pocket, and drew out a little rubber-tubing telephone that is called a stethoscope. He put the tips to his ears, and began testing Oscar’s heart. Oscar held his breath as long as he could, but finally he could hold it no longer.

“You tickle!” he yelled, coming to life.

“He’s fooling us!” shouted the doctor.

“My dress is ruined,” scolded the girl.

“You’ll pay for this!” the first man roared at the manager.

“What about my suit?” cried the second man.

Mr. Zabriski said gently, “Come on, Oscar. We’d better go.”

“Go?” shouted the manager. “Did you say ‘Go’?” his voice thundered through the tent. “You are fired! Get out of my show!”

At that the audience began to clap. Mr. Zabriski whispered to Oscar, “They are glad we lost our jobs.”

Then he walked away, and the seal followed him sadly.

They had no sooner reached Oscar's dressing room than the manager came running. "Come back quickly and take a bow," he cried.

"We want Oscar!" the people were calling.

"They don't realize that the whole thing was an accident," whispered the manager. "They think that it was all part of the show."

Oscar, the doctor, the three swimmers, Mr. Zabriski, and the manager all joined hands and bowed. They had to come back and bow eight more times before the audience let them go.

When the tent had emptied, the manager said, "This is the best act I've ever had. We'll do the whole thing over every night."

Then he shook hands with Mr. Zabriski and patted Oscar on the shoulder. "You're going to get a raise!" he exclaimed. "What an actor! What a show!"

Mabel Neikirk

COCK DOODLE

Once upon a time, near a famous old town in New England, there lived a handsome red rooster named Cock Doodle. For many years he had been lord of the barnyard. He would walk around as if he owned everything in sight, grandly nodding left and right as he went, saying to himself, "This belongs to me. That belongs to me. Everything belongs to me."

From the tips of his yellow spurs to the tip of his crimson comb he was very handsome, but his chief claim to fame was his voice. He could sing cock-a-doodle-doo a thousand times louder than any other rooster who ever lived. When he flapped his wings and crowed, he could be heard all over New England — yes, sir!

You might suppose that Cock Doodle would be very proud of such a wonderful voice. Well, he was proud of it, and yet he was sick of it, too. He was tired of saying always the same old cock-a-doodle-doo. He wished with all his heart that he

could talk like the other barnyard creatures — sometimes like a cow, sometimes like a horse. What fun it would be to bark like a dog or quack like a duck whenever he pleased! He said to himself, “If I could do it just once in my life — oh me, oh my! Then I should be the happiest rooster on earth.”

Cock Doodle made up his mind that somehow he would make his wish come true, but he said nothing about it to anyone. He knew if he did, the silly things would laugh at him. Just wait until they heard him talk! Then they would laugh out of the other side of their mouths.

So every day he went off by himself behind the barn, where he could be alone, and practiced. He knew the voice of every barnyard creature, but not a word of their talk could he say. Every time he opened his mouth, out came that same cock-a-doodle-doo. Over and over again he tried.

He would think, “Meow,” and say, “Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

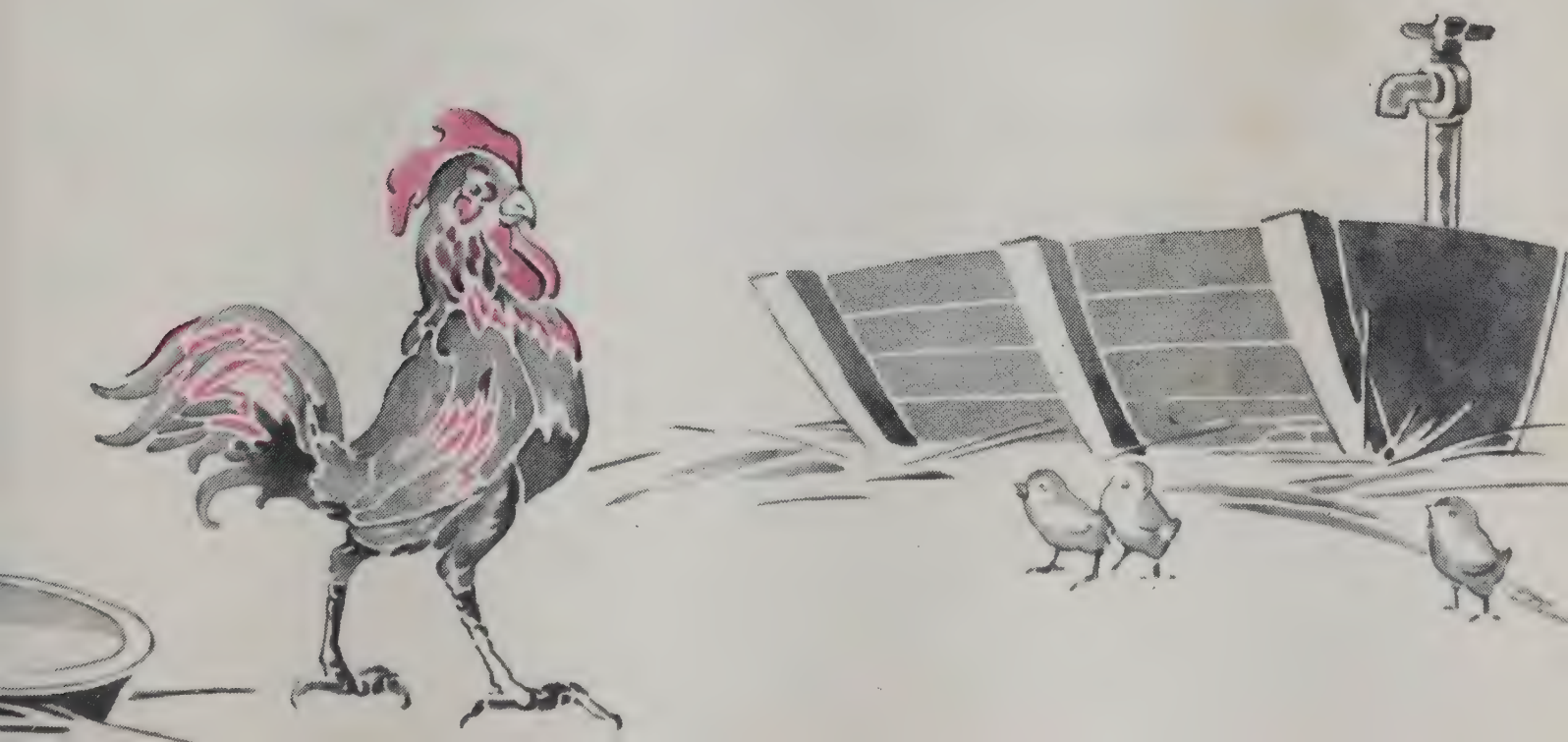
He would think, “Neigh-hay-hay,” and say, “Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

He would think, “Quack, quack,” and say, “Cock-a-doodle-doo!”

It was no use. At last he said to himself, “I guess, after all, I shall never, never be able to talk with any voice except my own. My wish will never come true.”

Spring and summer passed. Autumn came, bringing colder weather. One evening in November, when the sunset was a streak of golden glitter under gray clouds, Cock Doodle thought, “The sky looks cold. It will probably be much colder tonight and tomorrow.” Then he settled down on his roost, tucked his head under his wing and went to sleep.

Cock Doodle was right. That night a cold spell settled on New England — a spell so cold that there had never been one like it before and never



has been since. Down, down, down went the thermometer. It must have been at least a hundred degrees below zero.

When Cock Doodle woke up next morning, his neck was so stiff with cold that he could hardly draw his head from under his wing. When he stood up, his feet and legs were so stiff that he almost fell off the roost. He had never felt such cold in all his born days. Looking toward the window, he saw the frost shining on the glass. He knew it was dawn and time to crow. Stretching up his neck as far as it would go, he opened his mouth and crowed with all his might, "Cock-a-doodle-dooooooooooooo!"

Did all New England, as usual, hear Cock Doodle crowing? Did all New England hear him? No, that was the surprising part. Not a single person in New England heard him. No one in the famous old town heard him. No one at the farm heard him. He did not hear himself. Though he had stretched up his neck as far as it would go, opened his mouth, and crowed with all his might, he had not made a sound!

What had happened? Well, strange as it may seem, that hundred-degrees-below-zero cold spell was so cold that Cock Doodle's voice had frozen as soon as he spoke. His mighty cock-a-doodle-doo was frozen hard as an icicle, invisible and light as a feather floating in the air.

One by one, the other barnyard creatures woke up. One by one, each tried to say what he usually said in the morning — the cat, the dog, the hens, the ducks, the turkeys, the pigeons, the sheep, the horse, and the cow. To each of them the same surprising thing happened. Not one of them could make a sound. Every voice immediately froze and became a silent, invisible icicle floating in the air. Everyone was upset.

Hardly knowing what he did, Cock Doodle walked over to the corner made by the henhouse and the barn. That was the place the sun would touch first, and he longed for its warmth. Also, it happened that a little breeze was blowing in that direction. It blew all the frozen voices over there, too. Cock Doodle could not see them, but there they were, floating just over his head.

In a few minutes the round red sun looked over the edge of the earth and sent his brightest beam straight to that corner between the henhouse and the barn. Cock Doodle stretched up his neck to feel its pleasant warmth. He loved it, but that same warmth was too much for the frozen voices. Immediately they began to melt. Down they fell on Cock Doodle's head and all came to life at once, like a bunch of firecrackers. And as they melted, oh my, did Cock Doodle talk! For once in his life, did he talk!





He meowed like a cat. He barked like a dog. He clucked like a hen, and he quacked like a duck. He gobbled like a turkey. He cooed like a pigeon. He bleated like a sheep, and he mooed like a cow. He neighed like a horse. He finished with a loud cock-a-doodle-doo like himself.

Meow, meow! Bow-wow-wow! Cut-cut-cut, ka-dar-cut! Quack, quack, quack! Gobble, gobble, gobble! Coo, coo, coo! Maa, maa, maa! Moo, moo, moo! Neigh-hay-hay-hay! Cock-a-doodle-doooooooooooo!

Now Cock Doodle had said that if he could talk like the other barnyard creatures, just once in his life, he would be the happiest rooster on earth, and he was as good as his word. But he hadn't promised never to try to talk again. So he kept on trying as long as he lived.

After that morning, the best he ever did sounded like a screech, a howl, a whistle, and a crash all mixed together. In time, people got used to it, but to this very day, when radios in that famous old town suddenly go screeching and howling from static, the boys and girls laugh and say, "There's old Cock Doodle trying to talk!"

Gilbert S. Pattillo

FROST

Frost is a Mouse,
Nibbling at the trees.
Frost is a Mouse;
Earth is his cheese.

Yes, I am certain
Frost is the Mouse
Who ate up the leaves
Outside my house.

Kathryn Worth



PIÑONCITO

This is the story that Nana Chona told little Luis under the monkey-puzzle tree in far-away Chile. She began, as she always did, with these words:

“Ask to know; listen to learn;

What goes in the fire often will burn.”

There were two poor old people, so her story ran, who lived in a deep valley in the Andes. They were honest and lived by hard work. Yet they were never so poor or so busy that they could not find time to help those less happy than themselves.

The old man took cattle out in the hills to pasture, and the old woman made tortillas, flat cakes of corn, to sell. They were so busy that they should have been very happy. But one thing troubled them and made them sigh often. They had no children.

One day, when the old woman was out gathering grass to feed to her goat, she saw a poor old man walking along slowly and leaning on a stick.

“Won’t you come in and rest?” asked the woman

He came in eagerly and sat down. Then he began to tell her how tired and hungry he was. He said that for several days all he had had to eat was pine nuts. The poor woman felt sorry for him when she heard that and she gave him some food. It was her own dinner that she gave him, but it made her so happy to do it that she did not mind.

After he had eaten and rested, the old man said that he would have to go. The old woman wrapped up two nice hot tortillas, fresh from the little stove, for him to take with him on his way.

“Alas!” he said. “I am very poor but I know you are poor, too. I will see if I can find a little

money for you.” So he turned his pockets wrong side out but all he could find was a pine nut.

Then he said, “Take this pine nut. It will bring you happiness, for it is given in love.” He gave it to the old woman, who had been looking at him in surprise. “This little nut will be the godfather of your child,” he told her. But the woman only laughed, because she thought she would never have a child.

When her husband came home and she told him about the stranger and what he had said, the husband laughed, too. But they kept the nut because it had been given to them in love.

Not very long after that, a little son was born to them, no bigger than a pine nut, so they called him Piñoncito, which means “dear little pine nut.”



They took such good care of him! They didn't cut his fingernails until he was a year old, for they believed this meant that he would never steal anything. They gave him a little water every day, so that he would talk soon. And he was so bright that he was soon running about and talking, but he never grew any larger.

He was a brave little boy. When his mother went to buy things in the village, and his father was away taking care of the sheep, Piñoncito stood at the door of the house, guarding it with a large needle which he held like a spear.

One day his mother had to go far up the valley to find wood for the fire. She told Piñoncito to stay safely at home. But she had no sooner gone than he ran out to play. After a while, when it began to rain, he crawled under a mushroom to keep dry.



While he was hiding there from the great drops of water that were falling all around him, two herdsmen came by, driving some mules across the mountains. One of them picked the mushroom and put it under his cloak. Piñoncito felt warm and comfortable under the tight woven cloak, so he said nothing.

That night the two herdsmen found a cave to shelter them. They built a fire to cook some meat they had brought with them. While the meat was cooking, the one who had picked the mushroom put it on the fire to roast.

Piñoncito was soon too hot. He began to yell, "I am burning! I am burning!"

The herdsman started in surprise.

"Do the fleas talk these days?" he asked.

Piñoncito yelled again. That made the herdsman angry because he couldn't tell where the sound was coming from. He threw his pipe over in the corner of the cave, and picked up the mushroom to eat it. Piñoncito leaned over and bit the herdsman's lip as hard as he could. Then the herdsman threw the mushroom away.



The next day a bird came by, hunting straws for its nest. When it saw Piñoncito's needle flashing in the sun, the bird, thinking it was a straw, picked up Piñoncito and the needle and flew to its nest, high on a great rock.

Piñoncito was in real trouble now, because there was no way to get down. But at least he was fed by the mother bird. Whenever he saw her coming, he climbed into the nest and opened his mouth, like the little birds. She treated him as if he were one of her own babies, and popped things into his mouth.

The little birds grew and grew. Piñoncito began to wonder what he would do when they all flew away. And then, one day when the mother bird was away, he saw a snake gliding toward the nest.

Piñoncito thought of his own mother, and how sorry she must feel because he was gone. Then

he thought of how the mother bird would feel, if she came back and found her nest empty. He climbed into the nest as fast as he could and held his needle ready.

The little birds saw the snake, too, but they had only a few feathers on their wings and could not yet fly away. They huddled close together, waiting in fear. The snake came nearer and nearer. Then he stuck out his long tongue at one of the little birds.

Quick as a flash, Piñoncito ran his needle into that long tongue! Then, quick as a flash, he drew it out and ran it into the snake's eyes, first one, and then the other. The snake fell from the high rock and never came near them again.

The mother bird came back just in time to see all that had happened. In those days the birds could talk.

"Thank you, thank you, dear Piñoncito!" she cried. "You have saved my babies!"

She flew into her nest and folded them under her wings until they forgot how frightened they had been.

Then Piñoncito told her all about himself, and how worried his own mother must be. So the mother bird took him under one wing, told him to hold tight to her feathers, and flew back to his home in the canyon.

“There is one thing more I want to do for you, Piñoncito,” she told him, as she said good-by. “Take this bone which came from the knee of a giant. Rub it all over your body, and you will soon grow to the size of other children.”

She flew away. Piñoncito did as she had told him and quickly grew to the size of other children. Then he ran and found his mother and father sitting by the doorway. How glad they were to see Piñoncito and how surprised at the way he had grown! When he told them what had happened since he left home, they laughed and cried over his adventures.

This is the end of the tale blown away by a gale and carried into the sea, and now you tell a story to me!

Idella Purnell

TOM TICKLEBY AND HIS NOSE

Little Tom Tickleby,
Answer me quickleby!

Why is your nose so long?

“I use it,” said he,

“For a flute, as you see,

And it greatly improves my song.”

Little Tom Tickleby,
Answer me quickleby!

Why do you run so fast?

“I’m hoping,” said he,

“If right swiftly I flee,

To catch up with my nose at last!”

Laura E. Richards





THE NOSE

THREE MAGIC GIFTS

Once upon a time three poor old soldiers were on their way home from the wars.

They had traveled a long way when, late one afternoon, they reached a deep wood. As it grew dark, they found that they must sleep in the wood. They agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched. Each was to take his turn at sleeping and watching.

The two who were to rest first lay down and fell fast asleep. The other made himself a good fire under the trees and sat down to keep watch.

He had not sat long before up came a little man in a red jacket. "Who's there?" he asked.

"A friend," said the soldier. "An old soldier with his two poor comrades who have nothing left to live on. Come, sit down and warm yourself."

"Well, my good fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you. Take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." He took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier.

"It is a magic cloak," he said. "Whenever you put it over your shoulders, anything that you wish for will come true." Then the little man made a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came. It was not long before up came the little man in



the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in a friendly way and the little man gave him a purse.

“Take as much from the purse as you will,” said the little man, “it will always be full of gold, for it is a magic purse.”

The third soldier’s turn to watch came, and he also had the little man for a visitor. This time the gift of the little man was a magic horn that drew crowds around it whenever it was played.

In the morning, each of the three soldiers told his story and showed his magic gift. As they were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and for a while to use only the magic purse.

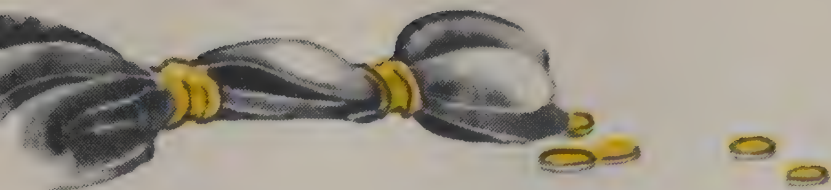
Everything went well for a time, but at last they became tired of this life. They thought they would like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put on his magic cloak, and wished for a fine castle.

In a moment the castle stood before their eyes, surrounded by beautiful gardens. Out of the gate came a fine coach with three gray horses to meet them and take them home.



All this was very well for a time, but it would not do to stay at home always. So they put on their best clothes, ordered their coach with three horses, and set out to visit the king who lived in the next kingdom. This king had an only daughter. As he thought the three soldiers were 'kings' sons, he gave them a kind welcome.

One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw the purse in his hand. Now this princess was a witch and knew that it was a magic purse. So she set to work and made a purse so much like the soldier's that no one could tell one from the other.



When it was done, she asked him to come and see her. She made him welcome and gave him something pleasant to drink, in which she had mixed a sleeping powder. As soon as he fell asleep she felt in his pocket, took away the magic purse, and left in its place the one she had made.

The next morning, the three soldiers set out for home. Soon after they reached their castle, they happened to want some money. They went to their purse for it, and found that when they had emptied it, no gold came to fill it up. The second soldier soon guessed that the princess had stolen his magic purse.

“Alas!” cried he. “What shall we do?”

“Oh!” said the first soldier, “have no fear. I will soon get the purse back.”

So he threw the magic cloak across his shoulders and wished himself in the princess’s room. There he found her alone, counting the gold that fell around her from the purse. As the soldier stood looking at her, the princess saw him. She started

up and cried out with all her might, "Thief! Thief!"

The whole court came running in and tried to seize him. The poor soldier was terribly frightened. He forgot that he had only to make a wish, and the magic cloak would take him safely away. Instead, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out. He was so frightened that he was careless and his cloak caught and was left hanging by the window.

"Alas!" he cried. "Now I have lost the magic cloak." The poor soldier felt sad indeed as he made his way home to his comrades.



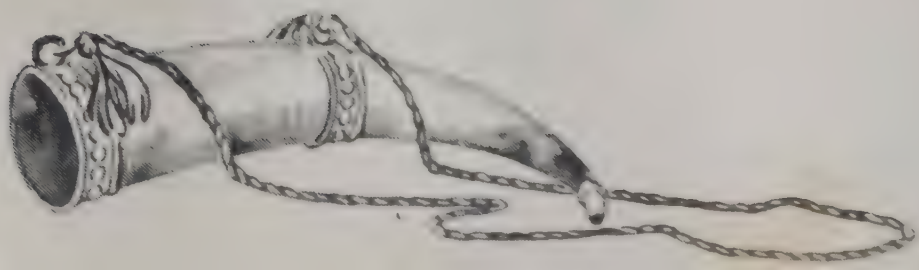
But the third soldier told him to keep up his courage. He took his magic horn and blew so loudly that hundreds of soldiers gathered around to help them. They all set out to make war against the king.

When they had surrounded the king's palace, the soldiers sent a message to the king that unless he gave up the purse and cloak, not one stone of the palace would be left upon another.

The king went to his daughter and told her what the three soldiers had said.

But she answered, "I think I can beat them some other way. Let me try my plan first."

So she dressed herself as a poor country girl. Then she set out by night with her maid and went into the camp of the soldiers. In the morning, she began to wander about, singing. She sang so beautifully that all the soldiers left their tents and followed her to hear her singing. Among them was the soldier to whom the horn belonged. As soon as she saw him she winked to her maid. The maid slipped through the crowd, went into his tent



where the magic horn hung, and stole it away. This done, they both went quickly and quietly back to the palace.

Alas! Alas! Now the three magic gifts were in the hands of the princess. The three soldiers were as poor as when the little man with the red jacket found them in the wood. The soldiers whom the magic horn had called up went away and the three soldiers were left all alone.

MORE MAGIC

Poor fellows! They began to wonder what was to be done now.

“Comrades,” at last said the second soldier, “we had better part. Let each of us find his bread where he can.”

So saying, he turned to the right. The other two turned to the left, for they still wanted to travel together.

The second soldier wandered on alone till he came to a wood. Now this was the same wood where they had all met with so much good luck

before. When night came, he sat down beneath a tree, and soon fell asleep.

In the morning, he saw that the branches of the tree above him were heavy with beautiful apples. He was hungry, and so he picked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple.

Suddenly a strange feeling came over his nose. When he put the apple to his mouth, something was in the way. 'It was his nose.

“Alas!” cried the poor soldier. “What kind of magic is this? What has happened to my nose?”



Still his nose kept on growing. It grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. Still it grew and grew.

“Heavens!” thought he. “Will my nose ever stop growing?”

By this time it had reached the ground. As he sat on the grass, it kept creeping on till it stretched all through the wood.

That very same day, his comrades stumbled against something as they traveled.

“What can this be?” said one. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose.

“We will follow it,” they said. So they did. They followed it until at last they came to their poor comrade lying under the apple tree. What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but the nose was too heavy and too long. While they sat there trying to think what could be done, up came the little man in the red jacket.



“Why, friends,” said he, laughing, “you are in trouble. Well, I must find a cure for you.”

So he told them that if the soldier ate a pear from a tree that grew close by, his nose would become the right size again. No time was lost in getting a pear for the poor soldier. To his great joy his nose was soon brought to its right size.

“I will do still more for you,” said the little man. “Take some of these apples and pears with you. Go to the princess and get her to eat some of your apples. Her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did. Then look sharp, and you will get what you want from her.”

They thanked their old friend and went on their way. It was agreed that the poor soldier who had already eaten the magic apple should be the one to try. So he dressed himself up as a gardener and went to the king's palace to sell apples. Everyone that saw them wanted to taste, but he said they were only for the princess. She soon sent her maid to buy all that he had.

No sooner had she eaten three of the apples than she began to wonder what was the matter with

her nose. It grew and grew, down to the floor, out of the window, and over the garden, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom that whoever would find the gardener or cure the princess should be given rich gifts.

When he heard that, the third soldier dressed himself up as a doctor and went to the palace.

“I have some magic that will cure the princess,” he said.

Then he chopped up a very little of the pear and gave it to her, saying he was sure it would do her good and that he would call again the next day. When he came the next day, the nose was, to be sure, a little smaller, but it was bigger than it should be.

Then he thought to himself, “I must frighten this wicked princess a little more before I shall get what I want.” So he gave her a little of the magic apple, chopped very fine. The next day the nose was ten times as big as before.

“My good lady,” said the doctor, “something works against my magic. You must have some

stolen goods about you, I am sure. If you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you.”

The princess said that she had no stolen goods of any kind.

“Very well,” said the doctor, “you may do as you please.”

Then he went to the king and told him how the matter stood.

“Daughter,” said the king, “send back to the true owners the cloak, the purse, and the horn that you stole.”

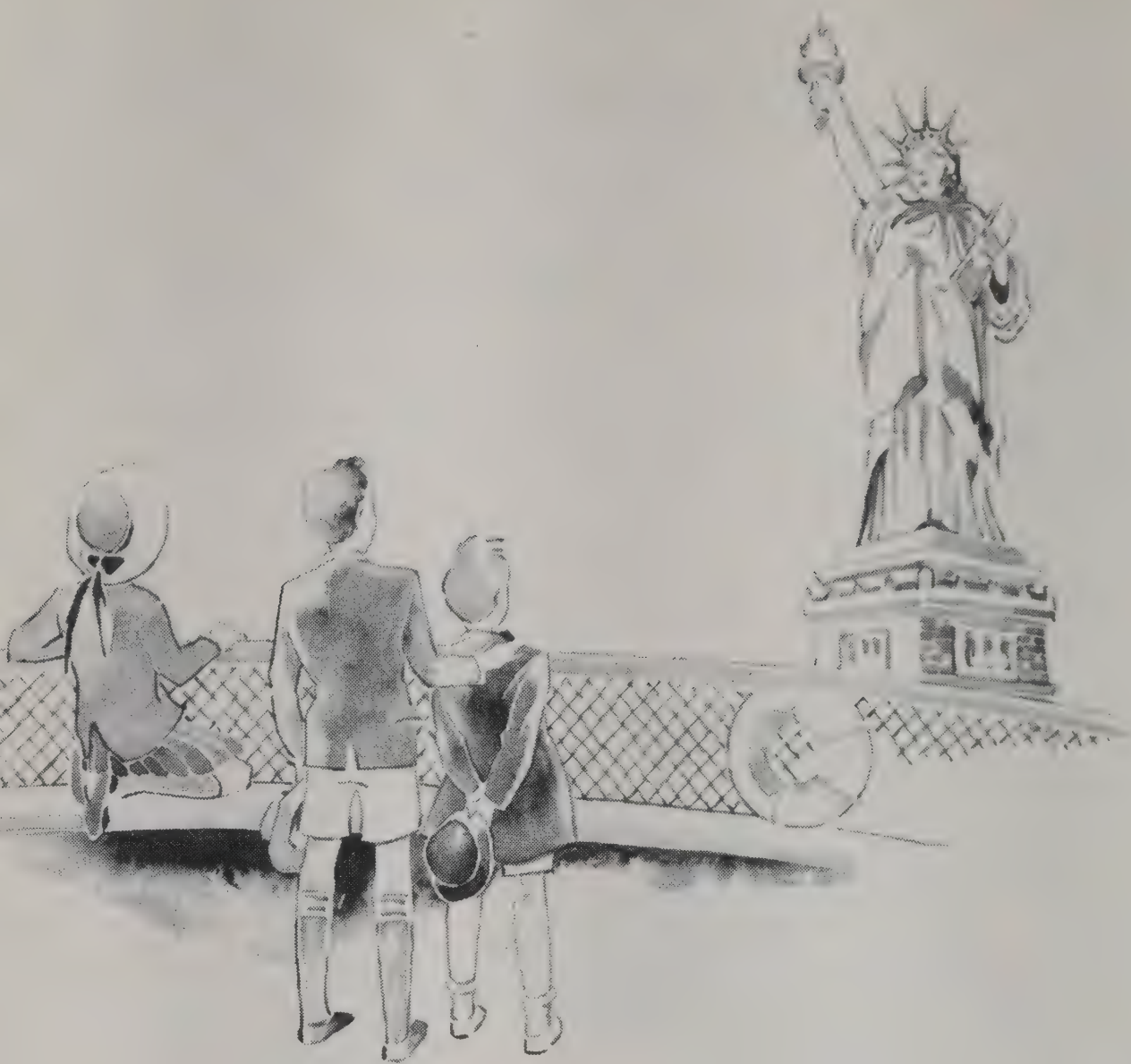
The princess ordered her maid to bring all three. She gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers. At that the doctor gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose soon came back to its right size. Then he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon back again with his two comrades.

From that time the three soldiers lived happily at home in their fine castle, except when they went for a ride in their coach with the three gray horses.

Brothers Grimm

HOLIDAY POEMS





THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Dedicated, October 28, 1886

Above the harbor, bright with flags unfurled,
Proud Liberty in bronze, divine, immortal,
Displays her kindling torch to all the world,
A pledge to all who pass the Nation's portal.

Arthur Guiterman

THANKSGIVING

Outside the barn the wind is strong,
Bringing cold November rain;
Within these walls the hay is sweet,
Bins are filled with yellow grain.
The cows are quiet in their stalls;
The newest calf is sound asleep;
And close together in their pen
Rest the gently breathing sheep.
The mare's big colt is by her side,
To share with her the golden hay.
I'm truly thankful, Lord, that these
Are fed and sheltered on this day.

Judy Van der Veer





BUNDLES

A bundle is a funny thing,
It always sets me wondering;
For whether it is thin or wide,
You never know just what's inside.
Especially on Christmas week,
Temptation is so great to peek;
Now wouldn't it be much more fun
If shoppers carried things undone?

John Farrar



WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR

Hey, my lad! Ho, my lad!

Here's a New Broom.

Heaven's your housetop,

And Earth is your room.

Tuck up your shirt sleeves,

There's plenty to do.

Look at the muddle

That's waiting for you!

Dust in the corners

And dirt on the floor,

Cobwebs still clinging

To window and door.

Hey, my lad! Ho, my lad!

Nimble and keen,

Here's your New Broom, my lad!

See you sweep clean!

Eleanor Farjeon



A VALENTINE

Oh, little loveliest lady mine!
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away,
Gloomy old Winter is king today,
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, Saint Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time of year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright;
But now, when everything's dark and drear,
Why do you come, Saint Valentine dear?

I've searched the garden all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true;
But buds are asleep, and blossoms are dead,
And the snow beats down on my poor little head;
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine.

Laura E. Richards



MAY DANCE

We stoop and pick the flowers gay
Upon the meadow green,
Then through the arbor lightly skip
And curtsy for the Queen.
With gracious bow Her Majesty
Receives our spring bouquet,
While we join hands and skip again
On this glad first of May.

Anonymous



TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

“You think I am dead,”
The apple tree said,
“Because I have never a leaf to show,
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I’m alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away —
But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

“You think I am dead,”
A soft voice said,
“Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!”

Edith M. Thomas



EASTER

The air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings.

Joyce Kilmer

GLOSSARY

The glossary gives 208 of the more difficult words in this book. The meaning of each word is explained in a definition which fits the way it is used here. The page numbers show where each word may be found with the meaning given. The words are divided into syllables and the accents are marked to show how the words should be pronounced.

A

al'ley, a very narrow street between houses or shops. (p. 63)

all'spice, a spice that grows in the West Indies. It combines the taste and flavor of cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves. (p. 133)

Am'ster dam, a large city in Holland. (p. 258)

An'des, a range of very high mountains along the west coast of South America. (p. 333)

an'te lope, an animal somewhat like a deer or a mountain goat. (p. 102)

a'pri cot, an orange-colored fruit somewhat like a plum. (p. 130)

At lan'ta, the capital of the state of Georgia (U.S.A.). (p. 46)

au'di ence, people who watch a performance. (p. 315)

B

bait, worms, shrimp, or other kinds of food used for catching fish. (p. 138)

bal'co ny, a small porch, high on the side of a building. (p. 64)

bale of cot'ton, a large bundle of cotton wrapped and tied for shipping or storage. (p. 48)

bam boo', a tree-like plant belonging to the grass family. It grows very tall. The stiff hollow stems are used to make furniture and other things. (p. 106)

bar'gain ing, trying to get something at a lower price than is first asked for it. (p. 76)

bay rum, a liquid made from the leaves of the fragrant bayberry and used to make the hair or skin smell pleasant. (p. 134)

beam, a long, heavy piece of

wood used to hold up a building. (p. 237)

bear's grease, grease made from bear's fat; sometimes used to make the hair slick and shiny. (p. 134)

berth, a shelf-like bed in a ship or train. There are usually two, one above the other. (p. 278)

bins, big boxes for storage. (p. 357)

bird shot, shot of small size. (p. 193)

bleat'ed, cried like a sheep, goat, or sometimes a calf. (p. 91)

blur, something not clear in outline. (p. 311)

boun'ty, a reward, often given by a government. (p. 267)

bouquet', a bunch of flowers. (p. 361)

bow, the forward, or front part of a boat. (p. 277)

box'-car, a freight car with a roof and sliding doors. (p. 58)

brand, a mark made on cattle with a hot iron to show who owns them. Each owner has a special mark. (p. 156)

bread'fruit, the large round fruit of a tree that grows in

the islands of the Pacific Ocean. It is baked and used for food. (p. 102)

bron'co-bust'er, a cowboy. (p. 160)

bronze, a hard brownish metal made by mixing copper and tin. It is used for making statues, bells, etc. (p. 356)

bull'dog ging, throwing a steer to the ground by taking hold of its horns and twisting them. (p. 159)

bur'ro, a small donkey, used as a pack animal. (p. 78)

bur'row, a hole in the ground, made by an animal for its home. (p. 176)

but'ter milk, the part of milk left after butter has been made. (p. 9)

C

ca'ble cars, cars moved by a very strong, endless chain and a stationary engine; often used on very steep hills or mountains. (p. 63)

cac'tus, a kind of prickly plant without leaves. Cactuses grow in deserts or other dry, hot places. (p. 82)

can'yon, a deep valley with high, steep sides. (p. 340)

ca'per, to leap and jump about. (p. 207)

car'go, the freight on a ship. (p. 277)

cas'u al eye, a glance that does not take in more than the surface. (p. 130)

cham'pi on, one who has come out ahead of everyone else in a competition or race. (p. 97)

chant'ey, a song sung by sailors to help the men pull together when they are working. (p. 277)

Chi ca'go, a large city on Lake Michigan in the state of Illinois. (p. 57)

Chil'e, a long, narrow country in southwestern South America. (p. 333)

chim pan zee', a large African monkey, easily tamed when young. (p. 103)

cin'na mon, the spicy bark of the cinnamon tree. (p. 133)

cit'ron, a fruit somewhat like a lemon, but larger and with a thicker rind. The rind, preserved, is used in fruit cake, cookies, etc. (p. 133)

clear'ing, a piece of land where all the trees have been chopped down. (p. 110)

coach'es, the passenger cars of a train. (p. 250)

cob'ble stones, rounded stones, sometimes used for paving streets. (p. 258)

coils, rope wound neatly round and round in layers. (p. 18)

col'o nists, people who go to settle and make their homes in a new country. (p. 281)

Co lum'bi a Riv'er, a river in the northwestern part of the United States, flowing into the Pacific Ocean. (p. 190)

comb, the red crest on the head of a rooster. (p. 325)

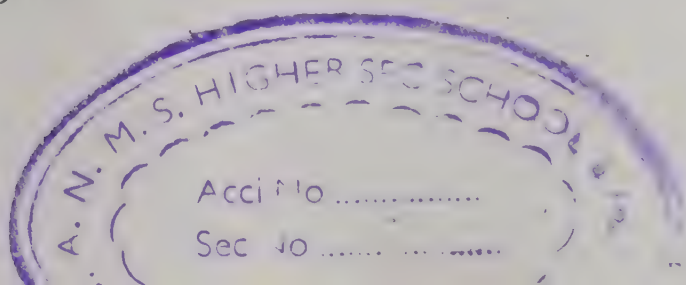
com'pli ment, to praise. (p. 65)

com'rades, companions. (p. 343)

con serv'a to ry, a music school. (p. 149)

Con ti nen'tal ar'my, the army under George Washington that fought against the British. (p. 282)

con trol', power to hold back or direct, (p. 40); **con trols'**, instruments used to govern the speed, direction, altitude, and power of an airplane. (p. 229)



Control Tower, a tower from which planes are directed. (p. 227)

corral’, a fenced-in place where cattle and horses are kept. (p. 156)

cottonwood tree, a poplar tree with cotton-like tufts on the seeds. It grows in very dry places. (p. 74)

cove, a small, sheltered bay. (p. 246)

crackling, the sharp, snapping sound that dry things make when burning. (p. 37)

crates, rough boxes made of slats. (p. 18)

creek, a small stream. (p. 37)

crew, the sailors who do the work on a ship. (p. 277)

crickets, the name given in this story to a special kind of insect often called “Mormon crickets.” They are related to the grasshopper, but their wings are so small that they do not fly; they march. (p. 301)

curb, a border of stone along the edge of a sidewalk. (p. 52)

curtsy, a greeting made by girls or women, something like the

bow made by boys and men. (p. 361)

D

dam, a wall of earth or stone and cement built across a river to hold back the water. (p. 31)

dedicated, formally presented to the public. (p. 356)

degrees’, units for measuring how hot or cold it is. Degrees are marked on a thermometer. (p. 328)

Delft, a town in Holland, noted for its pottery. (p. 261)

desert, a great stretch of dry, sandy country where hardly any plants will grow. (p. 35)

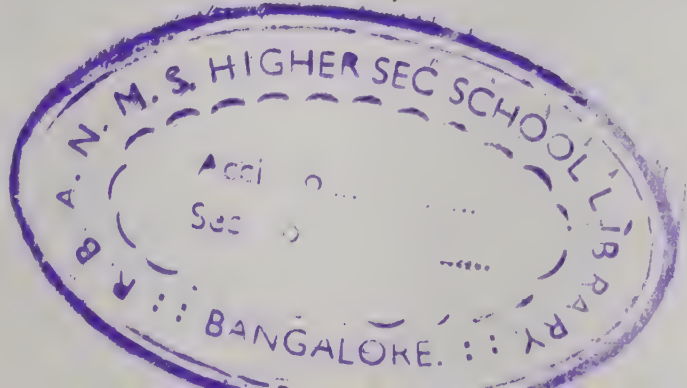
devil-fish, a sea animal with eight arms; an octopus. (p. 188)

dials, round, flat surfaces, marked with figures or letters, on which a moving pointer shows different things, such as altitude, speed, etc. (p. 229)

docks, landing places for ships; wharves. (p. 17)

drear, sad; gloomy. (p. 360)

driving rods, the rods that make the wheels turn around on an engine. (p. 244)



E

E van'ge line Val'ley, a valley in Nova Scotia so called because the heroine of Longfellow's poem is supposed to have lived there. (p. 243)
ex press' of'fice, the office of a company which attends to the sending of packages. (p. 48)

F

fair, an exhibition of farm products, farm animals, etc. (p. 169)
false face, a mask. (p. 318)
feath'er bed, a big mattress filled with soft feathers. (p. 295)
field'-glasses, glasses which make things far away look larger and nearer. (p. 193)
Fin'land, a country in northern Europe. (p. 93)
Flat'head In'di ans, a tribe in western Montana. (p. 25)
fleet, quick; very fast. (p. 280)
flip'pers, the broad, flat fins used by sea-lions and similar animals in swimming. (p. 187)
Flor'id a, a state in the southeastern part of the United States. (p. 57)
flute, a pipe-like musical instrument with holes along its side.

The player, as he blows into it, covers different holes with his fingers to make different notes. (p. 34)

for'est rang'er, a person whose business it is to guard the forests. (p. 41)

G

gal'lant ly, with fine spirit. (p. 289)

game ward'en, a person whose duty it is to see that people obey the laws that protect wild creatures. (p. 195)

gang'-plank, a wooden walk that is placed between the deck of a ship and the dock for people to walk on. (p. 58)

gills, slits near a fish's mouth, through which it can breathe under water. (p. 143)

god'fa ther, a person who promises to watch over a child and help him. (p. 335)

Gold'en Gate, the harbor of San Francisco. (p. 150)

grade, the slope of railroad tracks. (p. 246)

Great Dane, a very large, smooth-haired dog. (p. 218)

Great Salt Lake, a large, very salty lake in Utah. (p. 299)

groat, an old English silver coin worth about seven cents (U.S. money). (p. 134)

ground'-hog, a woodchuck. (p. 178)

gui tar', a musical instrument with six strings, played with the hand. (p. 308)

H

Hal'i fax, the capital of Nova Scotia, Canada. (p. 242)

head'quar ters, the place where officers live and where their men come to report or get orders. (p. 43)

Hel sin'ki, the capital of Finland. (p. 94)

hem'i spheres, the eastern and western halves of the earth. (p. 130)

herds'man, a man who watches and guards cattle or sheep. (p. 265)

Herr, the Dutch word for Mr. (p. 261)

hes'i tat ed, stopped for an instant, uncertain just what to do. (p. 64)

hitched up, harnessed to a wagon. (p. 6)

Hol'land, a country in western Europe. (p. 261)

house'boat, a boat with a cabin fitted up to be used for a house. Usually it is tied up along the shore and does not travel in rough water. (p. 192)

hud'dled, crowded together. (p. 339)

I

i'ci cle, a slender hanging piece of ice, caused by the freezing of dripping water. (p. 329)

I'da ho, a northwestern state in the United States. (p. 35)

in vis'i ble, unseen. (p. 329)

I'raq, an Arab kingdom in western Asia. (p. 86)

J

jack'als, wild dogs of Asia and Africa, somewhat like wolves, but smaller and more cowardly. (p. 86)

jack-of-all'-trades, a person who can do many different kinds of work. (p. 44)

jack rab'bits, large rabbits of western North America, with very long ears and long hind legs. (p. 35)

jun'gle, a forest so thickly overgrown with trees, vines, and

bushes that it is difficult to get through it. (p. 104)

ju'ni per, a low evergreen bush with bluish berries. (p. 208)

K

kin'dling, small pieces of wood used to start a fire (p. 53); starting a fire. (p. 356)

knot'-hole, a hole in a board where a small piece of the wood, called a knot, has come out. (p. 140)

L

las'so, a long rope with a slip noose that cowboys use for catching cattle. (p. 157)

lev'ee, a bank or dike made to keep a river from flooding the surrounding land. (p. 233)

Li be'ri a, a Negro republic in West Africa. (p. 102)

life'-boat, a strong boat specially built for saving lives at sea. (p. 273)

lo co mo'tive, an engine that draws railway cars. (p. 242)

loomed up, came into sight, not clearly but larger in size than usual. (p. 226)

love'-curl, a curl hanging by itself near the ear. (p. 134)

M

Mag'ic Car'pet, a rug in a story in the *Arabian Nights* which had the magic power to carry a person anywhere. (p. 233)

mare, a female horse. (p. 280)

meas'ur ing worm, a worm that moves along in loops, like an inch worm. (p. 196)

mel'o dy, a sweet song. (p. 152)

me'sa, a flat-topped hill with steep sides, common in the southwestern part of the United States. (p. 165)

Mex'i co, a republic in the southern part of North America. (p. 74)

mince, meat, or other kinds of food, chopped into very small pieces. (p. 309)

mon'key-puz'zle tree, a tall evergreen tree. Its branches twine together and have stiff leaves with sharp points. (p. 333)

mon'u ment, a memorial, often of stone; anything that keeps alive the memory of a person or of something that has happened. (p. 298)

N

nui'sance, a bother, a cause of trouble. (p. 10)
nut'meg, the spicy seed of a tree grown in the East and West Indies and Brazil. (p. 133)
nuz'zling, snuffing with his nose. (p. 132)

O

Ox'ford Street, a street in London, England. (p. 310)

P

Paint'ed Des'ert, a desert in Arizona with very gay-colored rocks. (p. 165)
Pe'dro, the Spanish name for Peter. (p. 74)
pen in'su la, a piece of land reaching into the water and almost surrounded by water. (p. 145)
pep'pered, showered with small objects. (p. 193)
pine nuts, seeds of some kinds of pine trees that are good to eat. (p. 82)
plum'y, feathery. (p. 362)
Poor Rich'ard, a name used by Benjamin Franklin when he

wrote *Poor Richard's Almanac*. (p. 286)
por'tal, gateway; entrance. (p. 356)
prith'ee, a short way of saying "I pray thee"; a poetic way of saying "please." (p. 360)
Pueb'lo In'dian, a member of a tribe living in a pueblo, or Indian village of flat-roofed stone or adobe houses. (p. 165)

Q

quince, a sour fruit, used for jelly, jam, etc. (p. 309)

R

ranch, a large farm in the western part of the United States or Canada, where horses, sheep, or cattle are raised. (p. 24)
rat'tle snake, a poisonous snake which coils, lifts its head, and rattles its tail just before it strikes. (p. 172)
rea'son a ble, fair-minded. (p. 314)
ro'de o, an exhibition of all the things that cowboys do, such as riding broncos, roping steers, etc. (p. 156)

roost, a pole on which fowls rest or sleep. (p. 327)

run'ci ble spoon, a fork shaped like a spoon, used with pickles, jams, etc. (p. 309)

rus'tling, the soft sound of dry or crisp things rubbing together. (p. 301)

S

sage'brush, small, grayish-green bushes that grow on the dry western plains of the United States. (p. 35)

salm'on, a large fish with silver scales and pink flesh. (p. 190)

sam'pler, a piece of embroidery that little girls used to make to show how well they could sew. (p. 272)

sand'bags, bags filled with sand and piled up to hold back water in a flood. (p. 32)

Sand'wich Is'lands, the old name for the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean. (p. 274)

San Fran cis'co, a large city on the coast of California. (p. 62)

San'ta Cruz', a city in western California. (p. 136)

school, a large number of one kind of fish swimming together. (p. 190)

sea gull, a sea bird with wide gray wings and a white breast. (p. 298)

sea'-lion, a large seal with ears. (p. 187)

shil'ling, a British silver coin worth about twenty-five cents (U.S. money). (p. 309)

si'ren, a whistle that makes a loud wailing sound. (p. 41)

skis, a pair of long strips of wood which turn up in front; one is bound on each foot for sliding over the snow. (p. 93)

slat, a thin, narrow piece of wood. (p. 49)

smoke hole, an opening in the roof to let out smoke. (p. 98)

snug, cozy. (p. 184)

som'er sault, turning heels over head. (p. 101)

spray, to wet with a hose, (p. 201); water blown from the tops of waves. (p. 202)

spurs, stiff, sharp spikes on the legs of a rooster. (p. 325)

spy'-glass, a small telescope. (p. 272)

squid, a sea animal somewhat like a cuttle-fish; it has two fins at one end and ten arms at the other end. (p. 188)

stat'ic, electrical disturbances in the air that make a radio noisy.

(p. 332)

su'gar beets, large white beets used for making sugar. (p. 298)

switch, a device that turns a train from one track to another. (p. 250)

T

ta ran'tu la, a large, hairy spider whose bite is painful and dangerous. (p. 18)

tar'ried, waited. (p. 308)

temp ta'tion, something which makes a person wish to do something that should not be done. (p. 358)

te'pee, an Indian tent shaped like a cone. (p. 25)

ther mom'e ter, an instrument used to tell how hot or cold it is. (p. 328)

throb'bing, aching that comes from the fast beating of the heart. (p. 41)

throt'tle, a valve in an engine that controls steam. (p. 250)

top'knot, a tuft of hair on the top of the head. (p. 134)

torch, a flaming light carried high in the hand. (p. 356)

tor pe'does, cartridges to be placed on a railroad track to warn the engineer of danger.

(p. 253)

tor til'las, thin, flat corncakes baked on a heated iron or stone. (p. 334)

trun'dling, rolling along on little wheels. (p. 131)

tun'nel, an underground passage. (p. 107)

U

un'der brush, bushes and other plants that grow under trees. (p. 111)

un furred', unfolded; in this case, flying. (p. 356)

U'tah, a western state of the United States. (p. 301)

V

Vrouw, the Dutch word for Mrs. (p. 259)

W

wa'ver, sway one way and then another. (p. 99)

whin'ny, neigh. (p. 25)

want, wish. (p. 217); lack. (p. 286)

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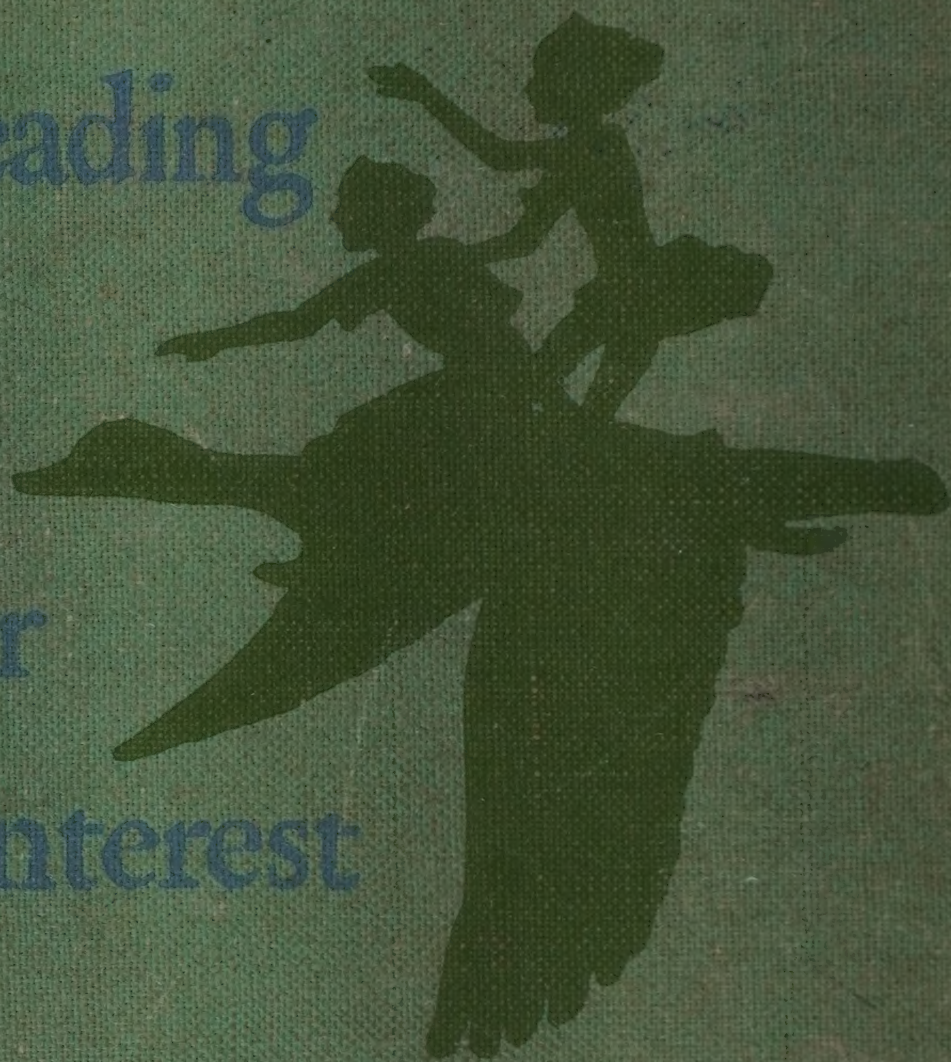
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